

**NEW** JOIN YOUR HEROES IN **TV**  
**TORNADO** 10p

ON SALE EVERY  
MONDAY

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TURBO-  
FLYER!**

FACE STORIES  
COMET TODAY!



Have the terror of  
evil forces with  
**VICTOR DRAGON!**

SEE WOLFE  
USE  
THE POWER!

**MORE  
INSIDE!**



**PLUS** THE UK'S FIRST REAL LIVE SUPER HERO!

# **FULL FORCE TORNADO**

## **A COMPILATION OF TORNADO STRIPS**

### **COMPILED BY COLTON**

# PROLOGUE

**MARS... THE FOURTH PLANET OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, WITH AN AVERAGE SURFACE TEMPERATURE THAT WAS COLDER THAN AN ANTARCTIC WINTER... AN ATMOSPHERE OF DEADLY CARBON DIOXIDE... AND NO SURFACE WATER!**



**AN UNPROTECTED MAN WOULD BE DEAD IN SECONDS!**

**WHEN THE FIRST MANNED MISSIONS DISCOVERED VAST MINERAL DEPOSITS, THE GREAT MULTI-NATIONAL COMPANIES OF ENERGY-STARVED EARTH FORMED MARS INCORPORATED TO MINE IT AND SHIP IT BACK HOME.**



**THEN, IN THE FIRST YEARS OF THE 21ST CENTURY, AS MARS INC. WAS DRILLING FOR OIL IN THE DESERT-LIKE ARCADIAN REGION...**

**THE DRILLS STRUCK SOMETHING... AND IT WASN'T OIL!**

**IT WAS OXYGEN... PURE OXYGEN!**



**FOR THE NEXT 25 YEARS THE PLANET'S SURFACE WAS "OXYGENATED" SO THAT BY THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY, MARS COULD SUPPORT LIFE.**

**WHEN THEIR CONTRACTS EXPIRED MANY OF THE MARS INC. EMPLOYEES ELECTED TO STAY ON THEIR ADOPTED PLANET AND SETTLE IT... OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT.**



**MANY DIED... BUT MORE LIVED. IN 2062 THE FIRST HUMAN CHILD WAS BORN ON MARS.**

**NARROW-BONED, BECAUSE OF THE WEAK GRAVITY AND LARGE-LUNGED, BECAUSE OF THE THIN AIR, HE WAS THE FIRST OF A NEW GENERATION THAT COULD NEVER LIVE ON EARTH... THE FIRST MARTIAN.**





# The ANGRY PLANET

MARS 2093 A.D. THE SETTLERS ARE NOW SPREAD OVER THE DRY, SANDY MARTIAN SURFACE... HAVING ACCLIMATIZED TO ITS NEWLY CREATED, BUT THIN, ATMOSPHERE.

BY ALAN HEDDEN & BELARDINELLI

FAR BELOW THE PEAKS OF LOFTY NIX OLYMPICA VOLCANO, FOUR TINY FIGURES RUSH TO GREET THE ARRIVING VEHICLE...

AT LAST! HERE COMES THE WEEKLY WATER TANKER!

THE OWNER OF THE FARM IS MATTHEW MARKHAM, THE FIRST MARTIAN-BORN HUMAN, NOW THIRTY YEARS OLD...

CAN YOU HURRY UP THE DELIVERY. THINGS AREN'T SO GOOD, KURT!

WE LOST A LOT OF WATER DURING THE LAST DUST STORM!

SURE I'LL TRY, LOOK, I'M AFRAID THE COMPANY'S PUT UP THE PRICE AGAIN, MATT. THIS LOAD WILL COST YOU FIVE HUNDRED CREDITS!

WHAT! THAT'S THE THIRD INCREASE IN SIX MONTHS. THEY'VE DOUBLED THE PRICE OF WATER IN UNDER A YEAR!

STILL CASH ON DELIVERY, I SUPPOSE?

YOU KNOW COMPANY POLICY AS WELL AS I DO, MATT. PAYMENT ON THE NAIL, OR YOU GET BLACKLISTED!

WHAT KIND OF WAY IS THIS TO RUN A PLANET? NOBODY TO BUY WATER FROM EXCEPT MARS INCORPORATED, AND NOBODY TO SELL THE FARM PRODUCE TO EXCEPT MARS INCORPORATED!

BUT IF WE GET BLACKLISTED WE'LL BE RUINED, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT GETS ME!

EVEN NEAR THE MARTIAN EQUATOR IN BROAD DAYLIGHT THE TEMPERATURE RARELY RISES ABOVE FREEZING POINT.

THAT'S ENOUGH, CHILDREN. THE WATER IS BEGINNING TO FREEZE NOW. YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT YOURSELVES ON THE ICE!

C'MON, MARSHA, LET THE KIDS ENJOY THEMSELVES. REMEMBER, THEY'RE MARTIANS. NOT EARTH-LINGS. FREEZING WATER HARDLY AFFECTS THEM!

LAST ONE IN'S AN EARTHLING!

THE NEXT DAY A COMPANY TRUCK  
MAKES ITS WEEKLY COLLECTION  
FROM MATT'S FARM.



ONLY FIVE  
HUNDRED CREDITS  
FOR ALL THIS?  
IT'S WORTH TWICE  
THAT!

I'M SORRY,  
BUT THE COMPANY  
SAYS THERE'S  
A GLUT. YOU'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE IT  
OR LEAVE IT!



TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT,  
HE SAYS! WHAT CHOICE  
IS THERE?! EITHER  
SELL TO **MARS  
INCORPORATED**, OR  
I THROW IT AWAY!



WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING,  
MATT?

TO SEE IF OUR NEIGHBOURS  
HAVE BEEN GETTING THE SAME  
TREATMENT. UNLESS WE DO  
SOMETHING WE'LL BE  
**BANKRUPT** IN A FEW MONTHS...

BUT, AS MATT ARRIVES AT  
HIS NEIGHBOUR'S FARM...



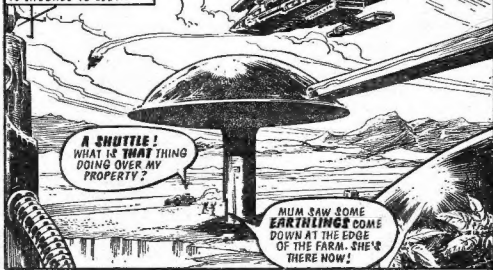
HARRY... WHERE  
ARE YOU GOING?

TO **MARSPORT** TO  
LOOK FOR WORK. THIS  
NEW PRICE INCREASE  
HAS **FINISHED** ME. MY  
ONLY HOPE IS TO WORK  
DIRECTLY FOR THE  
COMPANY, IF THEY'LL  
HAVE ME!



OH, THEY'LL EMPLOY  
YOU ALLRIGHT, HARRY...  
**AT STARVATION WAGES.**  
YOU'RE A NATIVE-BORN  
MARSHY LIKE ME. YOU CAN  
**NEVER** LIVE ON EARTH, SO  
YOU'RE TRAPPED HERE AT  
THE MERCY OF **MARS  
INCORPORATED**...

RETURNING HOME, MATT  
IS SHOCKED TO SEE...

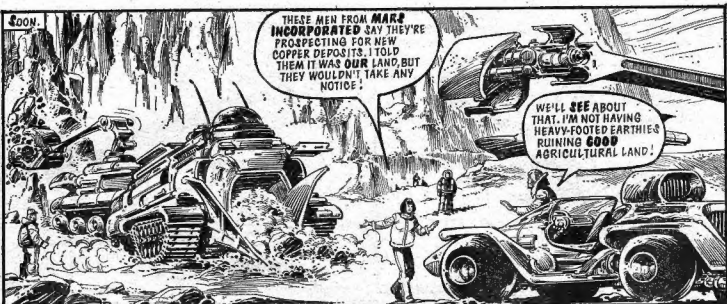


A SHUTTLE!  
WHAT IS THAT THING  
DOING OVER MY  
PROPERTY?

MUM SAW SOME  
**EARTHLINGS** COME  
DOWN AT THE EDGE  
OF THE FARM. SHE'S  
THERE NOW!



SOON...



THESE MEN FROM **MARS INCORPORATED** SAY THEY'RE PROSPECTING FOR NEW COPPER DEPOSITS. I TOLD THEM IT WAS **OUR** LAND, BUT THEY WOULDN'T TAKE ANY NOTICE!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. I'M NOT HAVING HEAVY-FOOTED EARTHIES RUINING **6000** AGRICULTURAL LAND!

**MATT CHALLENGES THE FOREMAN...**

I DON'T EXPECT EARTHIES TO BE **POLITE**, BUT I EXPECT THEM TO ASK **PERMISSION** BEFORE THEY START CHEWING UP MY LAND!

QUIT BEEFING, MARSHY! THE COMPANY WILL GIVE YOU TWO THOUSAND CREDITS, FOR PROSPECTING RIGHTS.



**TWO THOUSAND CREDITS!** THIS LAND'LL PRODUCE A MILLION TIMES THAT IF YOU FIND COPPER. EITHER MAKE ME A **REALISTIC** OFFER... OR GET LOST!

DUMB MOVE, MARSHY. ACCEPT THE OFFER... OR YOU MIGHT FIND YOUR WATER DELIVERIES **DRYIN' UP!**



NOW **ACCEPT...** OR YOU GET MORE OF...

**THIS!**



YOU **SHOULDN'T** HAVE DONE THAT, EARTHIE!

**SHOULDN'T I?** WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

JUST ANOTHER MUSCLE AND MOUTH EARTHIE. WELL ON MY WORLD...



YOU FIGHT MY WAY!

COME ON, GUYS... LET'S GET THAT **MARSHY!**

**YEEAAARRRH!**

BUT THE EARTHMEN ARE NOT USED TO FIGHTING "MARTIAN" STYLE, AT A THIRD NORMAL GRAVITY, SO...





AAAAARGH!  
WHERE'D HE GO?

UP HERE PAL.  
THIS ISN'T  
EARTH!

MARSHA, ALSO, GETS  
IN ON THE ACT...

MATT...CATCH  
THE LASER  
RIFLE!

BRIEF...WHAT  
A THROW!

LIGHT GRAVITY  
EARTHIE! YOU **WON'T**  
LEARN, WILL YOU?

NOW GET OUT OF HERE  
AND TAKE YOUR EQUIPMENT  
WITH YOU. TELL THE  
COMPANY THAT MATT  
MARKHAM ONLY DEALS FOR  
A FAIR PRICE!

OK, MARSHY, YOU  
BOT THE DROP ON US  
**THIS TIME...** BUT  
**NEXT TIME** YOU  
WON'T BE SO LUCKY!



OH MATT, WAS IT THE  
**RIGHT** THING TO DO?  
THE COMPANY'S  
**POWERFUL** ON MARS!

THEN IT'S TIME  
SOMEBODY STOOD  
UP TO IT. WE'VE  
BEEN MILKED TOO  
LONG...

**WE WON'T**  
**TAKE IT ANY**  
**LONGER!**

NEXT DAY...

MATT, THEY'VE  
**REALLY** DONE IT...  
THEY'VE **CUT OFF**  
OUR WATER! WE'LL  
**HAVE** TO SELL!

**NO! NOT NOW, NOT**  
**EVER! I'VE HAD IT**  
**WITH MARS INC.**  
**FROM NOW ON I'M**  
**FIGHTING BACK!**

MARS INC. TO  
M. MARKHAM  
WATER  
SUPPLY  
CANCELLED!

**NEXT PROG**  
**THE AMBASSADOR:**

# THE RANGED PLANET

BY ALAN HEEDEN & BELARDINELLI

MARS SEEMS TO SOME CORRUPTED THE DOOMED RED PLANET WOULD HOLD MANY THINGS BEYOND BELIEF—LIKE HELLAPORT, THE PLANET'S MAIN CITY, ITS MOST PLACID-DOMES HOUSING EARTHMAN IN LUXURY WHILE NATIVE-BORN MARTIANS CROWD IN RABIDNACKLE SHANTY TOWNS OUTSIDE.

YET THERE IS ONE THING WORSE THAN THAT: IT ALL TOO FAMILIAR TO SOMEONE FROM THE 20TH CENTURY... CORRUPTION! A CORRUPTION ROOTED IN MARS INCORPORATED, THE COMPANY THAT VIRTUALLY OWNS MARS AND ITS INHABITANTS. A COMPANY THAT HAS CUT OFF WATER SUPPLIES TO MATTHEW MARRINAGE'S FARM AND SENT HIM HURRYING TO HELLAPORT.

WATER! WITHOUT IT MY FARM, MY WHOLE LIVELIHOOD IS RUINED, AND MARS INC. HAVE GOT IT COMING OUT THEIR EARS!

THERE'S THE WATER-SHUTTLE TRAIN FROM EARTH... COMING IN OVER THE RESERVOIR...

ANOTHER DELIVERY FOR THE STINKING COMPANY TO USE TO BLACKMAIL MUGS LIKE ME!

AS MATT PULLS UP OUTSIDE ONE OF THE HUGE DOMES...

WHAT'S HAPPENING, RALPH?

A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE COMPANY. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE OUT OF BUSINESS BECAUSE OF PRICES OR CUTS IN SUPPLIES. THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF US!

YOUR BOSSES ARE HOLDING OFF OUR WATER TO MAKE US SELL OUR LAND CHEAP! WE WANNA SEE THE COMPANY'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVE!

THIS DOME'S COMPANY PROPERTY, PAL! SET ONE FOOT INSIDE AND YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE!

GIVE US OUR WATER







THE PRESSURISED INTERIOR OF THE DOME IS FAR DIFFERENT FROM THE HARD CRUEL MARTIAN WASTELANDS, WHERE MATT AND THE OTHERS LIVE.

LIKE IT, MARSHIES?  
NOT TOO HOT FOR  
YOU IN HERE?

TOO HOT,  
TOO WET, AND  
THE ATMOSPHERE'S  
SO THICK IT  
STINKS!

AND WATER EVERYWHERE.  
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH  
WASTE!

LATER IN THE PRESIDENT'S  
OFFICE...

WHAT'S THE GAME,  
CONRAD? WE'VE KNOWN  
EACH OTHER LONG  
ENOUGH FOR YOU TO  
TELL ME STRAIGHT!

ORDERS FROM  
EARTH, MATT. I MAY  
NOT LIKE THEM,  
BUT MARS INC.  
STILL PAYS MY BILLS!

FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE,  
I'LL TELL YOU. BUT YOU  
**DIDN'T** HEAR IT FROM  
ME, OKAY?

THE COMPANY WON'T  
SUPPORT YOU INDEPENDENT  
FARMERS ANY MORE. THEY  
FIGURE IT'S **CHEAPER** TO  
USE THEIR OWN EMPLOYEES!

YEAH... **INCREASE**  
COMPANY PROFITS,  
**WIPE OUT** MARTIAN  
COLONISTS. SOUNDS  
EASY, DOESN'T IT?

IT WON'T HAPPEN!  
I'M GOING TO EARTH  
TO PLEAD OUR CASE  
IN THE UNITED NATIONS!



EARTH!! YOU'RE CRAZY. THE GRAVITY THERE WOULD KILL YOU, EVEN IF YOU COULD GET THERE, YOU'D NEVER GET PASSAGE ON A COMPANY SHIP!

EARTH'S GRAVITY IS A CHANCE I'LL HAVE TO TAKE!

PRIVATELY-OWNED SPACE YACHTS CALL AT HELLA-PORT OCCASIONALLY. IF WE POOLED OUR RESOURCES, WE COULD PAY ONE PASSAGE!

NEXT DAY, AT MARSPORT'S PRIVATE YACHT CLUB...

I WOULDN'T NORMALLY HAVE ACCEPTED YOUR OFFER, BUT I'VE GOT TO PAY OFF THESE GAMBLING DEBTS...

YEAH, YEAH... AND IF I'M CRUSHED TO DEATH, YOU STILL GET TO KEEP THE CASH. OKAY?

AND SO...

OH, MATT. MUST YOU GO?

YES, SOMEBODY HAS TO ARGUE OUR CASE ON EARTH. IF THE COMPANY ISN'T STOPPED, IT WILL DESTROY OUR LIVES!

GOOD LUCK, MATT. MARS NEEDS MEN LIKE YOU. I ONLY WISH... YOU HAD A CHANCE!

ON THE BRIDGE...

DO YOU REALLY WANT THE AIR PRESSURE AND TEMPERATURE KEPT AT EARTH LEVELS?

NO... NO POINT IN PUTTING IT OFF. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO... GET USED TO IT!

EARTH—A WEEK LATER: AS THE SPACE YACHT COMES IN OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN...



IT... IT'S UNBELIEVABLE. WATER AS FAR AS I CAN SEE IN EVERY DIRECTION.

THAT'S QUITE A RECEPTION. YOU'VE REALLY MADE THE NEWS, MR. MARKHAM.



YEAH... KIND OF OVERWHELMING, LIKE THIS GRAVITY!

AS THE YACHT LANDS, THE CROWD'S SURGES IN...



WHAT'S THE MARSHY LIKE?

WE'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE. LOOK, THE AIRLOCK'S OPENING!

BUT...



MEDICS, QUICK! THE GRAVITY'S TOO STRONG...

IT'S KILLING THE MARSHY!

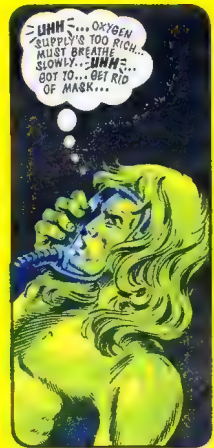
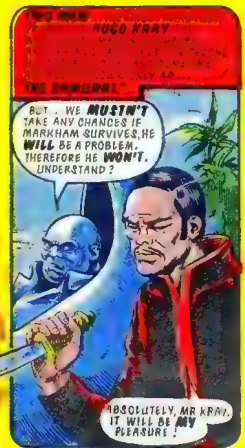
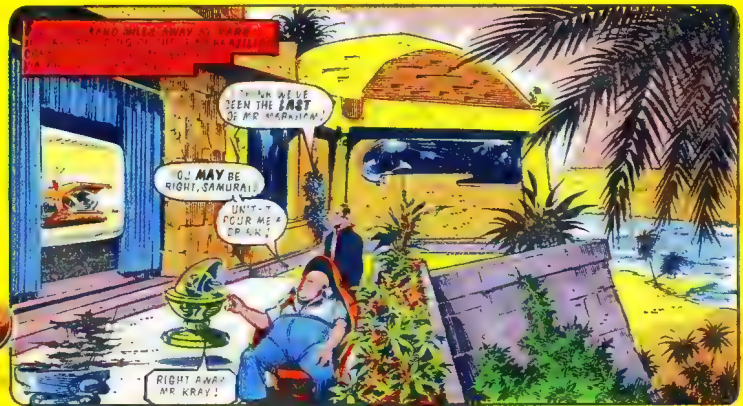


CAN'T... BREATHE BEING CRUSHED!

NEXT WEEK:  
The BIG SQUEEZE!



# THE HUGO PLANET



BUT, IT'S NOT THAT EASY...

AAAAAARRRH!  
GLUG I'M SUFFOCATING!  
GLUG

EMERGENCY!  
THE PATIENT HAS  
TORN OFF HIS AIR  
MASK. HE'S  
DROWNING!

THAT'S RIGHT NURSE...DRAIN  
THE TANK UNTIL HIS HEAD'S  
CLEAR OF THE WATER. THE  
POOR DEVIL DIDN'T REALIZE  
WHERE HE WAS!

SOON...

BETTER NOW,  
MR MARKHAM?

JUST ABOUT -  
WHERE THE HELL  
AM I?

PACIFIC-PORT HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY  
UNIT 2! EARTH'S GRAVITY WAS KILLING  
YOU, SO WE PUT YOU IN A TANK OF  
WATER TO NEUTRALISE THE PRESSURE  
AND GAVE YOU THIS MASK SO  
YOU COULD BREATHE!

I HOPE YOU CAN  
COPE WITH VISITORS -  
THERE'RE SOME  
V.I.P.'S WAITING TO  
SEE YOU!

AS REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE  
UNITED NATIONS W'D LIKE YOU  
TO ADDRESS THE U.N. GENERAL  
ASSEMBLY TOMORROW TO  
EXPLAIN HOW MARK INCORPORATED  
HAS BEEN **EXPLOITING** THE  
MARTIAN COLONISTS,

YES! YOU COLONISTS  
HAVE A LOT OF **SYMPATHISERS**  
ON EARTH. WILL YOU SPEAK?

GLADLY, SEE  
YOU TOMORROW,  
FOLKS!

MEANWHILE, THE TV NETWORKS  
HAD ALSO HEARD THE NEWS...

... WE WILL BE COVERING MARKHAM'S  
EAGERLY AWAITED SPEECH IN A **LIVE  
BROADCAST** FROM THE U.N. BUILDING  
AT NOON TOMORROW!

SO THE ACCURSED MARSHY  
SURVIVED. HOW SAD THAT HE  
WILL MEET WITH A **FATAL  
ACCIDENT** TONIGHT... BEFORE  
HE CAN EXPOSE THE COMPANY'S  
ACTIVITIES!



THAT NIGHT, OUTSIDE  
MATT'S ROOM, IN THE  
PACIFIC-PORT HOSPITAL  
COMPLEX...

HI, THERE!  
FANCY A CUP  
OF COFFEE?  
I'LL GET YOU  
ONE IF YOU  
WANT!

SAY, THAT'D  
BE REAL NICE.  
TROUBLE WITH  
THIS JOB... YOU  
CAN'T LEAVE  
YOUR POST!



HEY! WHO'S THERE!  
ANSWER ME, BLAST YOU...  
WHO IS IT? WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?

QUITE SO, MY  
FRIEND... \$0.00  
TO SLEEP AT  
YOUR POST  
INSTEAD!

WHAT THE...  
GUSGUSGUSGUS!

WHILEST INSIDE...

THESE VIDEO ARTICLES ARE PURE  
PROPAGANDA FOR MARE INC, WHICH  
ISN'T SURPRISING CONSIDERING  
THEY OWN THE MAGAZINE, AND HUNDREDS  
LIKE IT!

HUH? WHAT  
WAS THAT...  
A SHADOW?

WHOEVER IT WAS  
HAS GONE, BUT WHAT  
DID THEY...

BY OLYMPICUS,  
THE WATER'S GETTING  
COLD! FREEZING!  
I'D BETTER SHOUT  
FOR HELP!



OH NO THE CONSOLE'S  
BEEN DISCONNECTED.  
I'M TRAPPED IN  
THIS TANK OF FAST-  
FREEZING WATER!

HELP!  
HELP!  
HELP!

BUT THE SCREAMS FELL ON  
DEAF EARS EXCEPT FOR...

GOOD NIGHT,  
MY FRIENDS,  
SLEEP WELL!

NEXT MORNING...

YES... YOU'LL FIND THAT WE  
HAVE ALL THE LATEST EQUIPMENT.  
YOUR MAN FROM MARS IS IN  
EXCELLENT HANDS!

THEN, HOW DO  
YOU EXPLAIN  
THIS...?

AND  
THIS??!

THE WATER'S TURNED  
TO SOLID ICE  
HE'S FROZEN TO  
DEATH!

NEXT WEEK:  
**ICE  
TRAP!**



# THE ANGRY PLANET

BY ALAN HEDDEN & BELARDINELLI

MATT MARKHAM HAD COME TO EARTH TO PLEAD FOR THE MARTIAN COLONISTS WHO WERE BEING RUTHLESSLY EXPLOITED BY THE ALL-POWERFUL MARS INCORPORATED, BUT THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS DUE TO ADDRESS HIS PLEA TO THE UNITED NATIONS...

I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S BEEN  
FROZEN TO DEATH IN HIS  
TANK!



WE MUST FIND  
OUT **HOW** THIS  
HAPPENED!

INDEED, I'LL HAVE THE  
BODY REMOVED FROM  
THE ICE. I GUESS HE  
WOULD HAVE WANTED  
TO BE BURIED ON MARS!

QUITE RIGHT, DOC...  
BUT HOW ABOUT WAITING  
TILL I'M DEAD FIRST?

YOU... YOU'RE ALIVE!  
BUT... BUT HOW?



IF YOU REMEMBER, WE MARTIANS HAVE ADAPTED TO THE **SUB-ZERO** TEMPERATURES ON OUR PLANET SURFACE! NOW, IF YOU COULD JUST MELT THE ICE...

YES, YES, OF COURSE... BUT IT'S STILL MONSTROUS THAT SOMEBODY SHOULD HAVE ATTEMPTED TO KILL YOU!

LATER, AS MATT'S SECURITY GUARD WAS BEING QUESTIONED...

YEAH, THAT'S THE GUY WHO OFFERED ME COFFEE LAST NIGHT!

SO... "THE SAMURAI" IS BEHIND THIS. HE'S THE MARS INC. SECURITY CHIEF AND PERSONAL BODYGUARD TO THE COMPANY PRESIDENT... PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MEN IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

THEN ARREST HIM! HE TRIED TO MURDER ME!

IMPOSSIBLE, MR. MARKHAM. MARS INC. HAS EVERY JUDGE IN THE COUNTRY PAID OFF. HE'D BE RELEASED IN SECONDS!

BUT THAT'S NOT GOING TO STOP ME NEGOTIATING FOR AN INDEPENDENT MARS. NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT AT THE UNITED NATIONS!

YES, OF COURSE... AND I'M SORRY, REAL SORRY... FOR YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE!

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY—UNITED NATIONS BUILDING...

THE FIRST ITEM ON OUR AGENDA CONCERNS **MATTHEW MARKHAM**, THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COLONISTS ON MARS...

MATT, WOULD YOU PLEASE GIVE US YOUR REPORT ON YOUR SITUATION...?

THANK YOU... I HAVE COME HERE TODAY TO ASK YOU TO GRANT MARS **COMPLETE INDEPENDENCE** FROM EARTH AND ACCEPT IT AS A FULL MEMBER OF THE U.N. NOW LET ME TELL YOU THE DETAILS...

AS MATT DESCRIBED THE INCREDIBLE EVENTS LEADING TO HIS ARRIVAL ON EARTH...

... KRAY AND "THE SAMURAI"  
WERE SWEATING IT OUT IN MARS  
INC, H.Q.

I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT.  
THE FLAMING MARSHY'S  
STILL ALIVE!

AND SHOOTING HIS  
MOUTH OFF LIKE  
THERE'S NO TOMORROW!

TELL THE BOYS AT THE U.N. TO  
LEAN HEAVY ON ANYONE VOTING  
FOR THE MARSHY. I THINK WE  
SHOULD SEE THE RESULT  
WE WANT!

INDEED, KRAY'S INFLUENCE  
WAS GREAT...

WELL, FOLKS... IT'S  
A UNANIMOUS VOTE  
AGAINST INDEPENDENCE  
FOR MARS!

FOR  
172  
AGAINST

GUESS IT WAS  
INEVITABLE. AT LEAST  
WE MARSHIES KNOW  
WHERE WE STAND  
NOW... ON OUR OWN  
AGAINST THE  
COMPANY!

NEXT DAY, AS THE MARS INC. BOSS  
WATCHED MARKHAM'S DEPARTURE...

THERE'S NO WAY THE  
COLONISTS CAN WIN NOW  
I'VE EVEN SENT THE  
SAMURAI TO THE SPACE-  
PORT TO LET MARKHAM  
KNOW EXACTLY HOW  
HOPELESS HIS CAUSE IS!

GOOD TO HAVE YOU  
BACK ON BOARD, MR  
MARKHAM!

LET ME  
THROUGH!

NICE TO BE BACK...  
AND AWAY FROM  
THIS HIGH-GRAVITY  
TATIONAL PRESSURE  
COOKER!

...OH, MR  
TAKAMURA, I  
GUESS YOU  
CAN COME  
THROUGH!

HEY, YOU  
CAN'T...

HEY, MARSHY... MR KRAY WANTS  
TO MAKE SURE YOU GOT THE  
MESSAGE LOUD AND CLEAR. START  
A REBELLION AGAINST THE COMPANY  
AND THERE AREN'T GOING  
TO BE ANY COLONISTS  
LEFT!

THAT SO? WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, SAMURAI...  
FREEZE THEM ALL TO DEATH?

MATT JABBED THE BRAKE  
BUTTON ON HIS TRACTOR  
UNIT...

BUT I'M NOT  
GOING TO GIVE  
YOU THE  
OPPORTUNITY!

BY SHINTO!

SEEMS I OWE  
YOU THIS  
ONE!

AAAAARRRH!





# The Ancient Planet

**MARS: 2092 A.D.** THE MARTIAN COLONISTS, LED BY MATTHEW MARKHAM, HAVE FAILED TO GET SUPPORT FROM EARTH IN THEIR STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE AGAINST THE TYRANNICAL MARS INCORPORATED.

NOW MATT HAS RETURNED HOME, AND HAS REQUESTED PERMISSION TO LAND AT HELLASPORT...

BY ALAN HEDDEN & BELARDINELLI

SORRY, FLIGHT K-386. BUT WE HAVE RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS THAT YOU MAY NOT LAND AT ANY SPACEPORT OWNED BY MARS INC!

BY PHOBOS!  
THAT'S DOWNRIGHT MURDER! THERE IS NO OTHER LANDING PORT ON MARS!

MARKHAM TO MARS-PORT CONTROL. WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

HANG ON MATT, THERE SEEMS TO BE ANOTHER COMMUNICATION OVER-RIDING OUR CONTACT WITH MARS-PORT!

AN EVIL, GLOATING FACE SUDDENLY FILLED THE SCREEN...

THIS IS THE SAMURAI! YOU, MATTHEW MARKHAM, ARE A DECLARED ENEMY OF THE CORPORATION, AND FROM NOW ON ALL MARS INC. FACILITIES HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN!

IT'S THAT DAMN SECURITY CHIEF, BUT HE'S GOT TO BE BLUFFING! YOU CAN'T FORBID A SHIP LANDING AT A CIVIL SPACEPORT!

LET'S TRY CALLING HIS BLUFF THEN!



BUT...

SATURN'S  
RINGS... A  
MISSILE!

THIS IS OUR LAST WARNING.  
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO LAND.  
THE NEXT MISSILE WON'T MISS!

THIS IS SERIOUS!  
WE'RE LOW ON FUEL  
AND HAVE NOWHERE  
TO LAND!

HEY—THIS MAY  
SOUND CRAZY, BUT  
COULD YOU BRING  
THE SHIP DOWN ON  
ONE OF THE TRANS-  
PLANETARY HIGHWAYS?  
THEY LEGALLY BELONG  
TO THE COLONISTS!

WE HAVEN'T GOT  
ANY CHOICE!  
BUT WHAT ABOUT  
THIS TRAFFIC?

I'LL CALL UP  
RALPH AND HAVE  
HIM SEAL OFF A  
SECTION OF  
THE HIGHWAY!

YOU'RE KIDDING,  
MATT! YOU CAN'T  
LAND A SPACE YACHT  
ON HIGHWAY 9. THE  
COMPANY'D NEVER  
LET US GET AWAY  
WITH IT!

TO HELL WITH THE  
COMPANY. WE EITHER  
LAND NOW OR CRASH  
LATER WHEN WE RUN  
OUT OF FUEL. YOU'VE  
GOT TO TRY!

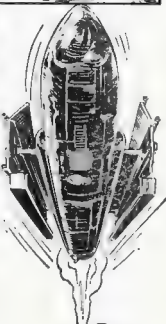
SOON.

STOP...  
PULLOVER!

WHAT DO THEM  
MARSHY SAPS  
THINK THEY'RE  
TRYIN' TO DO?

OUTTA THE WAY,  
MARSHIES...  
THIS IS A COMPANY  
TRUCK!

LOOK  
OUT!



IT'S HOPELESS,  
MATT. WE'RE NOT  
GOING TO GET ANY HELP  
FROM COMPANY DRIVERS.  
THEY'RE ALL EARTHIES!

YOU'RE AN EARTHIE,  
TOO, PAL. I COULDN'T  
ASK YOU TO TRY A  
LANDING DESPITE  
THE TRUCKS.  
COULD I?

IT'S GUYS LIKE THOSE  
TRUCKERS WHO GIVE  
EARTH A BAD NAME.  
MR. MARKHAM, GET  
STRAPPED IN... WE'RE  
GOIN' DOWN!

THIS SHIP IS ABOUT TO LAND!  
GET OFF THE HIGHWAY...  
REPEAT! GET OFF THE  
HIGHWAY!

HOLY PHOBOS...  
IS THIS SOME KINDA  
JOKE?

BUT IT WAS  
NO JOKE...

AAAARRRRH!

AND THE TRUCKERS  
WERE NOT HAPPY!

I'LL HEAD OFF THE  
LYNCH MOB. THEY'RE  
NOT SO TOUGH WITH-  
OUT A COUPLE OF  
HUNDRED TONS OF  
RIG AND TRAILER TO  
BACK 'EM UP!

HEY, THAT TRUCK'S  
CARRYING NUCLEAR  
CHARGE PACKS.  
THERE'S ENOUGH FUEL  
THERE TO GET BACK TO  
EARTH!

THEN TAKE WHAT  
YOU NEED, MY FRIEND.  
WE'LL SQUARE IT  
WITH MARS INC!

THAT CRAZY  
MARSHY... HE'S  
THE ONE! GET  
HIM!



HE CAN'T DO THAT! THOSE  
CHARGE PACKS BELONG TO THE  
COMPANY.

CALL IT FAIR PAYMENT  
FOR USING OUR  
HIGHWAYS!

LET'S  
GET  
'EM.

SQUASH THE MARSHIES...  
AAARRRH!

OUT OF THE WAY!  
LET THEIR OWN  
WEIGHT TEACH  
'EM A LESSON ABOUT  
LIGHT GRAVITY!

YOU MAY BE TOUGH  
ON EARTH, BUT UP HERE  
YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH  
OF HIGH-GRAVITY FREAKS!

GOT WHAT  
YOU WANT PAL?

SURE, MR. MARKHAM.  
SEE YOU AROUND!

NOW START  
WALKING! WHEN  
YOU GET TO HELLASPORT  
TELL THE COMPANY THAT  
NOW THEY ARE GOING  
TO PAY FOR WITHHOLDING  
OUR WATER SUPPLIES!

NEXT DAY, ON EARTH, HUGO  
KRAY, THE PRESIDENT OF  
MARS INC. WAS GREETED  
WITH A STARTLING REPORT...

THE COLONISTS ARE  
BLOCKING ALL TRANS-  
PLANETARY HIGHWAYS?  
THAT BLASTED MARKHAM!  
HE'S BECOMIN' A PAIN!

THAT SO? WELL,  
I GUESS WE'VE BEEN  
TOO KIND TO THE  
MARSHIES, GIVING  
'EM ALL THAT DRINKING  
WATER. FROM NOW ON,  
MARS GETS NO MORE!

LET THEM  
DIE OF  
THIRST!

NEXT WEEK:  
DROUGHT!

MORE THAN THAT,  
MR KRAY. IF THE  
COLONISTS  
CONTINUE THEIR  
BLOCKADE THEY  
COULD BANKRUPT  
THE COMPANY IN A  
FEW MONTHS!

# THE MARS PLANET

WATER WAS THE MOST PRECIOUS COMMODITY ON MARS. EVERY DROP BEING SHIPPED FROM EARTH BY THE SPACE TANKERS OF MARS INCORPORATED. THE COMPANY THAT WAS TRYING TO PREVENT THE MARTIANS BECOMING INDEPENDENT.

THE COMPANY REALISED THAT IF THERE WAS NO WATER SUPPLY... THERE COULD BE NO MARTIANS!

WATER CONVOY LEADER RECEIVING MESSAGES. DELIVERY OF WATER WILL NOT GO THROUGH!

MATT MARKHAM, THE COLONISTS' RELUCTANT LEADER, WAS HEADING DRILLING OPERATIONS IN A DESPERATE SEARCH FOR UNDERGROUND WATER SUPPLIES...

SO FAR—  
NOTHING,  
MATT...

AND ONLY  
TWO DAYS'  
SUPPLY LEFT...  
STILL—WE  
MUSTN'T  
GIVE UP!

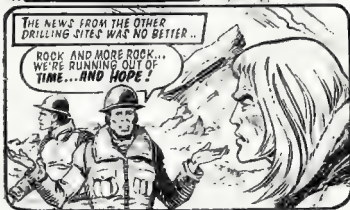
BY ALAN HEBDEN & BELARDINELLI

THE NEWS FROM THE OTHER DRILLING SITES WAS NO BETTER...

ROCK AND MORE ROCK...  
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF  
TIME... AND HOPE!

THOSE CRATS—  
LOOKS LIKE MORE  
TROUBLE FROM  
MARS INC.

NO, THEY DON'T  
OWN THEM, BUT  
WHO DOES?



MATT SOON FOUND OUT. IT WAS THE PILOT WHO HAD EARLIER BEFRIENDED HIM.

HOWDY, MR. MARKHAM. MEET **TRASHCAN** AND **PINTSIZE**. I RECKON YOU COULD DO WITH OUR HELP!

THANKS VINCE... LET ME EXPLAIN THE SITUATION!

THE TWO FRIENDS TALKED...SUDDENLY, MATT INTERRUPTED...

YOU SAY YOU SAW A **WHOLE CONVOY** OF WATER SHUTTLES TOPSIDE...HEY, THAT GIVES ME AN **IDEA!**

GET AS MANY WATER TANKERS OVER TO THE EAST-SIDE CRATER AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN, RALPH!

**TRASHCAN / PINTSIZE...** GET SUITED UP...AND READY FOR TAKE-OFF. I'LL EXPLAIN THE REST, ON THE WAY!

IT'S SIMPLE REALLY... **WE'RE GOING TO HI-JACK THE WATER CONVOY!**

**MINUTES LATER THE DRAFT, CARRYING MATT AND VINCE WAS OUT IN SPACE.**

THE WATER CONVOY'LL BE PASSING IN A FEW MINUTES, THIS HUNK OF ROCK'LL PROVIDE US SOME COVER TILL THEN!

**SURE ENOUGH...**

HERE IT COMES. **TRASHCAN** AND **PINTSIZE** OUGHT TO BE PUTTING IN THEIR APPEARANCE ANY MOMENT NOW!

NEXT MOMENT THE LEADER OF THE WATER CONVOY RECEIVED A NASTY SHOCK AS **TRASHCAN** AND **PINTSIZE** ALSO BURST ON THE SCENE.

A LASER BLAST SEVERED THE TOW ROPE LINKING THE WATER SUPPLIES WITH THE CONVOY LEADER'S CRAFT

**HOLY SUNBURST...** WHAT ARE THOSE MANIACS IN THE ROCKETS DOING? THERE SEEMS TO BE A CHASE GOING ON, BUT THEY'RE BOTH HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME!

IT LOOKED AS IF THE BLAST WAS AIMED FOR THE SMALL SHIP WHICH HAD VEERED OUT OF THE WAY...

**BUT THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT. IT WAS A WELL ORGANISED TRICK.**

IT WORKED, MATT! PINTSIZE AND TRASHCAN HAVE DRAWN THE CONVOY LEADER AWAY. HE'S LEFT THE WATER PODS READY FOR THE TAKING!

**MOMENTS LATER IN THE AIRLOCK.**

WE NEED THE WATER, VINCE, AND THIS IS THE **ONLY WAY**, SO LET'S GET IT!

OK, I'M STRAPPED IN AND **READY!**

WITH A FLICK OF THE CONTROLS THE DOOR WAS RELEASED OPEN.

WITHOUT THESE STRAPS I'D BE **SUCKED** OUT INTO SPACE, LIKE THAT DOOR. JUST A **FEW SECONDS** TO FIRE THE **HARPOON**, AND IT'S GOT TO BE ON TARGET FIRST TIME. I'VE GOT TO **HOOK ONTO** THE FIRST OF THE **WATER PODS!**

AS SOON AS THE **ANGRY WATER CONVOY LEADER** GAVE CHASE TO TRASHCAN AND PINTSIZE, MATT MOVED HIS SHIP OUT OF HIDING.

**GOT IT!**

MATT'S AIM WAS TRUE. HE SECURED THE **TITANIUM CABLE** BETWEEN THE **WATER POD** AND VINCE'S CRAFT.



THE CRAFT THEN RETURNED TO MARS...

YAHOO... SHE'S HOLDIN'! YA DID IT, MR. MARKHAM!

...AND HEADED FOR A DUMPING GROUND TO RELEASE THE WATER.

THEY'LL PUMP IT ALL INTO THE TANKERS BEFORE IT STARTS EVAPORATING. I ONLY HOPE TRASHCAN AND PINTSIZE ARE ALRIGHT. THAT WATER SHIP SKIPPER WAS **REAL SORE** WHEN HE WENT AFTER THEM.

THEY CAN LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES. I'M BETTING THAT THEY'VE OUT-RUN HIM, ALREADY!

INDEED, SEVERAL MILLION MILES AWAY, THE CAPTAIN WAS ALREADY BEING SEVERELY REPRIMANDED BY **THE SAMURAI**, MARS INC.'S **SECURITY CHIEF**.

WATER! WE'VE BEATEN THE COMPANY!

**YOU ARE AN IDIOT, CAPTAIN!** IT WAS OBVIOUSLY A RUFE TO MAKE YOU PART COMPANY WITH THAT WATER. RETURN TO EARTH AT ONCE... AND CONSIDER YOUR CONTRACT WITH **MARS INC.** TERMINATED FORTHWITH!

ONLY ONE MAN WOULD DARE DO THIS—MATTHEW MARKHAM. BUT IT WILL BE HIS **FINAL VICTORY**. AS OF TODAY I SHALL TAKE **DIRECT CONTROL** OF OUR MARTIAN OPERATIONS... AND THAT MARSHIE WILL WISH HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN!

**NEXT HORROR ON (WEEK) THE HIGHWAY!**

# THE DANGER ZONE

BY ALAN HEDDEN & BELARDINELLI

THE CONFRONTATION BETWEEN MARS INC. AND THE MARTIAN COLONISTS HAD REACHED A FULCRUM. THE COLONISTS HAD BLOCKED THE TRANS-PLANETARY HIGHWAYS, THREATENING THE COMPANY WITH BANKRUPTCY. WHILE THE COMPANY HAD SUSPENDED WATER DELIVERIES TO MARS, THREATENING THE COLONISTS' VERY EXISTENCE!

WHY DON'T YOU  
PACK UP AND GO  
HOME, EARTHLIES? AS  
LONG AS THE HIGH-  
WAYS ARE BLOCKED  
THE COMPANY CAN'T  
EXPORT RAW MATERIALS  
TO EARTH. IT'LL  
SOON GO BANKRUPT!

NOT BEFORE  
YOU MARSHIES  
COME BEGGIN' FOR  
THE WATER WE  
SHIP FROM EARTH!

MATT MARKHAM WAS THE LEADER  
OF THE COLONISTS.

OUR BLOCKADE MUST  
BE COSTING THE COMPANY  
BILLIONS OF CREDITS A  
DAY, MATT. ALL THAT  
EXPENSIVE HARDWARE  
LAID UP DOING NOTHING!

THAT DEPENDS HOW LONG THEY'RE  
WILLING TO PLAY A WAITING GAME. THEY  
KNOW WE'VE GOT ENOUGH WATER FOR  
BASIC SURVIVAL FOR MONTHS YET. I DON'T  
LIKE IT, IT'S TOO QUIET!

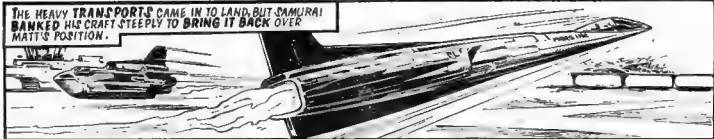
BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER, FOR, COMING  
UP FAST ON THE COLONISTS...

... A FLEET OF  
MENACING  
SPACECRAFT!

IN THE EXECUTIVE SHIP SAMURAI-MARS INC.'S SECURITY  
CHIEF—SURVEYED THE GROUND BELOW  
ON HIS VIDEO SCREEN.

NOW THERE'S A NAUSEATING  
SIGHT, MATT MARKHAM... THE  
CAUSE OF ALL OUR TROUBLES. A  
SHAME THIS SHIP ISN'T ARMED,  
OR I'D BLAST HIM!

THE HEAVY TRANSPORTS CAME IN TO LAND, BUT SAMURAI BANKED HIS CRAFT STEEPLY TO BRING IT BACK OVER MATT'S POSITION.



JUST A SMALL TASTE OF THINGS TO COME, MARKHAM. NOW THAT I'M HERE IN PERSON THERE'S GONNA BE SOME CHANGES ON MARS!

HIT THE DIRT!



STARTING RIGHT NOW!  
SHOCK TROOPS DISEMBARK!  
I WANT THOSE TRANS-  
PLANETARY HIGHWAYS  
CLEARED BY NIGHTFALL!



THEY'VE GONE NUTS!  
THIS IS AGAINST INTER-  
PLANETARY LAW!



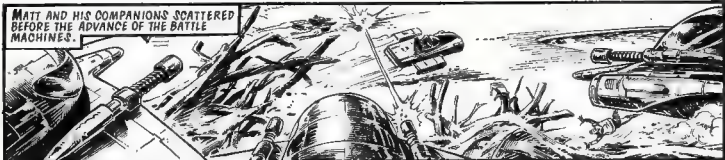
TRUE, BUT THIS IS  
HARDLY THE TIME TO  
STAND AND ARGUE  
WITH THEM! LET'S  
GET OUT OF HERE!

MARS INC. OBEYED ONLY  
ONE LAW... ITS OWN!



AAAAARGH!

MATT AND HIS COMPANIONS SCATTERED  
BEFORE THE ADVANCE OF THE BATTLE  
MACHINES.



MARKHAM TO EVERYONE!  
OFF THE BARRICADES AND  
AWAY INTO THE  
WILDS AS SOON  
AS POSSIBLE!  
THE SAMURAI'S  
OUT FOR  
BLOOD!



MEANWHILE.

MARKHAM'S RUNNING  
DOWN HIGHWAY ONE.  
I WANT HIM BROUGHT  
BACK TO HELLASPORT...  
ALIVE!



THERE'S  
MARKHAM'S  
CAR!



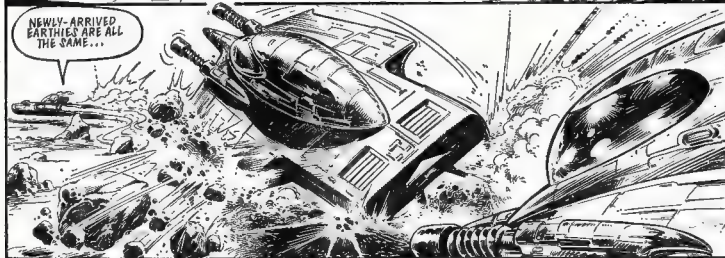
SO THE SAMURAI'S  
OUT TO CATCH  
ME...

WELL, I WISH  
HIM LUCK!

AFTER  
HIM!



NEWLY-ARRIVED  
EARTHIES ARE ALL  
THE SAME...







LOOK OUT...  
AAAARRGH!

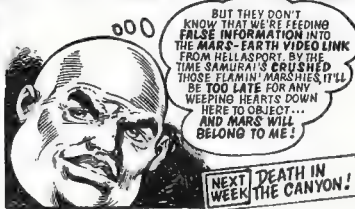
THEY CAN NEVER  
HANDLE THE LIGHTER  
MARTIAN GRAVITY!



ONLY HUGO KRAY, PRESIDENT OF MARS INC. COULD ANSWER THAT. AT HIS PLUSH BRAZILIAN HQ AT THAT MOMENT...



AS FAR AS BILLIONS OF VIEWERS ON EARTH ARE CONCERNED, THAT'S JUST WHAT'LL HAPPEN... NOTHING!



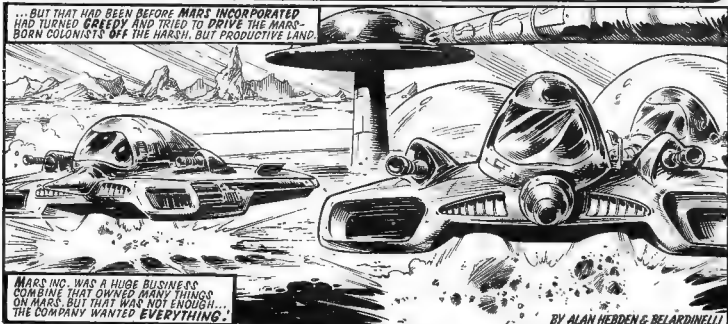
NEXT WEEK DEATH IN THE CANYON!

# The Angry Planet

MARS, MATT MARKHAM'S FARM HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST PROSPEROUS ON HUMANITY'S FIRST COLONISED PLANET...



... BUT THAT HAD BEEN BEFORE MARS INCORPORATED HAD TURNED GREEDY AND TRIED TO DRIVE THE MARS-BORN COLONISTS OFF THE HARSH, BUT PRODUCTIVE LAND.



MARS INC. WAS A HUGE BUSINESS COMBINE THAT OWNED MANY THINGS ON MARS, BUT THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH... THE COMPANY WANTED EVERYTHING.

BY ALAN HEDDEN & BELARDINELLI

LEADING THE BRUTAL ASSAULT ON THE COLONISTS WAS THE SAMURAI...

THIS IS THE SAMURAI SPEAKING, MARKHAM: ON EARTH I AM MERELY SECURITY CHIEF OF MARS INC., BUT UP HERE I'M CAESAR AND NAPOLEON ROLLED INTO ONE! GIVE UP NOW... I'M SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN HURT!

THERE WAS NO REPLY, AND SO SAMURAI SNARLED OUT ORDERS TO HIS TROOPS.

ALRIGHT, MARKHAM, WE'LL DO IT THE HARD WAY: MOVE FORWARD, MEN, AND REMEMBER... I WANT THAT MARSHIE TAKEN ALIVE!





THE HOVER MOTORS  
ARE SET TO DESCEND,  
MATT!

LET'S GO THEN,  
RALPH. THE  
SOONER WE'RE  
UNDER COVER  
THE BETTER!

MATT...?  
LOOK!

AIR  
FIGHTERS  
FROM  
HELLASPORT!  
HURRY!

YOU'RE NOT  
SLIPPIN' AWAY  
THAT EASY,  
MARSHIES!

AAAAARRGH!

BUT THE ATTACKER'S VICTORY  
WAS SHORT-LIVED...

YEEAAAARRRH!

ANOTHER EARTHLIE PILOT  
WHO FORGOT HOW LONG HIS  
WINGS HAVE TO BE FOR  
THE MARTIAN  
ATMOSPHERE!

THE SECOND  
ONE'S TRYING TO  
GET US FROM  
BELOW, AND IT  
LOOKS LIKE HE  
KNOWS HOW TO  
FLY THAT THING.  
GIVE ME THE  
LASER RIFLE!

BUT, MATT, YOU'LL  
NEVER SHOOT DOWN  
AN AIR FIGHTER  
WITH IT!





MATT'S SHOT WAS DEADLY ACCURATE!



TONS OF ROCK CRASHED DOWN INTO THE CHASM, TAKING THE FIGHTER WITH THEM.



LATER, ON THE FLOOR OF THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS...

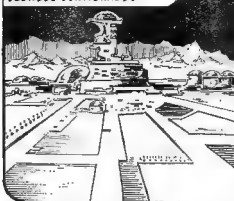
NO-ONE'S EVER EXPLORED THE CAVES PROPERLY, SO WE SHOULD BE SAFE IN THEM. WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW MARS INC. ARE GETTING AWAY WITH THIS WITHOUT CAUSING AN OUTCRY ON EARTH!

I THINK I KNOW. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CONTACT EARTH, BUT THE SUB-SPACE CHANNELS ARE JAMMED! THERE'S NO OUTCRY BECAUSE THE PEOPLE ON EARTH SIMPLY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!

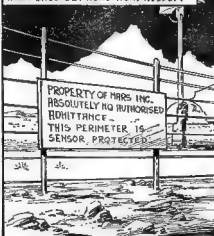


# THE ANGRY PLANET

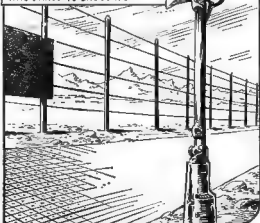
MARS, EVEN THOUGH 21ST CENTURY TECHNOLOGY HAS ENRICHED THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE WITH EXTRA OXYGEN, THE DAY-TIME TEMPERATURE RARELY ROSE ABOVE FREEZING POINT... AND AT NIGHT PLUNGED TO AN AWFUL MINUS 100 DEGREES CENTIGRADE!



IN SUCH INTENSE COLD NO HUMAN OLIVERS PITGOLED THE PERIMETER OF HELLASPORT, MARS INCORPORATED'S MAIN BASE BUT NONE WERE NEEDED.



MILLIONS OF MICRO-SENSORS SET IN A STRIP BEHIND THE BOUNDARY FENCE COULD DETECT, JUDGE AND KILL ANY INTRUDER WHO DARED TO CROSS IT!



BUT WHERE THERE IS A BARRIER THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEBODY TRYING TO GET ACROSS!

ACCORDING TO OUR TECHNICIANS, THESE SENSOR-DEFLECTORS SHOULD WORK. LET ME GO FIRST, MATT!

MY SCHEME, MY RISK, RALPH. IF THEY DON'T WORK I ONLY WANT ONE LIFE ON MY CONSCIENCE... MY OWN!



AS LONG AS I STAY ABOVE THE DEFLECTOR FIELDS THE SENSORS SHOULDN'T DETECT ME AS I CROSS.



BY ALAN HEBDEN & BELARDINELLI

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT EARTHMEN DESIGNED THIS BARRIER. THEY THOUGHT IT WAS TOO WIDE TO CROSS...



... BUT THEY FORGOT TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE FACT THAT MARS' GRAVITY IS ONLY ONE THIRD THAT OF EARTH'S!

OKAY... YOU CAN FOLLOW ME NOW. THE REFLECTORS WORK!

BUT...

IN SWIFT SUCCESSION THE OTHER MARTIANS VAULTED SAFELY ACROSS THE DEADLY STRIP...



JUST ONE MORE TO... BY ZEPHYRIA! HE ISN'T GOING TO MAKE IT!

AAARRRH!

AS MATT AND HIS MEN PENETRATED DEEPER INTO THE HELLPORT COMPLEX, SECURITY GUARDS IN HOVERCARS WERE ALREADY OUT LOOKING FOR THEM.

TRUST THE MARSHIES TO TRY CROSSING AN IMPASSABLE BARRIER!

THEY'RE ALREADY ACROSS MY FRIEND! BUT YOU CAN RELY ON EARTHIE STUPIDITY TO BELIEVE IT CAN'T BE DONE!

EEEEIIHH!

ALARM! INTRUDERS AT PERIMETER, SECTOR 7! ALARM!

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM NOW! LET'S MOVE!



SOON OUTSIDE THE MAIN  
CONTROL BUILDING...

INTERPLANETARY  
COMMUNICATIONS ARE  
CONTROLLED FROM IN  
THERE. CAN WE GET THIS  
ROCK-MOVER WORKING?

SURE. JUST AS  
SOON AS THIS  
INTERGRATOR  
CRACKS THE  
VEHICLE'S  
STARTING CODE.  
AH. GOT IT!

THE GIANTIC  
VEHICLE ROARED  
INTO LIFE AND,  
UNDER MATT'S  
CONTROL, RUMBLED  
FORWARDS.

MARSHIES... AN'  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
ROCK-MOVER!

TOO RIGHT, EARTHIE;  
THIS THING CAN MINCE  
GRANITE... SO JUST  
WATCH YOUR PRECIOUS  
COM-CENTRE!

KEERRASHHH!

AAARRH!  
NO!

IF THE SHOCK DOESN'T  
FORCE THEM BACK, THE  
SUPER-COOLED AIR  
FLOODING IN FROM  
OUTSIDE CERTAINLY  
WILL!

MATT AND RALPH RUSHED TO A CONTROL PANEL WHILE THE REST  
OF HIS MEN FOUGHT OFF THE MARS INC. SHOCK TROOPS!

CHEW ON  
THIS, EARTHIE  
CREEP!

WE'VE ONLY GOT A FEW SECONDS  
TO CLEAR THE SUB-SPACE COMMUNICATION  
CHANNELS TO EARTH AND LET THEM KNOW  
WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING UP HERE!





THAT'S IT! NOW TO  
DROP IN THIS  
PRE-RECORDED  
MESSAGE FOR  
TRANSMISSION!

MATT... IT'S  
THE SAMURAI!

VERY FOOLISH, MATT  
MARKHAM. I NEVER  
THOUGHT YOU WERE  
DUMB ENOUGH TO  
DELIVER YOURSELF  
TO ME IN PERSON!



MATT'S LIGHTNING-FAST  
REFLEXES TOTALLY SURPRISED  
MARS INC.'S SECURITY CHIEF.  
A FLYING LEAP BY MATT SENT  
THE SAMURAI REELING BACK -  
AGAINST THE ROCK-MOVER!

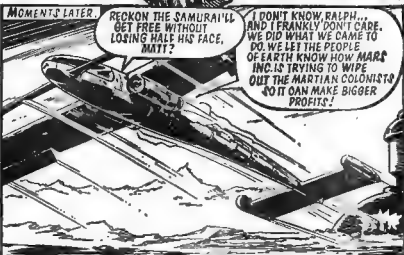
YEEAARRH!



AAAAAH!  
MY FACE!  
MY FACE!

MATT, WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH  
HIM?

THE METAL'S SO  
COLD THAT HIS SKIN'S  
STUCK TO IT! HE'S  
IN NO POSITION TO STOP  
US TAKING ONE OF  
MARS INC.'S  
FLYERS!



MOMENTS LATER...

RECKON THE SAMURAI'LL  
GET FREE WITHOUT  
LOSING HALF HIS FACE,  
MATT?

I DON'T KNOW RALPH...  
AND I FRANKLY DON'T CARE.  
WE DID WHAT WE CAME TO  
DO. WE LET THE PEOPLE  
OF EARTH KNOW HOW MARS  
INC. IS TRYING TO WIPE  
OUT THE MARTIAN COLONISTS  
SO IT CAN MAKE BIGGER  
PROFITS!



MEANWHILE, THE SAMURAI IS IN A  
PARTICULARLY NASTY PREDICAMENT.

YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP  
MOVING, SIR. IT'S  
GOING TO TAKE  
SEVERAL MINUTES TO  
RELEASE YOU WITH-  
OUT CAUSING  
SERIOUS DAMAGE!

MARKHAM WILL  
PAY FOR THIS, I SWEAR!  
HE'S BLOWN THE  
WHISTLE ON WHAT  
WE'RE DOING UP HERE!  
I DREAD TO THINK WHAT  
MR. KRAY'S GOING TO  
SAY!



INDEED, AT THAT MOMENT IN THE BRAZILIAN HQ OF MARS INC.,  
COMPANY PRESIDENT HUGO KRAY WAS FAR FROM HAPPY.

INDEPENDENT SOURCES HAVE CONFIRMED THAT THE PRE-RECORDED  
MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM MARS WAS TELLING THE TRUTH: MARS INCORPORATED  
IS ATTEMPTING, IN BREACH OF INTERPLANETARY LAW, TO WIPE OUT THE  
COLONISTS LED BY MATTHEW MARKHAM. THE  
U.N. IS TO DEMAND A FULL EXPLANATION FROM  
COMPANY PRESIDENT, HUGO KRAY!

NBODY DEMANDS  
ANYTHING FROM HUGO  
KRAY... NOT EVEN  
THE UNITED NATIONS!

NEXT WEEK:  
WHAT ARE  
THE DOGROIDS?

# THE FROZEN PLANET

BY ALAN HEDDEN & BELARDINELLI

21st CENTURY EARTH. AT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS, AN UNPRECEDENTED EVENT WAS TAKING PLACE.

HUGO KRAY, AS PRESIDENT OF MARS INCORPORATED, YOU ARE ACCUSED OF USING YOUR COMPANY TO WAGE ILLEGAL WAR AGAINST THE MARTIAN COLONISTS. HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

GUILTY, YOU WORTHLESS FOOL... GUILTY AS CHARGED!

BUT BEFORE YOU CONTINUE WITH THIS FARCE, LET ME REMIND YOU OF SOMETHING. MARS INCORPORATED IS NOW MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY NATION! WE SUPPLY EVERY COUNTRY WITH ITS VITAL RAW MATERIALS, AND CAN JUST AS EASILY CUT OFF ANY COUNTRY WHICH OBJECTS TO MY COMPANY POLICY. THINK ABOUT IT—CAREFULLY!

THIS IS INTOLERABLE! DO YOU SERIOUSLY BELIEVE YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH BLACKMAILING THE UNITED NATIONS WITH SUCH CRUDE THREATS? I ADVISE YOU TO...

BETTER READ THIS FIRST.

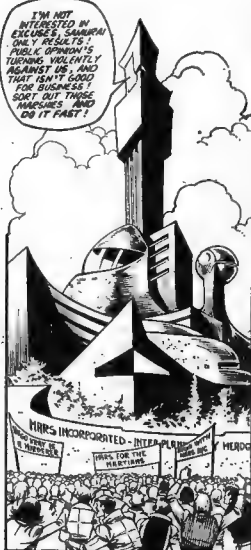
ER... IT APPEARS THAT THE SECURITY COUNCIL HAS DECIDED TO DROP THE CHARGES. IT IS, IN RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR MARTIAN POLICY, MR. KRAY.

I'LL GIVE IT SOME RESPECTFUL THOUGHT... AFTER I'VE TAKEN OVER MARS! GOOD DAY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I HAVE PRESSING BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

SOME HOURS LATER, IN HIS OFFICE, MR. KRAY CONTACTED THE SAMURAI ON MARS.

SO MUCH FOR KEEPING OUR OPERATIONS AGAINST THE COLONISTS SECRET. A GREAT SECURITY CHIEF YOU ARE. LETTING THE MARSHES BUST INTO THE HEART OF HELLASPORT AND BLOW THE WHISTLE ON US.

O'KAY, SO I UNDERESTIMATED MARKHAM, BUT NEVER AGAIN. I NEARLY LOST HALF MY FACE WHEN HE PUSHED ME AGAINST THAT FROZEN METAL!



MARS, THE SAMURAI, LOST NO TIME IN FOLLOWING HIS ORDERS.

THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS, NOW AN I SUPPOSE TO FLUSH THE MARSHES OUT OF THERE WITH JUST A COUPLE OF DIVISIONS OF SHOCK TROOPS? THE PLACE IS WET AND ADECOMBED WITH CAVES AND SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES—SO MANY, THAT EVEN THE MARSHES THEMSELVES DON'T KNOW THEM ALL!

WE NEED THOUSANDS OF MEN TO EVEN ATTEMPT A DECENT SEARCH DOWN THERE. PITY WE DON'T HAVE ANY DOGRONDS ON MARS.



BUT UNKNOWN TO THE SAMURAI, HE HAD BEEN WATCHED FROM A DISTANCE.

EVEN SAMURAI'S GOT THE SENSE TO REALISE THAT THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS IS AN IMPREGNABLE DEFENSIVE POSITION, MATT.

MAYBE RALPH, BUT HE WAS SAILING BEFORE HE TURNED TO LEAVE AND IT WASN'T THE SMILE OF A MAN WHO'S GIVEN UP!

MATT MARKUM, LEADER OF THE MARTIAN COLONISTS, HEADED BACK TO THE CANYON FLOOR, LEAVING RALPH ON WATCH.

WE'VE GOT TO GET MARS INC. WHERE IT HITS, WHICH MEANS STOPPING IT SHIPPING RAW MATERIALS TO EARTH...AND TO DO THAT WE NEED HIGH TECHNOLOGY WEAPONS. LET'S HOPE THE PEOPLE WE PROMISED TO SUPPLY US KEEP THEIR WORD.

THE MARTIAN SETTLEMENT, ONE WEEK LATER, AMONGST THE TOWERING ROCKS OF THE CANYON WALLS LIFE, FOR THE MARTIANS, CONTINUED. TEMPORARY PLAS-DOME SHELTERS SUPPLEMENTED THE SHELTER ALREADY GIVEN BY THE ROSE NATURAL CAVERNS. FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS POST AN EXCITED RADIO OPERATOR RUSHED OUT TOWARDS MATT.

A CALL ON THE SUB-SPACE RADIO, MATT. THEY'RE USING ONE OF OUR PRE-ARRANGED CODES!

MUST BE OUR WEAPONS DELIVERY FROM EARTH, AND NOT BEFORE TIME, TOO!



BUT AS THE DELIVERY CRAFT ATTEMPTED TO NOISE, UNOBTAINABLY, INTO THE THIN MARTIAN ATMOSPHERE...

I'VE GOT BIG TROUBLE, MR. MARSHMAN! I'VE JUST HAD THE BAD LUCK TO MEET THE MOST HEAVILY GUARDED TRANSPORT SHIP YOU EVER SAW, AND THE ESCORT FIGHTERS HAVE SPOTTED ME!

WE CAN ONLY HELP IF YOU MAKE IT DOWN INTO THE CANYON! DO YOUR BEST, BUT PUSH OFF! IT GETS TOO HARD! THIS ISN'T YOUR WAR!

MOMENTS LATER...

NO SIGN OF THE YACHT. EITHER HE WAS SHOT DOWN, OR HE TURNED BACK.

LISTEN, HEAR THAT NOISE... LIKE THUNDER DOWN THE CANYON?

INDEED, THERE WAS THUNDER IN THE CANYON!

THEY'RE GOING TO BURY ME, MARSHMAN! WHERE'S THE HELP YOU PROMISED?

BOOM!

BOOM!

COMING RIGHT UP, BOB! YOU'VE JUST LURED THOSE FIGHTERS INTO...



BLAMM!

AS THE DELIVERY CRAFT BLASTED EXPLOSIONS, THE HUGE EXPLOSIONS TRIGGERED MIGHTY ROCKFALLS WHICH THE FIGHTERS COULD NOT AVOID

SKRAKAW!

RIEEEE!

KRA-KOOM!



THE DANGER PASSED, THE YACHT RETURNED TO MAKE THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF LOW PASSES DROPPING ITS CARGO TO THE WAITING MARSHMANS.

HOW'D YOU RIG THAT LITTLE RECEPTION?

WE USED ALL THE HIGH-EXPLOSIVE WE HAD LEFT. IT OUGHT TO MAKE MARSH AND THINK TWICE BEFORE COMING INTO THE CANYON AGAIN!

MINUTES LATER, THE OPERATION WAS COMPLETE

SEE YOU ON THE NEXT RUN, HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A LANDING STRIP CLEARED BY THEN.

WITH ALL THIS GEAR YOU DROPPED ... YOU CAN BET ON IT!

DON'T MAKE BETS YOU MIGHT NOT WIN, RALPH

WHY WAS THAT TRANSPORT SHIP HE RAN INTO SO HEAVILY GUARDED? WHAT DEVILRY IS SAKURAI PLANNING NOW?

THE ANSWER COULD BE FOUND, AT THAT MOMENT IN MELLASPORT.

THE THREE FIGHTERS WHICH CAUSED THE ARMS RUNNER INTO THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS NEVER CAME OUT AGAIN, SIR

THAT'S THEIR FAULT. THE MARSHMANS HAVE MADE THAT CANYON INTO A DEATH TRAP, BUT WE'LL SEE HOW THEY MANAGE AGAINST INVADERS WHO CAN'T BE KILLED. I'LL COME AND SEE WHAT THIS TRANSPORT SHIP BROUGHT FROM EARTH.

BEHOLD, THE LATEST PRODUCT OF MARS INCORPORATED—**DOGRANDS!** THEY CAN DO ANYTHING A REAL DOG CAN DO, ONLY A HUNDRED TIMES MORE EFFICIENTLY! AND THEY ANSWER BACK! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO THE MARSHMANS?

KILL!

KILL! KILL!

NEXT WEEK  
ATTACK OF THE  
DOGRANDS!

# THE ANGRY PLANET



A FEW HOURS LATER, NEAR  
THE CANYON ENTRANCE...

SEEK OUT  
AND  
DESTROY!

MIGHTY MOAB!  
WHAT A NIGHTMARE!  
I MUST WARN THE  
OTHERS!

ROBOTS?  
SURE YOU'RE  
NOT IMAGINING  
THINGS?

NO,  
MATT. I SAW 'EM  
WITH MY OWN EYES.  
MONSTROSITIES.

SHE'S RIGHT  
...LOOK!

SEEK COLONISTS  
DESTROY!

NOW WE  
KNOW WHAT SABAUL  
WAS SHIPPING FROM EARTH!  
THEY MUST BE A NEW  
ROBOT DEVELOPMENT! GET  
THE HAND LASERS OUT

CONTACT MADE...  
VISUAL AND SMELL!

YEAH, YOU  
TINCANS, CONTACT MADE,  
AND DESTRUCTION ASSURED  
...YOUR TIME  
BLAST 'EM!

THE BEAMS  
ARE BOUNCING OFF.  
THEY MUST HAVE  
DEFLECTORS BUILT  
INTO THEM!

EVERYBODY  
BACK INTO THE  
CAVE SYSTEM...  
WE'LL LOSE THEM  
IN THERE.

ADVANCE...  
ADVANCE!

ATTACK  
INEFFECTIVE!  
ADVANCE!

THE MARTIANS FLE INTO  
A CAVE SYSTEM, WHICH  
OFFERED SEVERAL  
ROUTES OF ESCAPE

GO  
THROUGH THE EAST  
PASSAGE.

THEY'LL  
KNOW WHICH WAY  
WE'VE GONE, MATT.  
THEY USE SCENT AS WELL  
AS SIGHT TO HUNT  
THEIR QUARRY!





600N





# The ALIEN PLANET

MARS' NIGHT WAS FALLING OVER THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS. THE AIR TEMPERATURE WAS PLUNGING TOWARDS 100 DEGREES BELOW FREEZING, AND WITH THE COMING OF THE NIGHT CAME THE PREDATORS ...



...THE KILLER DOGRONS WERE ON THE PROWL!



BY ALAN HERBEN & BELARDINELLI

DEEP IN THE CANYON THE MARTIAN COLONISTS WERE PREPARING FOR THE LONG NIGHT OF HORROR.

AREN'T WE OVER REACTING, MATT? WE DON'T KNOW IF SAMURAI'S GOT ANY MORE OF THOSE ROBOTS TO SEND IN. AFTER ALL, WE DESTROYED THE FIRST TWO.

THEY WERE SENT TO LOCATE US AND SPRAY DYE OVER US, RALPH. THAT MEANS WE CAN EXPECT MORE!



THE DYE... I'VE DISCOVERED WHAT IT IS! IT INCORPORATES A VERY HIGH FREQUENCY HUMMING GAGNAL! YOU AND THE OTHERS WHO HAVE BEEN MARKED ARE VIRTUALLY WALKING TRANSMITTERS!

BUT WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE ATTRACTING? I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE WHAT THE LOOKOUT'S SPOT.



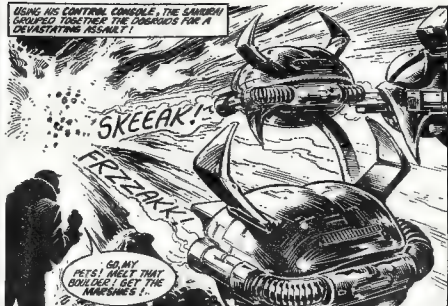


ON THE CANYON FLOOR, MATT  
COULD ONLY LISTEN, HELPLESSLY,  
TO THE MASSACRE...









# THE ANGRY PLANET

THE MARTIAN COLONISTS, LED BY MATT MARKHAM, HAVE TAKEN REFUGE IN THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS FROM THE ALL-POWERFUL MARS INC. THE GIANT COMPANY DETERMINED TO TAKE OVER MARS BY FORCE.

BUT THERE IS NOWHERE THAT IS SAFE FROM THE KILLER DOGROIDS!

CONTROLLING THE DOGROIDS WAS THE SAMURAI MARS INC.'S BUTLER, SECURITY CHIEF. HIS MECHANICAL MONSTROSITIES COULD TRACK THE MARTIANS IN THE WARE OF CANYONS MUCH MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN ANY HUMANS.

KILL, KILL, KILL!

SO, MARKHAM HAS FLED. MUCH GOOD MAY IT DO HIM. I CAN LEAVE MY DOGROIDS TO FERRET HIM OUT OF THIS INFERNAL RABBIT WARREN. SUCH A SHAME! I WILL MISS HIS DEATH!

HAVING REALISED THAT THE OYE ON THEIR CLOTHING PROVIDED A MEANS FOR THE SAMURAI TO TRACK THEM, THE COLONISTS AFFECTED HAD SPLIT AWAY FROM THE MAIN GROUP.

THEY'RE COMING... I CAN HEAR THEM COMING!

COME ON, MOVE! THE LONGER IT TAKES THOSE BRUTES TO GET TO US, THE FURTHER AWAY THE REST OF OUR FOLK WILL HAVE GOT FROM THE SAMURAI!

THEY'VE PICKED US UP, MATT. WE'RE FINISHED.

KILL, KILL!

THE DESPAIRING MARTIAN TURNED TO RUN, BUT, IN HIS HASTE HIS SLEEVE CAUGHT ON A ROCKY OUTCROP...

GANNFF!

NO! FOR PITY'S SAKE... NO!

...PULLING HIM OFF BALANCE AND AT THE MERCY OF...

KILLLL!

By G. MILLER & BELARDINELLI



YET, INCREDIBLY, THE MARTIAN WAS NOT THE TARGET!



THAT'S IT! THOSE THINGS ARE ATTRACTED ONLY TO THE DYE! BARRY'S SLEEVE WITH THE DYE ON IT RIPPED OFF ON THAT ROCK, AND THE ROBOTS HOMED IN ON IT! THEY WOULDN'T BE CAPABLE OF WORKING OUT THAT A MAN WASN'T INSIDE THAT SLEEVE. THEY'RE JUST PLAIN DUMBS!



AND AS THE SAMURAI ISN'T HERE TO ISSUE THEM FRESH ORDERS, ALL THEY'VE DO IS DESTROY WHATEVER IS CARRYING THAT DYE!



GET RID OF THE MARKED CLOTHING! FAST!

BUT, BEFORE ALL THE MEN COULD REMOVE THEIR CONTAMINATED CLOTHING...



BLAKE'S TOO SLOW! THE DOGBODS WILL DISSOLVE HIM, UNLESS

MATT DASHED BETWEEN THE DOGBODS AND BLAKE, WRIVING HIS JACKET IN FRONT OF THE ROBOT'S FACE, JUST LIKE THE OLD-FASHIONED BULLFIGHTERS HE HAD READ ABOUT IN HISTORY BOOKS.



HA! TORAO! TORAO!

NOW LET'S GET RID OF THESE THINGS, ONCE AND FOR ALL. THROW THE CLOTHING OVER THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE! BECAUSE WHERE OUR MARKED CLOTHING GOES...



"THE CREATURES ARE BOUND TO FOLLOW!"



YAHOO! WE DID IT! WE'RE SAFE!

SAFE? WE MAY HAVE SHAKEN THESE OFF, BUT THE SAMURAI WILL JUST SEND SOMETHING ELSE IN AFTER US!

HE'S RIGHT. THE SAMURAI HOLDS ALL THE ACES. OUR SITUATION IS PRACTICALLY HOPELESS!

IT WAS A DISPIRITED GROUP OF MEN WHO SET OUT TO RETRACE THEIR STEPS THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF CAVERNS.



NO-ONE HAS EVER FULLY EXPLORED THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS. ALL THE PASSAGES LOOK THE SAME TO ME!

SURELY THIS ISN'T THE WAY WE CAME?



WE'LL TRY THIS ONE. WE CAN'T BE ANY MORE LOST THAN WE ARE NOW!

MISTS OF FURROUS! MATT, HOME AND LOOK AT THIS!



CRUDE WALL PAINTINGS. THEY TELL A STORY. THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME INTELLIGENT LIFE FORM THAT MADE THEM...

AS MATT PASSED THROUGH A NARROW ARCH-LIKE OPENING IN THE ROCK.



WHATTTT THE..?

OUTSIDE, MATT'S FRIENDS POUNDED HELPLESSLY ON THE SLAB OF ROCK THAT HAD SEEMINGLY APPEARED FROM NOWHERE.



IT'S NO USE HE'S WALKED INTO A TRAP. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO. WHAT CAN BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS ROCK?



OH, NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

NEXT WEEK: THE ABBOMINATION FROM THE DARK!

# THE ANGOR PLANET

MARS' DEEP IN THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS THE COLONISTS BELIEVED THEMSELVES SAFE FROM THE EFFORTS OF MARS INC. TO TAKE OVER THEIR PLANET... BUT THE PREVIOUSLY UNEXPLORED CAVERNS HELD STEADIER TERRORS THAN ANY DEvised BY MAN.

MATT IS TRAPPED BEHIND THAT SLAB, RALPH BUT WHEN DID IT COME FROM?

WE CAN WORRY ABOUT THAT AFTER WE'VE REACHED HIM, MARSHA THIS MOUNTED LASER'LL CUT THROUGH THE STONE LIKE BUTTER



LASER ACTIVATED! WATCH THAT SLAB MELT!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE FULL CHARGER PACK I PLANNED TO NO EFFECT! THERE'S NO MATERIAL ON MARS WHICH COULD WITHSTAND THIS LEVEL OF HEAT ENERGY.



RALPH AND MARSHA TURNED TO STUDY THE WALL PAINTINGS

WHOLEVER MADE THESE AND BUILT THAT DOOR WERE THE TRUE INHABITANTS OF THIS WORLD!

WERE RALPH? OF STILL ARE? WHAT? WHAT? MATT! RUN INTO BEHIND THAT DOOR!



WHAT INDEED?

GRAAGGH

BY THARSIS! IT'S A NIGHTMARE!



BY ALAN HEDDEN & DELARDINELLI

MATT THREW  
HIMSELF TO  
ONE SIDE



GOT TO FIND AN EXIT  
LARGE ENOUGH FOR  
ME, BUT TOO SMALL  
FOR THIS MONSTER  
TO FOLLOW.



BUT

A CHASM!  
THERE'S NO  
ESCAPE!



MATT FROZE ON THE  
CHASM EDGE AS THE  
MONSTER BEGAN TO  
LEAP AT HIM.



NO WAY OUT.  
MAYBE I SHOULD  
JUMP BEFORE IT GETS  
ME. AT LEAST THAT WAY  
I'LL STAND A REMOTE  
CHANCE OF SURVIVING.  
WAIT. WHY DIDN'T  
I NOTICE THAT  
BEFORE?

IT'S GOING  
RIGHT THROUGH ME!  
IT WASN'T REAL!  
I GUESSED  
RIGHT!



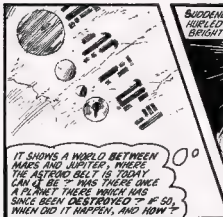
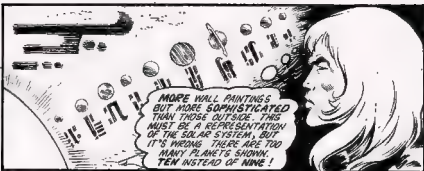
I WAS  
LEAVING A DUST  
TRAIL ON THE FLOOR  
OF THE CAVE, BUT THAT  
THING WASN'T THE  
QUESTION IS, WHO  
CREATED THE KLUZON  
AND WHY?





MATT TURNED AND  
HEADED FOR A  
NEARBY OPENING.

LOOKS  
LIKE THIS IS THE  
ONLY WAY OUT EXCEPT  
THAT IT LEADS EVEN  
DEEPER UNDERGROUND  
AND IT CERTAINLY  
WASN'T FORMED  
NATURALLY. BUT  
WHAT CHOICE DO  
I HAVE?



SUDDENLY, MATT WAS  
HURLED BACK BY A  
BRIGHT LIGHT...



SOME KIND OF FORCE BARRIER.  
SEEMS THIS IS AS FAR AS  
I GO ALONG HERE.





MEANWHILE THE SAMURAI OF MARS INC. WAS DISCOVERING JUST HOW BADLY HIS DOGROUNDS HAD FARED AGAINST THE COLONISTS.



SHUT UP, YOU USELESS SCRAP IRON! I SEND YOU IN THERE TO DESTROY THE COLONISTS, AND THEY DESTROY YOU INSTEAD! WHAT AM I GOING TO TELL THE BOSS?

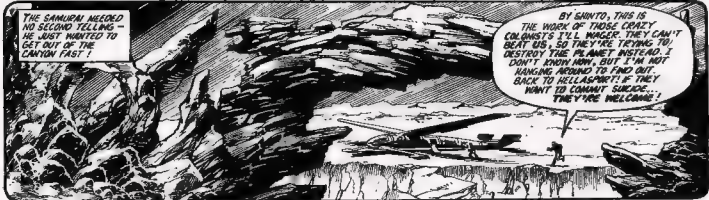
KILL KILL GURGLE.

MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR FROM ONE OF THE COMPANY SHIPS IN DEBT.

YES, WHAT IS IT?



IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, SIR. WE'VE DETECTED AN ENERGY SOURCE DEEP IN THE CAVERNS STRONG ENOUGH TO MAKE FUSION POWER SEEN LIKE CANDLELIGHT. IT'S NEARBY EVERY SECOND AT THIS RATE IT'LL TURN THE CANYON INTO A FURNACE IN HALF AN HOUR!



THE SAMURAI NEEDED NO SECOND TELLING - HE JUST WANTED TO GET OUT OF THE CANYON FAST!

BY GIANTO, THIS IS THE WORK OF THOSE CRAZY COLONISTS I'LL MARGER. THEY CAN'T BEAT US, SO THEY'RE TRYING TO DESTROY THE PLANET! I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I'M NOT HANGING AROUND TO FIND OUT. BACK TO HELLASPORT! IF THEY WANT TO COMMIT SUICIDE, THEY'RE WELCOME!

AT THAT MOMENT

YOU WHO HAVE PENETRATED OUR LAST SANCTUM MUST BE A THINKING CREATURE TO HAVE DECEAED THAT THE GUARDIAN OF THE BUTER CAGE WAS MERELY AN ILLUSION, BUT HE MUST HAVE POWER OF GREATER INTELLIGENCE THAN THAT



THAT VOICE? I HEAR IT WITH MY MIND NOT MY EARS. IT MUST BE TELEPATHY.

OUR TIME UNITS WILL BE MEANINGLESS TO YOU, SO JUDGE BY THE CLOSING OF THE BARRIERS. WHEN THEY MEET YOU WILL DIE AND OUR LAST SANCTUM WILL BE DESTROYED. TO PREVENT IT YOU MUST SOLVE THE EQUATION ON THIS SCREEN. IT IS FORMULATED ON ONE OF OUR MATHEMATICAL BASE WHICH ANY SPECIES WITH THE ABILITY FOR SPACE TRAVEL SHOULD BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND. SOLVE THE PROBLEM AND LIVE!



"JUDGE BY THE CLOSING OF THE BARRIERS," AT THE RATE THEY'RE MOVING I SHOULD HAVE ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES... BUT I'M AN AMATEUR! I COULDN'T SOLVE SOMETHINGS LIKE THIS IN A MILLION YEARS! I'M DOOMED!

NEXT WEEK: THE MOST UNLIKELY RESCUE OF ALL!

# THE MARS PLANET

ON MARS A DESPERATE POWER STRUGGLE IS TAKING PLACE BETWEEN THE MARTIAN COLONISTS AND THE GIANT EARTH-BASED COMPANY KNOWN AS MARS INC.

THE COLONISTS HAVE SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE CANYON OF LOST DOOLS WHERE THEY ARE PURSUED BY THE CHIEF SECURITY OFFICER OF MARS INC., A MAN KNOWN AS THE SAMURAI.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS HAD JUST TAKEN PLACE...

YOU'RE QUITE SURE ABOUT THIS ENERGY SOURCE BENEATH THE CANYON?

ABSOLUTELY! IT'S SEVERAL MILES BELOW THE SURFACE AND INCREASING UNCONTROLLABLY. IF IT CONTINUES THIS WAY THERE'S GOING TO BE AN EROSION OF AT LEAST TEN THOUSAND MEGATONS! IT'LL RP THE PLANET APART!

WHAT ARE THE MARSHES TRYING TO DO DOWN THERE? AND HOW COULD THEY HAVE AMASSED SUCH A HUGE QUANTITY OF NUCLEAR FUSION MATERIAL WITHOUT THE COMPANY KNOWING? I DON'T LIKE THIS. I DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL!



EXCUSE ME, SIR, THE COMPANY PRESIDENT IS ON THE VIDEO FOR YOU.

HUGO KRAY WAS THE PRESIDENT OF MARS INC. ALTHOUGH HE HAD NEVER SET FOOT ON THE PLANET.

HOW DOES IT, SAMURAI? TAUGHT THOSE BLASTED MARSHES A LESSON YET?

WHAT, OH, YES I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

AFTER SAMURAI HAD EXPLAINED...

SO IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE TRYING TO BLOW THEMSELVES UP. EH? THAT'D BE GOOD NEWS, EXCEPT FOR THE BAD PUBLICITY THE COMPANY'S BEEN GETTING DOWN HERE ON EARTH. IT'S BIG BULLY MARS INC. TRYING TO CRUSH POOR DEFENCELESS MARSHES! AND SO ON THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO IMPROVE OUR IMAGE. I WANT YOU TO STAGE A RESCUE MISSION!

WHAAT? IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE? RESCUE THEM?

HELL, YES AND NO SOMETHING RATHER STRANGE IS HAPPENING, MR KRAY!

JUST RESCUE THOSE WHO DON'T MATTER. MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A NOBLE EFFORT. I'LL ARRANGE FOR INTERPLANETARY COVERAGE... LIVE!

I GET IT, MR. KRAY. THE COMPANY PRETENDS TO PLAY THE HERO! I'LL ORGANISE THE 'RESCUE' RIGHT AWAY!

BUT THE INCREASING ENERGY SOURCE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE MARTIAN COLONISTS, AS THEIR LEADER MATT BLACKHAM HAD FOUND OUT, DEEP BELOW THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

THIS IS CRAZY, CAUGHT IN A TRAP SET BY A LONG DEAD RACE.



TWO FORCE BARRIERS SLOWLY CLOSING WHICH'LL CRUSH THE LIFE OUT OF ME AND DESTROY THE PLANET IF I DON'T SOLVE AN EQUATION I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WRONG ANSWER YOUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT!



IT'S THAT TELEPATHIC VOICE AGAIN, TELLING ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW. THIS NEEDS A MATHEMATICIAN AND THE BEST WE'VE GOT IS RALPH... BUT THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN REACH ME IN THIS PLACE!

INDEED THE WAY TO MATT HAD BEEN GUARDED BY AN UNDETECTABLE BARRIER. A GROUP OF MATT'S FELLOW COLONISTS DESPERATELY TRIED TO FIND A WAY PAST IT.

WE CAN'T DAMAGE THE DOOR, BUT WE'VE CUT AWAY THE SURROUNDING ROCK TO REVEAL THOSE CIRCUITS. CAN YOU MAKE ANYTHING OF THEM, RALPH?

I'VE NEVER SEEN AN ARRANGEMENT LIKE THIS BEFORE, BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING TO GET THIS SLAB OPEN AND RESCUE MATT. HERE GOES NOTHING

RALPH'S FINGERS BRUSHED TWO TERMINALS, AND...



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

J. JUST ABOUT... LOOK, IT'S OPENED SLIGHTLY. JUST ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET UNDER.

NO, RALPH! IT'S STARTING TO CLOSE AGAIN!

THE SLAB STARTED DOWN AS RALPH DINED AT THE GAP.



RRRRRR

MADE IT!



LOOKS LIKE I'M IN THE SAME BOAT AS MATT NOW. NO WAY BACK, SO I CAN ONLY GO FORWARD TO TRY AND FIND HIM.

SHUNKK

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE CAVES, A MASSIVE MAR'S INC. TRANSPORT CRAFT HAD LANDED. THE SAMURAI WAS BRIEFING HIS TROOPS.

WE CAN'T DELAY TOO LONG, THE ENERGY OUTPUT'S SOARING, BUT WE CAN TRY AND SNATCH THOSE MARSHES WHO DON'T MATTER. GET YOUR WEAPONS TO STUN AND MAKE IT LOOK GOOD. THAT CAMERA'S RELAYING THIS ACTION LIVE BACK TO EARTH.

BACK IN THE CAVES, MATT'S WIFE HAD ARRIVED AT THE SCENE.

FIRST MATT, NOW RALPH. WHAT'S BEHIND THAT SCAB?

LOOK WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED!

STAY PERFECTLY STILL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MARSHES ARE PLAYING AT, BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET YOU BLOW YOURSELVES UP AND GIVE THE COMPANY BAD PUBLICITY!

BLOW BLOW OURSELVES? WHAT ARE YOU RAVING ABOUT?

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW? YOU'RE SITTING ON SOME ENERGY SOURCE WHICH IS ABOUT TO BLOW YOU ALL SKY HIGH!

CRUELLY, THE SAMURAI FIRED HIS STUN GUN AT MARSHAM.

MARSHAM AND HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND TRAPPED? COULDN'T BE BETTER. THEY STAY, BUT YOU'RE COMING WITH US, LIKE IT OR NOT.

UURURGH!

ZZAMM

MOM!

NOOO! MATT AND RALPH ARE TRAPPED IN THERE! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT!

ON EARTH, KRAY WATCHED WITH EVIL GLEE.

LIVE FROM MAR'S WHERE THE CONFRONTATION BETWEEN MAR'S INC. AND THE COLONISTS HAS TAKEN A NEW TWIST. REPORTS INDICATED THAT IN A LAST-DITCH ACT OF DEFIANCE THE COLONISTS WERE PREPARING TO DESTROY THEMSELVES, BUT PROMPT ACTION BY COMPANY FORCES ARE SAVING THEM FROM THEIR OWN FOOLISHNESS!

SUPERB! SAMURAI'S A GENIUS, SAVING MARSHAM'S WIFE WHILE LEAVING THAT BLASTED MARSHAM LEADER TO PERISH!





# The MARS PLANET

IN THE PLUSH BRAZILIAN HEADQUARTERS OF MARS INCORPORATED, COMPANY PRESIDENT HUGO KRAY WAS AN ANGRY AND PUZZLED MAN AS HIS SECURITY CHIEF, THE SAMURAI, REPORTED FROM HELLASPORT ON MARS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE ENERGY SOURCE DIED AWAY? YOU TOLD ME THERE WAS GOING TO BE A THERMONUCLEAR BLAST BELOW THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS WHICH WOULD KILL THAT MARSHIE LEADER, MARKHAM!

IT SEEMED INEVITABLE ACCORDING TO THE ENERGY READOUTS WE WERE RECEIVING, MR. KRAY, BUT... BUT IT JUST FADED OUT. THERE WAS NO EXPLOSION!

WE STAGED THE RESCUE OF THE OTHER MARSHIES ON THE FIRM ASSUMPTION THAT THERE WAS GOING TO BE AN EXPLOSION. NOW THE NEWS MEDIA ON EARTH'LL ACCUSE US OF CONCOCTING THE WHOLE THING! IT'LL BE A PUBLIC RELATIONS DISASTER... UNLESS AN EXPLOSION OCCURS!

WE NEED AN EXPLOSION! SEE TO IT!

BY ALAN HEDDEN & BELARDINELLI

MARS, HELLASPORT.

THE BOSS ISN'T TOO PLEASED, IS HE?

THE BOSS IS A RAT, POL! HE'S SAFE ON EARTH PLAYING POWER POLITICS, WHILE WE'RE FACED WITH SOMETHING UTTERLY UNKNOWN BELOW THAT CANYON!

I'M NOT BLOWING ANYTHING UP TELL I KNOW WHAT IT IS! AT LEAST WE'VE CAPTURED MOST OF THE MARSHIE REBELS. WE'LL QUESTION 'EM FIRST.

TRANSMISSION ENDS

THE MARTIAN PRISONERS INCLUDED MATT MARKHAM'S FAMILY.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

SHE THINKS HER HUSBAND IS DEAD, SO I'D BETTER GIVE HER A "NICE GUY" APPROACH.

I'M EXTREMELY SORRY ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. MARKHAM... BUT WE DIDN'T KILL HIM. THE QUESTION IS, WHO DID? WERE YOU COLONISTS RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT SURGE OF ENERGY BENEATH THE CANYON?

OF COURSE NOT! MATT AND I WERE TRAPPED BEHIND A BLOWING DOOR. THERE'VE ALWAYS BEEN RUMOURS ABOUT THAT HUMANS WEREN'T THE FIRST PEOPLE TO COLONISE MARS.

WE FOUND WALL PAINTINGS DOWN THERE TOO WHO KNOWS WHAT SECRETS THERE ARE, OR HERE? BUT THE EXPLOSION'S PROBABLY DESTROYED ANYTHING LEFT FROM THE PAST.

BY SHITO. SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, OR AT LEAST WHAT SHE BELIEVES TO BE THE TRUTH! WHICH MEANS MARS INC. MAY ALREADY BE UNCOVERING RELICS OF A LONG DEAD ALIEN RACE... RELICS THAT COULD DESTROY MARS INC.!

VERY INTERESTING, THANK YOU. I MUST GO NOW. I TRUST YOU'RE COMFORTABLE.

COMFORTABLE? HOW CAN WE - BORN AND RAISED ON THE MARTIAN SURFACE - BE COMFORTABLE IN CONDITIONS DESIGNED FOR YOU EARTH LIES? MY CHILDREN CAN HARDLY MOVE. THIS HOT-HOUSE IS TORTURE TO US!

TO MARSHA'S SURPRISE...

MOVE THE REBEL PRISONERS TO A COMPOUND OUTSIDE THE DOME IMMEDIATELY, AND MAKE SURE THEY'RE LOOKED AFTER PROPERLY IN FUTURE.

YES, SIR!

MAYBE MATT WAS WRONG ABOUT SAMURAI. MAYBE HE ISN'T THE MONSTER HE IS MADE OUT TO BE.

BUT...

I WANT THE TEN LARGEST THERMONUCLEAR DEVICES WE HAVE ON MARS TAKEN TO THE CANYON IMMEDIATELY. I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW IN MY PERSONAL GLIDE. MAKE SURE THE BOMBS ARE WAITING WHEN I GET THERE!

THEY'LL BE THERE!

THERE MAY BE TECHNOLOGICAL SECRETS BENEATH LOST SOULS WITH WHICH MARS INC. COULD RULE THE SOLAR SYSTEM, BUT MARCHAND'S THERE ALREADY, AND CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THE CHANCE. BETTER TURN THE WHOLE PLACE INTO A RADIOACTIVE DUSTBOWL. BEFORE HE CAN USE ANYTHING HE MAY HAVE FOUND. SMILE, MR. KRAY... YOU'RE GETTING YOUR EXPLOSION AFTER ALL!

AT THAT MOMENT, FAR BELOW THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS.

LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TUNNEL, MATT.

SURE DOES, RALPH. I JUST WONDER WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND THERE.

THE MARTIANS TURNED A CORNER, AND...

HOLY THARGIS! WHO BUILT THIS PLACE?

I DON'T KNOW, RALPH, BUT IT CERTAINLY WASN'T ANY EARTHIE!

WELCOME TO OUR LAST SANCTUM, STRANGERS.

THE TELEPATHIC VOICE! WE MUST HAVE TRIGGERED IT BY WALKING OVER THIS SECTION OF FLOOR.

DON'T BOTHER ABOUT THE FLOOR... LOOK AT THE SCREEN!

I AM STO-LAMA, LAST OF THE SIX WHO EVOLVED AND LIVED ON THIS, THE FOURTH PLANET OF THE SUN.

SO THEY WERE THE TRUE MARTIANS!



THIS WAS WHAT OUR  
WORLD LOOKED LIKE  
BEFORE THE END.

BUT IT HAD NOT ALWAYS  
BEEN LIKE THAT. LONG EARLIER  
WE HAD COME WITHIN A BREATH  
OF DESTROYING OUR WORLD AS  
WE EXPLOITED IT FOR ITS  
NATURAL RESOURCES.

BUT OUR TECHNOLOGY  
ADVANCED FAST ENOUGH TO  
SAVE US, AND WE DEVELOPED  
SPACE TRAVEL. OUR GOAL  
WAS TO FIND LIVING SPACE  
ON THE THIRD PLANET OF  
THE SUN.

BUT THE THIRD PLANET  
WAS UNHABITABLE. THE  
GRAVITY WAS TOO HIGH, THE  
TEMPERATURE TOO GREAT,  
AND THE WILDLIFE TOO  
DANGEROUS.

RALPH,  
THAT'S EXACTLY  
DURING THE DINOSAUR  
AGE! HOW OLD WERE  
HIS PEOPLE?

THEN IT BECAME UNNECESSARY  
WE DEVELOPED A STAR DRIVE AND  
THE GALAXY WAS OURS FOR THE  
ASKING. ALMOST ALL OUR PEOPLE  
EMIGRATED TO THE STARS BY  
SHIP AFTER WHICH CONSUMED THE  
LAST OF OUR RESOURCES TO  
BUILD.

STARSHIPS!  
THE MARTIANS KNEW  
HOW TO TRAVEL FASTER  
THAN LIGHT! YE GODS,  
IF ONLY WE HAD THEIR  
KNOWLEDGE  
NOW!

WE WHO REMAINED SOON LOST TOUCH WITH THOSE WHO DEPARTED. WE SETTLED DOWN TO A DIFFERENT WAY OF LIFE, SPURNING THE OLD TECHNOLOGIES AND DEVELOPING MENTAL POWERS, SUCH AS TELEPATHY, ON OUR NOW ALMOST DESERTED PLANET.

SO  
WHAT HAPPENED?  
WHAT WENT  
WRONG?

SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

ALARM! ALARM! INTRUDERS IN  
APPROACH CAVES TO SANCTUM  
INTENTIONS AGGRESSIVE...  
REPEAT AGGRESSIVE...

SOME  
KIND OF AUTOMATIC  
WARNING SYSTEM'S BEEN  
ACTIVATED. STO-LOMA, SHOW  
US IF YOU UNDERSTAND  
WHAT I'M SAYING. SHOW  
US THE APPROACH  
CAVES!

BEHIND THE SLIDING DOOR A TERRIFYING  
SITUATION WAS TAKING SHAPE.

MATT AND RALPH  
WATCHED HELPLESSLY

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN SEE OR HEAR  
ME, MARKHAM. I FEEL THAT YOU CAN.  
THE CONTAINERS YOU'VE ACTIVATED  
NUCLEAR DEVICES AMOUNTING TO  
SEVERAL THOUSAND MEGATONS.  
TEN MINUTES AFTER I'VE GONE  
THEY WILL DETONATE... AND TAKE  
YOU AND MOST OF THE CANYON  
INTO ORBIT!

STO-LOMA,  
CAN YOU STOP  
THE DETONATION  
OF THOSE  
BOMBS?

NEGATIVE.  
MY DEFENCES ARE  
PURELY PASSIVE.  
THE DEVICES  
WILL EXPLODE!

THOSE  
MUST BE THE WALL  
PAINTING'S MARKHAM'S  
WIFE TOLD ME ABOUT.  
THIS IS AS FAR AS WE  
NEED COME.

MATT...  
WHAT CAN  
WE DO?

THERE'S  
NOTHING WE CAN  
DO, RALPH. SAMURAI'S  
GOING TO  
DESTROY US!

NEXT WEEK: SAMURAI TRIUMPHANT?



# THE ANGER PLANET

QUESTION: WHY IS THE SAMURAI, THE SECURITY CHIEF OF MARS INC., SO EAGER TO GET MEERONE AND AWAY FROM THE CANYON OF LOST SOULS?

GET THIS THING MOVING FAST!



QUESTION: AND WHAT OF MATT MARKHAM, LEADER OF THE MARTIAN COLONISTS, AND HIS FRIEND, RALPH? DEEP IN THE CAVES BELOW THE CANYON THEY HAVE FOUND INCREDIBLE RELICS OF A LONG DEAD CIVILIZATION. BUT WHAT ARE THEY AFRAID OF?

FOR PITY'S SAKE... CAN'T YOU STOP IT?

NEGATIVE. IT IS BEYOND MY PROGRAMMED CAPABILITIES.



ANSWER: THE BIGGEST MAN-MADE EXPLOSION EVER DETONATED ON MARS!

**BA-DOOM!**

FAREWELL AT LAST, MATT MARKHAM! MARS INC. CAN FULFILL ITS DESTINY AND RULE THIS PLANET!



BUT THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TYRANNICAL, POWER-HUNGRY MARS INC. FELT UNEASY.

I'D FEEL BETTER IF I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT IT WAS WE HAD DESTROYED BENEATH LOST SOULS!

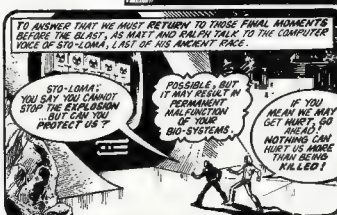


TO ANSWER THAT WE MUST RETURN TO THOSE FINAL MOMENTS BEFORE THE BLAST, AS MATT AND RALPH TALK TO THE COMPUTER VOICE OF STO-LOMA, LAST OF HIS ANCIENT RACE.

STO-LOMA: YOU SAY YOU CANNOT STOP THE EXPLOSION... BUT CAN YOU PROTECT US?

POSSIBLE, BUT IT MAY RESULT IN PERMANENT MALFUNCTION OF YOUR BIO-SYSTEMS.

IF YOU MEAN WE MAY GET HURT, GO AHEAD! NOTHING CAN HURT US MORE THAN BEING KILLED!



SHIELDING ACTIVATED. NUCLEAR CHAIN REACTION ABOUT TO COMMENCE.

BY THARSIS WE'RE BOTH SLOWING!

BUT STILL ALIVE! LOOKS LIKE STO-LOMA WAS WORRYING ABOUT NOTHING.







NUCLEAR CHAIN REACTION  
COMMENCING. MASSIVE ENERGY  
FLOW. DANGER FOR  
SEVERE SHAKES.

AAAAAAAAARRRGH!

ZZZPOW!

AFTER WHAT SEEMED  
LIKE AN ETERNITY,  
MATT CAME ROUND.

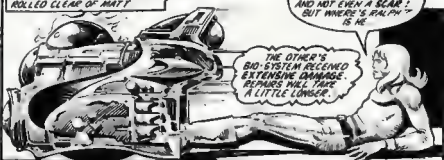
UURPH  
SO THAT  
WAS THE SHOCK HE  
WANTED US OF.  
UH, MY LEGS  
THEY'RE STILL  
TAGGLING.



WOWS  
OF PHOBOS! WHAT'S  
THAT THING DOING  
TO ME?

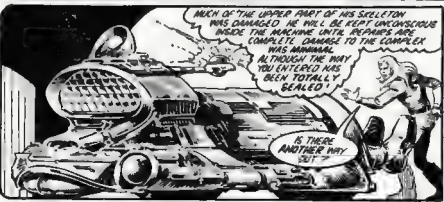
FEAR NOT THIS IS  
A BIO-SYSTEM  
REPAIR UNIT IN  
SPITE OF THE SCREAMS.  
THE SHOCK FROM THE  
NUCLEAR EXPLOSION  
SHATTERED SEVERAL  
BONES IN YOUR LEGS.  
REPAIRS ARE JUST  
BEING COMPLETED.

MOMENTS LATER, THE MACHINE  
ROLLED CLEAR OF MATT.



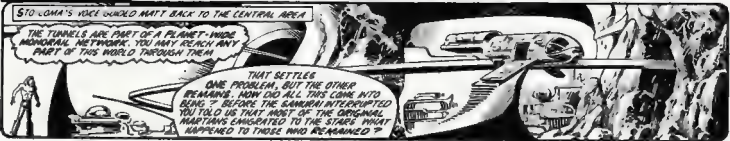
INCREDIBLE!  
A FEW MINUTES AGO  
MY LEGS WERE USELESS.  
NOW THEY FEEL FINE,  
AND NOT EVEN A SCAR!  
BUT WHERE'S MATT?

THE OTHER'S  
BIO-SYSTEM RECEIVED  
EXTENSIVE DAMAGE.  
REPAIRS WILL TAKE  
A LITTLE LONGER.



MUCH OF THE UPPER PART OF HIS SKELETON  
WAS DAMAGED. HE WILL BE KEPT UNCONSCIOUS  
INSIDE THE MACHINE UNTIL REPAIRS ARE  
COMPLETE. DAMAGE TO THE COMPLEX  
WAS MINIMAL.  
ALTHOUGH THE WAY  
YOU ENTERED HAS  
BEEN TOTALLY  
SEALED.

IS THERE  
ANOTHER WAY  
OUT?



STO-LAMA'S VOICE GUIDED MATT BACK TO THE CENTRAL AREA.

THE TUNNELS ARE PART OF A PLANET-WIDE  
MEMORIAL NETWORK. YOU MAY REACH ANY  
PART OF THIS WORLD THROUGH THEM.

THAT SETTLES  
ONE PROBLEM, BUT THE OTHER  
REMAINS. HOW DID ALL THIS COME INTO  
BEING? BEFORE THE SAMURAI INTERRUPTED  
YOU TOLD US THAT MOST OF THE ORIGINAL  
HAPPYFANS EMIGRATED TO THE STARS. WHAT  
HAPPENED TO THOSE WHO REMAINED?

VICTIMS OF A NATURAL DISASTER. THERE WAS ONCE A WORLD ORBITING BETWEEN THIS AND THE ONE YOU CALL JUPITER, THEN A SMALLER ROGUE PLANET COLLIDED WITH IT. THE SHATTERED REMAINS OF THE WORLD FORMED WHAT YOU CALL THE ASTEROIDS!

BUT THOSE REMAINS ARE A MEAGER FRACTION OF THE MASS WHICH MADE UP THE PLANET. MOST WERE SUCKED INTO JUPITER BY ITS MASSIVE GRAVITY. OTHER CRUMBS WERE LOST IN SPACE OR FELL INTO THE SUN, BUT THE REMAINDER FELL HERE A BOMBARDMENT FROM SPACE WHICH DESTROYED OUR WORLD!

BT  
THAT'S WHAT  
CARNAGE!

WE SURVIVORS BURROWED DEEP FOR SHELTER, BUT OUR DOOM WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME. THOSE OF US WHO WENT TO THE STARS TOOK WITH THEM OUR KNOWLEDGE OF TECHNOLOGY AND LEFT MACHINES WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND OR OPERATE. WE LEAVE THOSE MACHINES TO YOU. USE THEM WISELY, IF YOU CAN. USE THEM AT ALL.

UHH...WHAT HAPPENED?  
I AM ALL OVER IT!

JUST A HUMAN MEDICAL  
MIRACLE! THE MOST  
INCREDIBLE TECHNOLOGY IS  
OURS TO USE... IF WE CAN  
ONLY UNDERSTAND  
IT!

MOMENTS LATER...

THESE ARE THE SURVIVING  
RELICS OF OUR PEOPLE.

PHOBOS!  
IT'D TAKE A  
GENERATION TO  
SORT THAT LOT  
OUT!

WE'VE ONLY  
GOT AS LONG AS MARS  
INC. GIVES US, AND THAT  
WOULD BE WHEN AFTER  
WE'VE FREED OUR  
PEOPLE FROM  
CAPTIVITY!

SUPPOSE  
WE'D BETTER TRY  
AND FIND SOME WEAPONS.  
STO-LONA, IS THIS A  
WEAPON?

NEGATIVE.

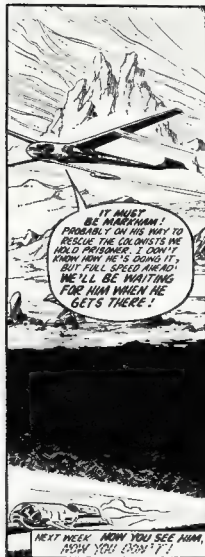
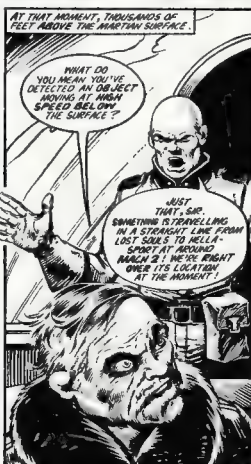
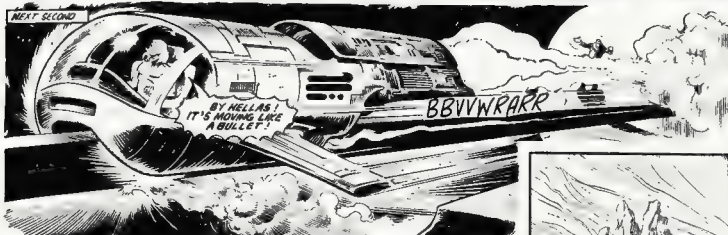
AND THIS?

AFFIRMATIVE. IT IS  
LISTED IN AS A PERSONAL  
DEFENCE WEAPON. NO  
FURTHER DATA AVAILABLE.

SATISFIED, MATT  
TURNED AND  
RACED TO THE  
MORNING.

HEY, WAIT  
FOR ME! I'LL FIND  
ANOTHER OF THOSE  
GADGETS TO BRING  
ALONG.

NO, RALPH,  
YOU STAY HERE AND  
SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO  
OUT. I'M GOING TO  
HELL'SPORT  
ALONE!



# THE ANGER PLANET

FAR BELOW THE SURFACE OF MARS, A MONORAIL RUSHWAY, BUILT BY A LONG DEAD RACE, WAS HURTLING MATT MARSHAM TOWARDS AN APPOINTMENT WITH DESTINY!

UH, THE G FORCES ARE MAKING IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BREATHE! BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET INTO THE CENTRE OF HELLASPORT UNDETECTED... AND FREE MY PEOPLE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF MARS INC.!



LITTLE DID MATT KNOW THAT HIS SPEEDING CRAFT HAD BEEN DETECTED, FROM ABOVE, BY HIS ARCH-ENEMY, THE SAMURAI.

HMM, MY INSTRUMENTS SHOW THAT WHATEVER IS DOWN THERE IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR HELLASPORT!

PORT FROM SAMURAI! GO TO FULL ALERT! HOLD ALL FLIGHTS! AND HAVE A LASER DRILL READY WHEN I ARRIVE!



MOMENTS LATER AT HELLASPORT.

ABORT LANDING! REPEAT... ABORT LANDING!

TYPICAL! WHAT TILL WE'RE ALMOST ON THE GROUND! HOLD TIGHT, CREW, WE'RE GOING UP!



ITS ENGINES THUNDERING, THE TRANSPORT CRAFT SKIPPED THE COMPOUND HOLDING THE MARTIAN COLONISTS, PRISONERS OF MARS INC.

THAT WAS CLOSE, SKIPPER! YOU NEARLY GOT THOSE PEOPLE!

WHO CARES? THEY'RE ONLY MARSHES, TOO MANY OF THEM AROUND AS IT IS!

BY THEEARS HIT THE GIRT.



TEN MINUTES LATER, THE SAMURAI ARRIVED AT THE COMPLEX.

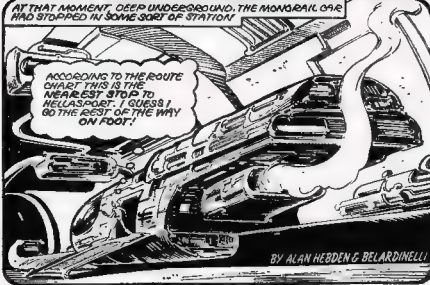
THE OBJECT'S STOPPED JUST BELOW THIS POINT. GET THAT LASER DRILL WORKING!

AFFIRMATIVE!



AT THAT MOMENT, DEEP UNDERGROUND, THE MONORAIL CAR HAD STOPPED IN SOME SORT OF STATION.

ACCORDING TO THE ROUTE CHART THIS IS THE NEAREST STOP TO HELLASPORT. I GUESS I GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON FOOT!



BY ALAN HEDDEN & BELARDINELLI



MATT ASCENDED A GENTLY SLOPING RAMP.

I KNOW THAT HUNDREDS OF EARTH CITIES HAVE SUBWAY NETWORKS, BUT THEY'RE JUST SUBWAYS IN THE GROUND COMPARED TO THIS!

OH, NO! THE WAY OUT'S CAVED IN FROM THE SURFACE OVER THE AGES. I'D SUSPECTED THAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED OTHERWISE THE SURFACE EXIT WOULD HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED FROM HELLASPORT YEARS AGO.

I WANTED TO SAVE THIS LASER PISTOL FOR THE SURFACE, BUT NOW IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'M EVER GOING TO REACH IT! I JUST HOPE THERE'S ENOUGH POWER IN THE CHARGER PACK TO SEE ME THROUGH!

BUT A FEW HUNDRED FEET ABOVE MATT'S HEAD.

ALL SYSTEMS GO, SIR. SHALL I START OPERATIONS?

THAT'S RIGHT, CUT STRAIGHT DOWN HERE. WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT'S LURKING BELOW!

BARELY HAD MATT SAID THOSE WORDS WHEN...

OH, NO. THE POWER'S USED UP!

SUDDENLY MATT REMEMBERED THE DEVICE HE HAD FOUND EARLIER.

THIS WAS MADE BY THE PEOPLE WHO ONCE LIVED ON MARS. IT'S DESCRIBED AS A PERSONAL DEFENCE WEAPON, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.



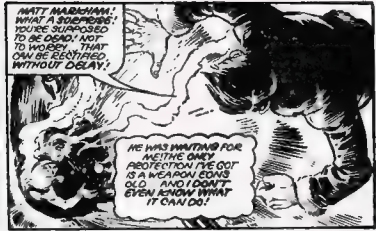


BY PHOBOS!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?



IT'S A  
LASER  
DRILL  
BEAM!

STOP THE  
DRILL! IT'S  
BROKEN  
THROUGH!  
THEY'RE  
SOMEBOY  
DOWN  
THERE!



MATT MARSHAM!  
WHAT A SORCERER!  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED  
TO BE DEAD! NOT  
TO WORRY, THAT  
CAN BE RECTIFIED  
WITHOUT DELAY!

HE WAS WAITING FOR  
ME! THE ONLY  
PROTECTION I'VE GOT  
IS A WEAPON CONS  
OLD AND LONG  
EVEN KNOW WHAT  
IT CAN DO!



KILL HIM!

TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT  
THIS THING DOES! IT  
BETTER DO SOMETHING...  
OR I'M FINISHED!



THEN

HUH...  
WHERE  
IS HE?

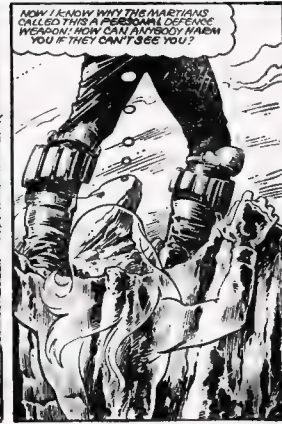
NOO! IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!

I'VE ACTIVATED  
THE WEAPON...  
BUT WHAT WAS  
IT DONE?



HE... HE JUST  
WINKED OUT  
OF EXISTENCE!  
IT CANNOT  
BE!

GREAT  
OCCYRUS!  
IT'S MADE  
ME  
INVISIBLE!



NOW I KNOW WHY THE MARTIANS  
CALLED THIS A PERSONAL DEFENCE  
WEAPON! HOW CAN ANYBODY HARM  
YOU IF THEY CAN'T SEE YOU?



HE CAN'T HAVE  
DISAPPEARED!  
HE MUST HAVE  
SLIPPED BACK  
UNDERGROUND.  
HUNT HIM DOWN!

THERE'S SOMETHING  
I'VE BEEN PROMISING  
MYSELF FOR A LONG  
TIME, AND THIS IS AS  
GOOD AN  
OPPORTUNITY AS  
ANY!



AH! THAT  
FEELS  
BEAUTIFUL!

UUURRRHH!



ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT, SIR?

IT FEELS LIKE  
I'VE BEEN HIT  
BY A BRICK  
WALL... BUT  
THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE  
ISN'T IT?



MATT WALKED  
CASUALLY INTO  
THE COMPOUND

THIS IS WHERE  
SANKUROS KEPT  
MY PEOPLE  
PRISONER! WHOOPS!  
I'VE TRIGGERED A  
DETECTOR ALARM!

BLASTED DETECTOR.  
GOING OFF AGAIN!  
WHEN THERE'S NO-  
BODY THERE! SOME-  
BODY OUGHTTA FIX  
IT!



MATT'S WIFE WAS AMONG THE PRISONERS

AT LEAST MATT  
DIED FIGHTING  
FOR WHAT HE  
BELIEVED!

BUT THAT WON'T  
BRING HIM BACK!

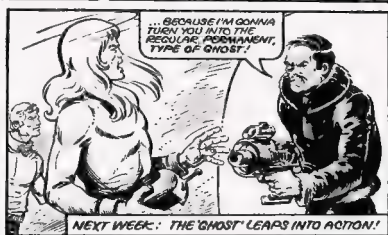
POOR MARSHA  
THINKS I'M  
DEAD. TIME I  
WAS VISIBLE  
AGAIN!



M...MATT! I'M SEEING  
THINGS!

LET'S JUST SAY  
I'M AN UNUSUAL  
TYPE OF GHOST!

NOT FOR LONG,  
MARSHAM...



...BECAUSE I'M GONNA  
TURN YOU INTO THE  
REGULAR, PERMANENT,  
TYPE OF GHOST!

NEXT WEEK: THE 'GHOST' LEAPS INTO ACTION!

# THE ANGRY PLANET

AT THE MARTIAN SPACEPORT OF HELLASPORT IT SEEMED THAT SAMURAI, SECURITY CHIEF OF HELLASPORT, HAD FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH MATT MARKHAM, LEADER OF THE MARTIAN COLONISTS.

DE, MARKHAM!

MATT!  
NOOOOOO!

YOU'LL  
HAVE TO TRY  
HARDER THAN THAT,  
SAMURAI!

HE HE'S  
VANISHED!

IN FACT MATT HAD BEEN MADE  
INVISIBLE BY THE HAND DEVICE  
HE CARRIED.

OF COURSE HE'S ABLE TO MAKE HIM-  
SELF INVISIBLE! I SHOULD HAVE  
REALISED! SEAL THE COMPOUND!

GOTTA MOVE FAST, BEFORE HE BRINGS  
IN EQUIPMENT THAT'LL DETECT ME,  
EVEN IN MY PRESENT FORM!

HERE  
COMES THE  
DETECTION SCAR!  
SEAL THE  
COMPOUND!

TOO LATE,  
PAL!

FETCH  
DETECTORS!  
WE'LL GOON  
FIND HIM!

HURRY UP,  
PAL... GET OUT OF THE  
COMPOUND WITH THAT  
THING!

MY ONLY CHANCE IS  
TO NITCH A LIFT.

MINUTES LATER

NOTHING BUT  
NORMAL BACKGROUND  
RADIATION.

HE MUST  
HAVE SLIPPED OUT,  
BY SHINTO!

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH MATT, EARTHY, AND YOUR COMPANY WILL NEVER OWN MARS!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, LADY!



SAMURAI GRABBED MATT'S WIFE...

LET ME GO!

I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME, MARKHAM. YOU'VE GOT ONE MINUTE TO SHOW YOURSELF, OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF A WIDOWER!



50 SECONDS, MARKHAM, AND COUNTING!

THE SCUM... HE KNOWS I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IN, UNLESS...



50 SECONDS AND COUNTING!

ON EARTH YOU'D HAVE TO BE A CHAMPION POLE-VAULTER TO CLEAR THE WALL AND REACH THE TOP OF THE BUILDING.



BUT MARTIAN GRAVITY HAS ONLY ONE THIRD THE PULL... WHICH MAKES A 15-FOOT JUMP CHILD'S PLAY.



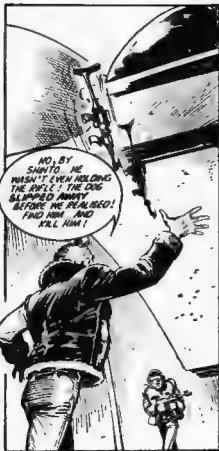
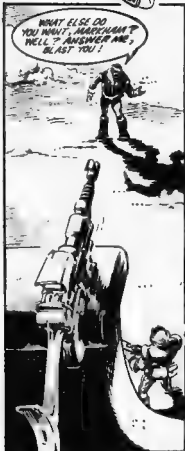
YOU CAN'T SEE ME, BUT I CAN SURE SEE YOU!

OOOOF!

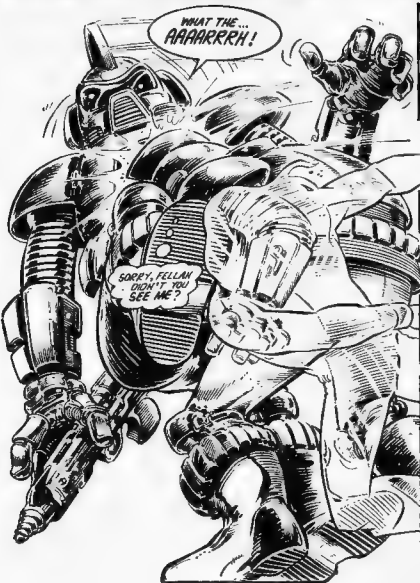
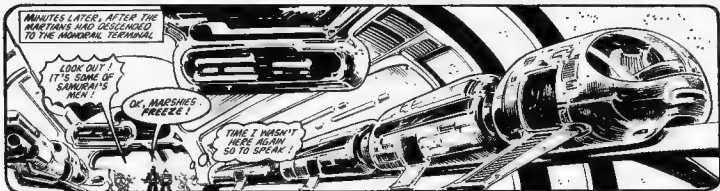
5 SECONDS, MARKHAM, ...4...3...2...1...



YAAAAARGH!







# THE ANGER PLANET



**THE ANSWER  
WAS NOT LONG  
IN COMING!**



MARS, AT THE END OF THE ANCIENT MONORAIL TUNNEL, A JUBILANT MATT MARKHAM, LEADER OF THE COLONISTS, REJOINED HIS FRIEND, RALPH.

THE SAMURAI WILL BE HERE SOON, RALPH, AND HE'LL BE AFTER MARTIAN BLOOD!

DID YOU FIND ANYTHING TO USE AS WEAPONS?

MATT...!-!...

AS MATT HAD RIGHTLY PREDICTED, THE SAMURAI WAS NOT FAR BEHIND...

SLOW DOWN, WE'RE REACHING THE END OF THE TUNNEL. WE DISEMBARK HERE AND GO IN ON FOOT. I DON'T WANT TO FALL INTO ANY OF MARKHAM'S TRAPS!

I WANT MARKHAM AND ALL THOSE STINKIN' MARSHIERS CAPTURED!

BUT, AS THE SAMURAI AND HIS MEN MOVED FORWARD...

THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS... HUH?

WE HAVE NO WEAPONS, SAMURAI. WE OFFER NO RESISTANCE.

I'LL SPARE YOU THE FULL HISTORY OF THE ORIGINAL MARTIANS, THE PEOPLE WHO BUILT ALL THIS. HOWEVER, WHEN THEIR CIVILISATION WAS DESTROYED BY THE DEBRIS FROM AN EXPLODING WORLD RAINING DOWN ON MARS' SURFACE, THEY DESPERATELY SOUGHT WAYS TO SAVE THEMSELVES.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU AND US, ONE OF THOSE PLANS INVOLVED EARTH!

COME ON, RALPH. WE'VE NO TIME TO...

MATT, LISTEN! FORGET ABOUT THE WEAPONS! FORGET ABOUT THE SAMURAI! FORGET ABOUT EVERYTHING!

THE MOST TERRIBLE POWER IMAGINABLE IS LYING HERE... AND I'VE JUST TRIGGERED IT OFF!

I'M DISAPPOINTED, MARKHAM, I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MAKE IT SO EASY FOR ME!

WE NEED TO TALK SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED WHICH AFFECTS US ALL!

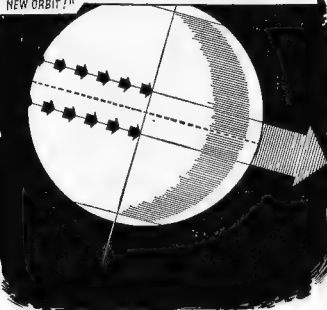
MATT TOUCHED A BUTTON AND A SCREEN FLARED TO LIFE.

EARTH, AT THAT TIME, WAS IN THE DINOSAUR AGE... FAR TOO HOT AND WET FOR MARTIAN LIFE. BUT, WHAT IF EARTH COULD BE PUSHED OUT OF ITS ORBIT INTO THE SAME ORBIT AS THE DEVASTATED MARS?

THE RESULT, THEY WERE SURE, WOULD BE A NEW PLANET THEY COULD LIVE ON.

SURE! JUST PUSH A WHOLE PLANET INTO A NEW ORBIT! EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!

"NOT QUITE... BUT IF YOU PLACE BOOSTERS OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER HALFWAY ROUND THE TROPICS OF CANCER AND CAPRICORN AND FIRE THEM ALL AT THE SAME MOMENT — EARTH BECOMES A GIGANTIC SPACESHIP AND CAN BE PUSHED INTO A NEW ORBIT!"



WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, MARKHAM?

THE BOOSTERS WERE ACTUALLY INSTALLED ON EARTH MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO — AND LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO RALPH ACCIDENTALLY TRIGGERED THEM INTO AN ACTIVATING SEQUENCE!



YOU'RE LYING, MARKHAM! IT'S ALL A TRICK!

THEN SHOOT ME! DON'T BOTHER TO CHECK MY STORY OUT ON EARTH!



GIVE ME THAT COMSCREEN! GOT TO TALK TO KRAY. HE'LL TELL ME IT'S ALL A LOUSY MARTIAN TRICK!

HERE, SIR.



THE SAMURAI'S FEARS WERE SOON REALISED.

THESE... THINGS... HAVE APPEARED! OUR SCIENTISTS SAY THEY'VE BEEN ACTIVATED BY A MASSIVE SIGNAL FROM MARS! WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?



"QUITE SIMPLY, MR. KRAY... THE END OF THE WORLD!"

NEXT WEEK:  
**DESPERATE MISSION!**

# THE MARS FUNNEL

BY A. HEDDEN & B. LARDINELLI



NEWS FLASH!  
 AUTHORITIES HAVE CONFIRMED THAT THE **GIGANTIC FUNNELS** WHICH BURST THROUGH THE EARTH'S CRUST ALONG THE TROPICS OF CANCER AND CAPRICORN ARE **FUSION BOOSTERS OF ALMOST INFINITE POWER!** THEY WERE PLACED ON EARTH EONS AGO BY THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF MARS.

EARTH WILL BE AT ITS CLOSEST APPROACH TO MARS IN A FEW WEEKS TIME AND IT'S THEN THAT THE BOOSTERS WILL **AUTOMATICALLY FIRE AND PUSH EARTH OUT OF ITS ORBIT!**

UNLESS MARS INC., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE MARTIAN COLONISTS, CAN PREVENT THIS HAPPENING IN TIME THE CONSEQUENCES WILL BE **CATASTROPHIC!**

ON MARS THE SAMURAI WAS TALKING TO AN ANGRY HUGO KRAY COMPANY PRESIDENT OF MARS INC.

SAMURAI WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WITH PROBLEMS

... BUT WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO WIPE OUT THE MARSIES FOR MONTHS! NOW YOU SAY WE HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER?

I DON'T SAY IT... I ORDER IT! MARS WAS THE CAUSE OF THIS, SO MARS MUST HAVE THE ANSWER!

I KNOW IT WON'T BE EASY TO WORK WITH MARS INC., BUT WE'VE GOT TO DO IT.

WHY? WHO CARES IF LIFE ON EARTH IS WIPED OUT WHEN IT'S PUSHED OUT OF ORBIT?

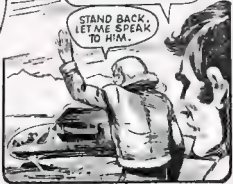
GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAY!

THINK BEFORE YOU SAY THAT MAN. TO BE SELF-SUFFICIENT WE NEED WATER. EARTH HAS WATER WE DON'T. IF EARTH DIES, SO DO WE... ONLY MORE SLOWLY. WE WORK WITH SAMURAI - WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!

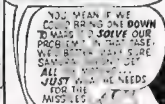
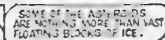
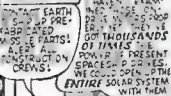
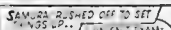
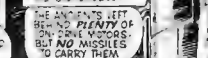
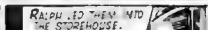
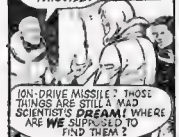
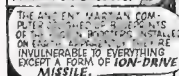
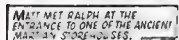
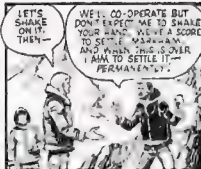
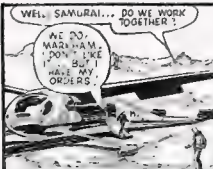
THEN...

IT'S SAMURAI'S FLYER.

STAND BACK. LET ME SPEAK TO HIM.







ONE WEEK LATER, AT THE HELIASPORT CONSTRUCTION YARDS...



YOU'VE WORKED WONDERS, SAMURAI... BUT WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE. THERE'LL NEVER BE ENOUGH MISSILES READY AT THIS RATE. WHY WON'T YOU LET MY PEOPLE HELP?

BECAUSE YOUR PEOPLE ARE NOT HIGHLY TRAINED TECHNICIANS LIKE MY MEN. YOU THINK A BUNCH OF AMATEURS COULD BUILD 'EM ANY FASTER?

AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU MAY HAVE TRAINED MEN, BUT TRAINED ON EARTH WHERE THE GRAVITY'S THREE TIMES GREATER. UP HERE, THEY'RE LIKE WHALES OUT OF WATER. LET MY PEOPLE IN, AND YOURS CAN TELL THEM WHAT TO DO. BELIEVE ME, IT'LL BE FASTER!

SHE'S SWINGING WIDE... JUMP FOR IT!

BLAST YOU, MARKHAM... ALL RIGHT!

NEXT DAY...

OKAY, SWING THAT PLATE IN NOW!

YE GODS... THEY'LL MISS BY A MILE! THESE DUMB MARSHIES ARE GONNA TEAR EVERYTHING APART!

BUT...

MYANNING!

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON! THEY'RE USED TO THIS GRAVITY, AN' WE'RE NOT. MAYBE WE'LL GET THIS JOB DONE IN TIME YET!

ONE WEEK TO GO, BUT WE'LL BE READY TO BLAST-OFF IN THREE DAYS. WITH THE JOLLY DRIVE, THERE'LL STILL BE TIME TO REACH EARTH.

IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT TO SAVE BY THEN! SEEN THE LATEST NEWSCASTS?

...TYPICAL OF SCENES AT ALL EARTH'S SPACEPORTS. FRENZIED CROWDS TRYING TO LEAVE EARTH BEFORE DISASTER STRIKES. MEANWHILE, MORE SPACESHIPS LEAVE FOR MARS FULL OF MISSILE PARTS!



ON EARTH MARS INC.  
BROUGHT IN HEAVY  
ARTILLERY TO KEEP BACK  
THE HYSTERICAL  
CROWDS...

YEEAARRH!

THE SAMURAI WATCHED THE  
SCENES ON EARTH WITH EVIL  
GLEE...

PRETTY SIGHT, EH?  
SOME GROUPS ACTUALLY  
MANAGED TO STEAL SOME MARS  
INC. SHIPS! WE SHOT 'EM DOWN  
BEFORE THEY COULD LEAVE  
EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!

YOU'RE A REAL  
GOOD SAMURAI.  
SAMURAI!

YOU CAN BE AS SAR-  
CASTIC AS YOU WANT,  
MARKHAM. BUT THE  
LAST THING WE NEED  
HERE NOW ARE SHIP-  
LOADS OF PANICKY  
PEOPLE LOOKING FOR  
SOMEBODY TO  
LYNCH. SEE  
YOU LATER-

I'M GRATEFUL  
FOR ONE THING,  
SAMURAI.  
YOU'VE JUST  
REMNDED ME  
EXACTLY HOW  
RUTHLESS YOU  
CAN BE..

THAT'S A  
LESSON  
NOT FORGET!

THREE DAYS LATER...

SO YOU WANT TO  
COME ALONG FOR  
THE RIDE  
MARKHAM?

SOMEONE'S GOT TO KEEP  
AN EYE ON YOU. WITH A FLEET  
OF THE MOST DEADLY MISSILES  
EVER BUILT UNDER YOUR CONTROL,  
I'D LIKE TO BE SURE THAT THEY  
ALL GO WHERE THEY'RE  
SUPPOSED TO!  
LET'S GO, SAMURAI!

THAT EVENING  
THE DESPERATE  
MISSION BEGAN!

THREE...  
TWO... ONE...  
LIFT-OFF!

WHERE THEY  
GO, EARTH'S  
LAST HOPE

AND MARS' TOO!  
THE FATE OF TWO  
WORLDS DEPENDS  
ON THEM!

Next week: THE END AT LAST!

# THE LARGEST PLANET

EARTH WAS ABOUT TO BE BLASTED OUT OF ORBIT BY GIGANTIC FUSION BOOSTERS PLANTED ON ITS SURFACE MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO BY THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF MARS.

THE ONLY HOPE OF DESTROYING THE BOOSTERS LAY WITH A MASSIVE FLEET OF ION-DRIVE MISSILES LAUNCHED FROM MARS.

LOOK AT 'EM GO, MARKHAM! WE'RE PASSING THE MOON AND, AT THIS SPEED, WE'LL REACH EARTH IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

BY HEDDON & BELARDINELLI

INSIDE THE PURSUIT SHIP, MARS INC.'S SAMURAI AND MATT MARKHAM, THE LEADER OF THE MARTIAN COLONISTS, HAD FORMED AN UNEASY ALLIANCE TO SAVE THEIR TWO WORLDS.

JUST AS SOON AS THE MISSILES HAD DONE THEIR JOB WE'LL BE SETTLING OUR LITTLE 'DISAGREEMENT'!

THE SAMURAI AND MATT WERE SWORN ENEMIES. WHATEVER HAPPENS, SAMURAI, MARS INC IS FINISHED! IT'S BECAUSE YOU TRIED TO WIPE US OUT THAT EARTH IS NOW IN DANGER!

AND IT'S BECAUSE OF THE COMPANY THAT EARTH WILL BE SAVED! BELIEVE ME, MARKHAM, I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE THAT THE PEOPLE OF EARTH KNOW *WHO* TO THANK!

ON MARS, MATT'S WIFE, MARSHA, AND HIS FRIEND, RALPH, WATCHED THE PROGRESS OF THE DESPERATE MISSION.

RALPH, THEY HAVEN'T REACHED EARTH YET!

I KNOW, AND THE TRIGGER SEQUENCE HAS BEGUN TO *ACTIVATE* THE FUSION BOOSTERS. IN A FEW MINUTES THEY'LL REACH FULL POWER... AND BLOW THE PLANET OUT OF ORBIT!

YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT, SAMURAI.



BACK ON EARTH, RALPH'S WARNING PROVED FRIGHTENINGLY CORRECT, AND HUGO KRAY, PRESIDENT OF MARS INC., BEGAN TO GET VERY WORRIED.



SAMURAI... IT'S BEGINNING! FOR PITY'S SAKE WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE THE MISSILES?

AT THAT MOMENT, ABOVE THE EARTH.

MISSILES LOOKED INTO TARGETS, SAMURAI!



LET'S WATCH THE FIREWORKS, MARKHAM.

EACH MISSILE ZEROED IN ON A FUSION BOOSTER...



HA, HA! DONE IT! THE EARTH IS SAFE! ONCE AGAIN I'VE TRIUMPHED OVER THOSE ACCURSED MARSHIES!

MINUTES LATER...

WELL DONE, SAMURAI. I'M VERY PLEASED, NAME YOUR REWARD!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I'VE EVER WANTED, MR. KRAY... POWER! THE SORT OF POWER YOU HAVE...



...SO I THINK I'LL TAKE IT FOR MYSELF!

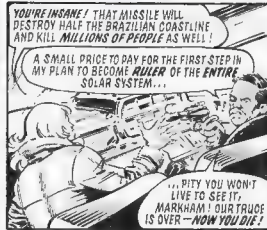
SAMURAI... BY PHOBOS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST SENDING ONE OF THE SPARE MISSILES TO DESTROY KRAY'S H.Q. I'LL HAVE HIS JOB AT LAST!



YOU'RE INSANE! THAT MISSILE WILL DESTROY HALF THE BRAZILIAN COASTLINE AND KILL MILLIONS OF PEOPLE AS WELL!

A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR THE FIRST STEP IN MY PLAN TO BECOME RULER OF THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM...



...PITY YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE IT, MARKHAM! OUR TRUCE IS OVER—NOW YOU DIE!

SAMURAI'S GONE OVER THE TOP! HIS LUST FOR POWER HAS FINALLY DRIVEN HIM CRAZY. GOOD THING I KEPT THIS LITTLE DEVICE WITH ME





**NEXT MOMENT**

BY SHINTO, HE'S BROUGHT THAT  
INFERNAL INVISIBILITY GADGET  
WITH HIM! NO MATTER, MARKHAM,  
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THIS SHIP... OR  
MY GUN!

AAARRH!  
MY ARM! SAMURAI'S  
FIRING WILDLY,  
THAT SHOT JUST  
CAUGHT ME!

I'LL GET YOU,  
MARKHAM!  
NOBODY  
STANDS IN MY  
WAY NOW!

HE'S MAD! HE'LL  
WRECK THE SHIP  
BEFORE HE'S  
FINISHED!

SHOW YOURSELF...SHOW...!GASP!...

WHAT'S HAPPENED? OF COURSE!  
HE'S DAMAGED THE AIR  
PRESSURE CONTROLS! AN  
FARTHE LINE I CAN'T  
STAND PRESSURE  
THIS THIN, BUT TO  
MARTIANS IT'S  
PERFECTLY  
NORMAL!

**NEXT MOMENT.**

!GASP?...WHERE  
ARE YOU...  
**AAARGH!**

BY HELAS! HE'S  
FALLEN ON HIS OWN  
GUN... BLASTED  
HIMSELF!

CAN'T STOP THAT MISSILE! BUT MAYBE I CAN  
LIMIT THE EXPLOSION... DONE IT! BUT IT'S  
TOO LATE TO SAVE KRAY!

NO...NO...CAN'T  
END NOW. GOT TO  
TAKE OVER THE  
WORLD...THE  
UNIVERSE...

**CURSE YOU, MARKHAM! CURSE YOU AND  
ALL YOUR KIND! YOU MAY HAVE FINISHED  
ME BUT THERE WILL BE OTHERS. OTHERS  
WHO HATE MARSHIES AS MUCH AS I DO,  
WHO WILL WANT TO SEE YOU ALL DEAD!  
MARKHAM, MAY YOU ROT IN...**  
AAAAHHH...

**SEVERAL HOURS LATER.**  
MATT MARKHAM  
RETURNED TO A  
JUBILANT MARS

MATT! MATT! WHAT'S  
HAPPENED? MARS INC.  
HAS STOPPED SENDING  
INSTRUCTIONS. NOBODY  
KNOWS WHAT TO DO!

THERE ISN'T A MARS INC. ANY  
MORE, MARSHA. WE ARE FREE  
FROM THEIR EVIL GRIP AT LAST.  
HUGO KRAY AND THE SAMURAI  
WILL NEVER MAKE OUR PEOPLE  
SUFFER AGAIN. WE NOW  
CONTROL OUR OWN FUTURE.

CONTROLLING  
OUR OWN FUTURE...  
IT'S ALL A LITTLE  
FRIGHTENING.  
MATT, HOW WILL  
WE MANAGE?

WE HAVE THE POWER TO REACH  
THE STARS NOW - TO REACH THE  
MILLIONS OF WORLDS OUT  
THERE. WE WILL TRADE, WE WILL  
GROW. THIS IS JUST THE  
BEGINNING, MARSHA.

THE ANGRY PLANET  
WILL SOON BE JUST  
A MEMORY!

**THE END!**

# BLACK HAWK

By G. FINLEY-DAY & AZPARI

50¢

ROME IS THE RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD. ALL OVER EUROPE, ASIA MINOR AND DEEP INTO AFRICA HER POWERFUL TALONS REACH OUT—SEIZING NATIVES OF ALL COLOURS TO BECOME THE RAW MATERIAL OF HER SLAVES! AMONG THE EMPIRE... A ROMAN COLUMN IN THE WILDERNESS OF A ROMAN DESERT IS A TALL BLACK MAN; A NUBIAN...



MY CAPTURE HAS BROUGHT SHAME TO MY TRIBE... I SHOULD HAVE FOUGHT TO THE DEATH, AS A WARRIOR!

NOW IT IS TOO LATE! THE PRICE OF MY DEFEAT IS DISHONOUR... I DESERVE TO BE A SLAVE!

THE DISPIRITED NUBIAN CAUGHT SIGHT OF A MOVEMENT IN THE SKY, BUT SO, TOO, DID THE ROMAN CENTURION...

LOOK, GOVERNOR! A LOCAL HAWK, AS SCRAGGY AND PITIFUL AS OUR CAPTIVES! LET'S HAVE SOME SPORT...

FREE "ZEUS" LEGIONNAIRE! OUR EAGLE MASCOT SHALL FEED ON THIS DESERT CARRION...

A DESERT HAWK—SYMBOL OF MY PEOPLE—NOW IT WILL FALL BEFORE THE MIGHT OF ROME AS I HAVE DONE. BUT WAIT! THE HAWK'S CIRCLING, GAINING HEIGHT!





THE SLAVES WATCHED  
WITH THEIR ROMAN  
MASTERS...

SHE'S FOLDED  
HER WINGS! THE  
STOOP - THE KILLING  
DIVE OF THE DESERT  
HAWK. LUMBERING  
ROMAN EAGLE'S  
TOO SLOW!



WHAT...?  
COME ON, ZEUS -  
FIGHT BACK!

NO CHANCE.  
CENTURION, THE HAWK  
IS NO FAT OVERFED  
ROMAN PET. IT KILLS  
TO LIVE - LIKE A REAL  
DESERT WARRIOR!



THEN, AS THE SCREECHING  
FIGHT ENDED ON THE SAND...

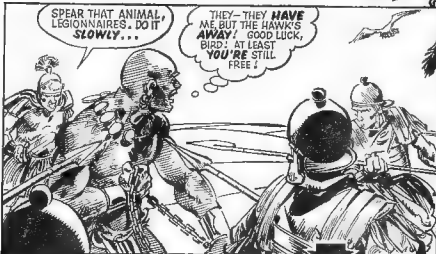
WELL DONE, LITTLE ONE.  
I WISH I HAD FOUGHT LIKE  
YOU!

THAT COMMON  
HAWK - I'LL MACK  
IT TO BITS WITH  
GOOD ROMAN  
STEEL!



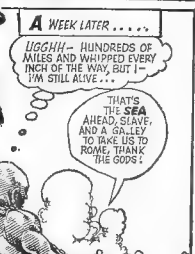
NO NO - IT **WON** ITS FIGHT!  
IT HAS THE **RIGHT** TO LIVE!

YOU - YOU DARE?  
THE BLACK  
SLAVE  
DARES!



SPEAR THAT ANIMAL,  
LEGIONNAIRES. DO IT  
SLOWLY...

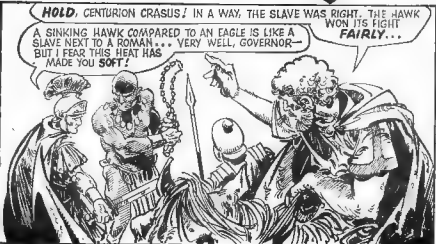
THEY - THEY **HAVE**  
ME, BUT THE HAWK'S  
**AWAY!** GOOD LUCK,  
BIRD! AT LEAST  
**YOU'RE** STILL  
FREE!



A WEEK LATER....

UGGHH - HUNDREDS OF  
MAILES AND WHIPPED EVERY  
INCH OF THE WAY, BUT I -  
I'M STILL ALIVE...

THAT'S  
THE **SEA**  
AHEAD, SLAVE,  
AND A GALLEY  
TO TAKE US TO  
ROME, THANK  
THE GODS!



**HOLD, CENTURION CRASUS!** IN A WAY, THE SLAVE WAS RIGHT. THE HAWK  
WON ITS FIGHT **FAIRLY...**

A SINKING HAWK COMPARED TO AN EAGLE IS LIKE A  
SLAVE NEXT TO A ROMAN... VERY WELL, GOVERNOR -  
BUT I FEAR THIS HEAT HAS  
MADE YOU **SOFT!**



SOON... CRASSUS' PARTY GAINED PASSAGE ON A GALLEY TAKING ARAB AUXILIARY TROOPS TO ROME...

THE SOONER WE REACH ROME THE BETTER... DON'T TRUST THESE ARAB AUXILIARIES!

YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, GOVERNOR... THE ARABS ARE OUR INFERIORS - THEY DARE NOT STRIKE US!

THE AUXILIARIES WERE NATIVE TROOPS RECRUITED FROM ROME'S SUBJECT COLONIES NOT **ALTOGETHER** TRUSTWORTHY...

IT IS AGREED - WE WILL RISE AND TAKE THE SHIP. MY BROTHER IS A COR SAIR. HE WILL PAY IN **GOLD** FOR A FINE VESSEL!

WE MUST BUTCHER THE ROMANS AND THE GALLEY SLAVES... THEY ARE NO USE, AND WHAT THEY SEE WOULD CONDEMN US...

THAT NIGHT, AS THE GALLEY HEADED OUT TO SEA...

READY, COMRADES. TAKE THEM! STAIN THE DECKS WITH **ROMAN BLOOD!**

BELOW DECKS, THE TIRED NUBIAN GLANCED FROM HIS CAB PORT...

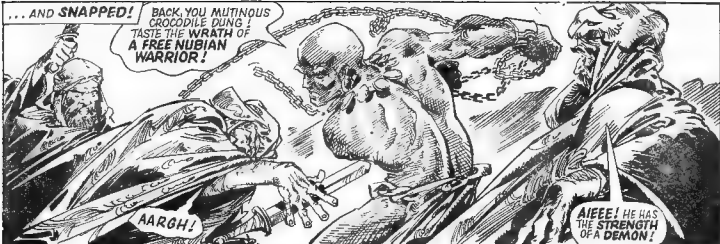
WHAT? FLYING ACROSS THE MOON - I COULD SWEAR IT'S THE SAME BIRD FROM THE DESERT FIGHT...

CAN SHE BE THE ONE. MY PEOPLE CALL "THE HUNTRESS"? A MAGICAL SPIRIT BIRD - FRIEND OF GREAT WARRIORS... NO! IT'S ALL A SILLY FABLE AND I AM A DEFEATED WARRIOR!

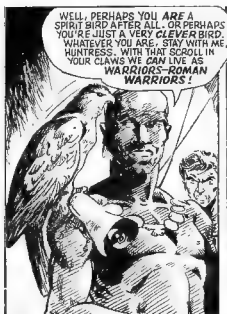
BY THE BLUE NILE! THOSE AUXILIARY TROOPERS ARE SLAUGHTERING EVERYONE - AND I'M HELPLESS - CHAINED TO THE DECK!

VERY WELL - IF IT IS TO BE DEATH, IT WILL BE DEATH WITH HONOUR!

EVERY MUSCLE IN THE NUBIAN'S POWERFUL BODY STRAINED - BECAME AS HARD AS TEMPERED STEEL. THE CHAINS GROANED UNDER HIS MASSIVE STRENGTH...







WELL, PERHAPS YOU ARE A SPIRIT BIRD AFTER ALL, OR PERHAPS YOU'RE JUST A VERY CLEVER BIRD. WHATEVER YOU ARE, STAY WITH ME, HUNTRESS. WITH THAT SCROLL IN YOUR CLAWS WE CAN LIVE AS **WARRIORS-ROMAN WARRIORS!**

WITHOUT THE NUBIAN'S BACK AS A TARGET, CRASSUS FEARED TO ATTACK. THEY OBSERVED AN UNEASY PEACE UNTIL ANOTHER ROMAN SHIP CAME ALONGSIDE...



THE SUPERIOR OFFICER QUICKLY READ THE GOVERNOR'S SCROLL...

SO... THESE WERE GOVERNOR MARCUS' LAST COMMANDS. TO SHOW ROME'S GRATITUDE TO THIS SLAVE WE TRAIN HIM AS AN OFFICER OF AUXILIARIES. AND WE MUST OBEY BY THE WORD OF AN HONOURABLE ROMAN!



THREE DAYS LATER, THE BOATS MADE LANDFALL ON THE RIVER TIBER IN ROME...

THE GOVERNOR'S WILL SHALL BE CARRIED OUT. YOU WILL BE CLOTHED, FED, AND GIVEN ENOUGH GOLD TO CLOTHE, FEED AND ARM 100 MEN!

BUT THE MEN YOU MUST FIND FOR YOURSELF!

AFTER MANY DAYS THE NUBIAN SET OUT TO FIND HIS MEN... IT WAS NOT AN EASY TASK!

FIGHT UNDER A NUBIAN... NO! WE MAY BE SPANIARDS BUT WE HAVE OUR PRIDE!

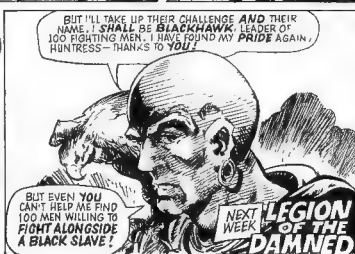


GET OUT OF THESE BARRACKS, NUBIAN! YOU'RE NOT WELCOME HERE!



LOOK-BLACK HAWK! HA-HA!

EVEN THE BEGGARS OF ROME WOULD NOT FOLLOW US! HUNTRESS THEY JUST SHOUT INSULTS!



BUT I'LL TAKE UP THEIR CHALLENGE AND THEIR NAME. I SHALL BE **BLACKHAWK**, LEADER OF 100 FIGHTING MEN. I HAVE FOUND MY PRIDE AGAIN. HUNTRESS- THANKS TO YOU!

BUT EVEN YOU CAN'T HELP ME FIND 100 MEN WILLING TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE A BLACK SLAVE!

NEXT WEEK **LEGION OF THE DAMNED**

# BLACK HAWK

**ROME**—RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD IN SOAD—AND A STRANGE SIGHT WALKS HER STREETS—THE NUBIAN EX-SLAVE AND HIS MYSTERIOUS HAWK WHO, HAVING SAVED A HIGH ROMAN'S LIFE, HAS BEEN GRANTED THE RANK OF OFFICER OF AUXILIARY TROOPS—BUT ONLY IF HE CAN FIND A HUNDRED MEN WILLING TO SERVE UNDER HIM!

VERY WELL, ROMANS, CALL ME **NAMES** IF YOU WSH. USE ME TO **FRIGHTEN** YOUR CHILDREN. BUT I WILL TAKE YOUR NAME—**BLACK HAWK**—AND YOUR **CHALLENGE**—I SHALL FIND 100 MEN TO SERVE ME!

LOOK—A BLACK MAN AND HIS BLACK BIRD! **BLACK HAWK!**

SSH, LUCIUS! HE'S A **SAVAGE**! —THEY EAT LITTLE BOYS LIKE YOU!

BY G. FINLEY-DAY & AZPIRI

FOLLOWING THE NUBIAN WAS THE VICIOUS CENTURION CRASSUS WHO HAD TAKEN HIM FROM THE DESERT...

HA! NOT EVEN THE **LOWEST** ROMAN SOLDIER WILL SERVE UNDER AN EX-SLAVE. HE'LL LOSE ALL HIS RIGHTS... BECOME A **SLAVE** AGAIN!

HAVE YOUR FUN, CRASSUS! BUT SOMEWHERE IN YOUR STINKING CITY I'LL FIND MY MEN, THEN WE'LL SEE WHO LAUGHS!

HERE, BEGGAR—SOME **AIMS** FOR YOU: THEY SAY I CAN FIND **GOOD FIGHTING** MEN HERE...

AYE, BLACK SOLDIER. **MANY FIGHTERS** APPEAR IN THE COLISEUM THERE IN **GLADIATORIAL CONTESTS**—BUT MANY WILL BE **DEAD** BEFORE SUNSET!





THE HAWK!  
IT'S SWOOPED LOW  
ON THE BOX AND MADE  
THE EMPEROR REACH UP!





SOON...

### A HILL OF EXECUTION!

HAWK, THERE ARE ONLY CONDEMNED MEN HERE. YET—I WAS CONDEMNED MYSELF AND DESPERATE ENOUGH TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM... PERHAPS...



SUDDENLY...

AS A TRIBUNE I CAN REVOKE THE PUNISHMENT. WHY NOT GIVE THESE CRIMINALS TO THE NUBIAN, SAVE YOU AND YOUR MEN THE TROUBLE OF EXECUTING THEM?

VERY WELL, TRIBUNE—BUT IT'S MOST UNUSUAL.

CRASSUS—HE'S BEEN HOVERING BEHIND ME ALL DAY LIKE AN EAGLE FOR THE KILL!

WATER...

BUT WHY HELP THE BLACK SLAVE, CRASSUS?

FOOL—YOU THINK THOSE KILLERS WILL HAVE ANY GRATITUDE TO HIM? FIRST CHANCE THEY GET THEY'LL SLIT THE THROATS OF HIM AND HIS GLADIATOR LACKEYS!

THE TWO GLADIATORS SPOKE WORRIEDLY...

KILLERS AND ROBBERS—THEY'LL BUTCHER US FIRST CHANCE THEY GET!

WHY THEM, SIR—IT'S MAD!

BECAUSE MY BIRD LED US HERE, SERGEANT! AND NOW WE WILL TAKE OUR REGRITS FORWARD WHERE SHE LEADS US. HA. YES! PERHAPS SHE IS MAGIC AFTER ALL!

WHAT HAVE WE GOT OURSELVES INTO, BATIS? A MAD BLACK MAN FOLLOWING HIS 'MAGIC' BIRD AROUND THE ROMAN HILLS!

AYE—AND A PACK OF MURDERERS AND THIEVES WAITING TO SLIT OUR GIZZARDS AND GET—SOMEHOW—TRUST BLACK HAWK. WE HAVE A LONG JOURNEY AHEAD OF US, BUT HE COULD LEAD US TO GLORY!

NEXT WEEK  
**UNGLEAN**



# BLACK HAWK

**ROME** IS THE RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD—FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE TO THE AFRICAN DESERTS—AND FROM THOSE DESERTS HAS COME AN EX-NUBIAN SLAVE AND THE MYSTERIOUS HAWK, FROM WHICH HE TAKES HIS NAME, HAVING SAVED THE LIFE OF A HIGH-RANKING ROMAN. BLACK HAWK IS CHARGED WITH FORMING A UNIT OF AUXILIARY TROOPS. HIS FIRST 50 MEN HE HAS CHOSEN FROM CONDEMNED CRIMINALS AND, AS HE LEADS THEM INTO THE DARKLY MISTY VALLEYS BEYOND ROME, SOME OF THEM TURN ON BLACK HAWK.



OKAY, LADS—THIS IS FAR ENOUGH! GRAB ANYTHING THAT'S SHARP ENOUGH—WE TAKE 'EM NOW!

SIR! THE CRIMINALS ARE ATTACKING!

G. F. DAY & AZPURI

I FOLLOWED WHERE YOU LED, BIRD. I BELIEVED YOU WERE "SCYTHE-WING"—THE LEGENDARY WARRIOR SPIRIT OF MY PEOPLE. BUT IT WAS WRONG TO BELIEVE IN THE STUPID FABLES OF OLD MEN... YOU'VE LED ME TO DESTRUCTION!

BUT AT LEAST IT SHALL BE A FIGHTING DEATH!

ADVANCE, YOU SCUM—GALLONS OF YOUR BLOOD SHALL FLOW BEFORE YOU TAKE MY LIFE!



SUDDENLY...

HOLD! THERE WILL BE NO KILLING IN OUR VALLEY UNLESS WE ORDER IT!

FIGURES ALL AROUND US... PEOPLE COMING FROM OUT OF CAVES! THEY MUST LIVE IN THIS PIT!



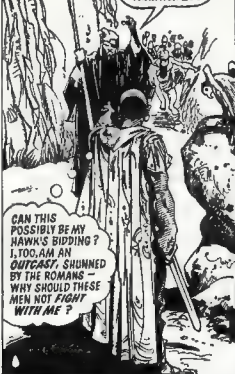
EVEN THE  
CONDEMNED  
CRIMINALS  
FROZE...

**THIS IS A VALLEY OF  
THE UNTOUCHABLES!**

A PLACE OF THE OUTCASTS OF  
ROME. THE ILL AND DISEASED.  
KEEP THEM  
AWAY FROM  
ME!

A TALL, RAGGED FIGURE CAME FORWARD...

'TIS TRUE THAT THE 'GOOD' CITIZENS OF  
ROME HAVE FORCED US HERE TO ROT AWAY  
OUT OF SIGHT, BUT YOU WILL LEARN  
THAT WE CAN STILL FIGHT, IF YOU  
HAVE COME TO  
THREATEN US!



CAN THIS  
POSSIBLY BE MY  
HAWK'S BIDDING?  
I, TOO, AM AN  
OUTCAST, SHUNNED  
BY THE ROMANS—  
WHY SHOULD THESE  
MEN NOT FIGHT  
WITH ME?

IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME, THEN I,  
BLACK HAWK, CAN LEAD YOU OUT  
OF THIS PIT. BETTER TO DIE AS  
SOLDIERS THAN LIVE LIKE  
UNCLEAN  
ANIMALS!

HA, THE NUBIAN'S  
MAD! THESE MEN OF  
DISEASED SKIN  
CANNOT  
BE SOLDIERS.



BLACK HAWK ROUNDED ON  
THE SPEAKER ANGRILY...

IT IS WHAT IS UNDER THE  
SKIN THAT MAKES FIGHTERS!

YOU OUTCASTS WILL COMPLETE  
MY AUXILIARY FORCE, AND—BY  
THE SPIRIT OF THE HAWK—WE  
SHALL BECOME THE BEST  
LEGION ROME HAS SEEN. WE  
WILL FORCE THE PROUD  
ROMANS TO  
RESPECT  
US!



BLACK HAWK RETURNED TO  
ROME TO REQUISITION  
UNIFORMS AND WEAPONS FOR  
HIS NEW MEN. HIS ENEMY,  
THE CENTURION CRASSUS,  
WATCHED WITH INTEREST.



SO BLACK HAWK  
HAS FOUND HIS  
MEN. HAS HE? BUT  
NOT EVEN HE CAN  
MAKE A FIGHTING  
FORCE FROM  
CRIMINALS AND  
THE UNTOUCHABLES.

BACK IN THE  
VALLEY.

**FOOD!**

YES, GOOD ARMY FOOD. IN  
RETURN YOU WILL ALL  
BECOME GOOD  
SOLDIERS!



BY THE END OF THREE MONTHS  
I WILL HAVE MOULDED YOU INTO A DISCIPLINED FIGHTING  
BAND, OR HAVE DIED IN THE ATTEMPT!

WHEN DO WE GET TO USE OUR  
SWORDS, BLACK HAWK?







THEN, WHEN THEY REACHED THE QUARRY —

HMM — A SMART PARADE...  
ARMS DRILL, CENTURION!

AYE, SIR!



HMM — GOOD SECTION MOVEMENTS AND GOOD ARMS DRILL. THESE MEN HAVE BEEN WELL-TRAINED EVEN IF THEY DO LOOK STRANGE.

MARS' CURSE — EVEN THOSE UNTOUCHABLES LOOK HEALTHY!



MY MEN AND I HAVE SWEATED BLOOD FOR THIS DAY.

GENERALS, URGENT MESSAGE!



WORD FROM THE RHINE. TWO LEGIONS HAVE DISAPPEARED WITHOUT TRACE.

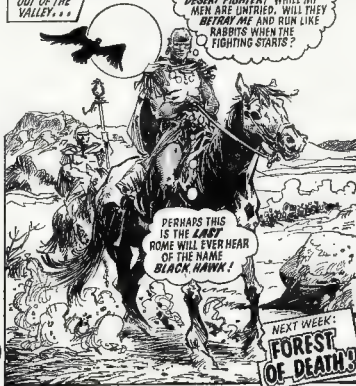
THE GERMANIC TRIBES ARE INDEED FIERCE. WE MUST PREPARE TO SEND OTHER LEGIONS AT ONCE!



ALTHOUGH THE MESSAGE CONTAINED BAD NEWS FOR THE GENERALS, IT WAS GOOD NEWS TO CRASSUS.

THAT EVENING THE NUBIAN LED HIS FORCE OUT OF THE VALLEY...

BATTLE IS WHAT I CRAVED FOR, BUT NOT IN THE FOREST REGIONS! I AM A DESERT FIGHTER, WHILE MY MEN ARE UNTRIED. WILL THEY BETRAY ME AND RUN LIKE RABBITS WHEN THE FIGHTING STARTS?



SIR — WHY WASTE TIME WHEN YOU HAVE A FORCE READY? SEND BLACK HAWK AND HIS AUXILIARY FORCE TO THE RHINE FORESTS!

HMM — AS AN ADVANCE FORCE? GOOD IDEA, CRASSUS!



HA, THE FORESTS ARE FULL OF GERMAN WHO STRIKE LIKE WOLVES. YOU GO TO YOUR DEATH, BLACK HAWK!

PERHAPS THIS IS THE LAST ROME WILL EVER HEAR OF THE NAME BLACK HAWK!

NEXT WEEK:  
**FOREST OF DEATH!**

# BLACK HAWK

THE 1ST CENTURY A.D. THE RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD IS THE ROMAN EMPIRE, STRETCHING FROM NORTH BRITAIN TO THE AFRICAN DESERTS. FROM THESE DESERTS HAS COME **BLACK HAWK**, THE TOUGH NUBIAN EX-SLAVE, NOW SERVING AS AN AUXILIARY OFFICER, AND THE MYSTERIOUS **HAWK** THAT WATCHES OVER HIM.

**BLACK HAWK'S FIRST MISSION IS TO FIND NEWS OF A MISSING ROMAN LEGION LAST HEARD OF IN THE DANGEROUS BLACK FORESTS OF GERMANY.**

I AM NOT USED TO FIGHTING IN WOODS SUCH AS THESE. WHILE THAT RABBLE OF MEN WHO SERVE ME ARE NOT USED TO FIGHTING ANYWHERE! **CONDEMNED CRIMINALS, GRATEFUL TO PUT OFF DEATH, AND DISEASED OUTCASTS, WANTING TO START A NEW LIFE, ARE THE ONLY ONES PREPARED TO FOLLOW ME. YET, WHAT USE WILL THEY BE WHEN DANGER THREATENS?**

BY MY HAWK, I FEAR EVIL IN THESE FORESTS!

SUDDENLY—

BIRD! YOU'RE FLYING OFF! COME BACK!

EVEN THE BLACK BIRD IS DESERTING US! IT IS A SIGN THAT WE SHOULD TURN BACK!

AYE, TURN BACK!

BY G. F. DAY & AZPIRI

BUT THE BIRD WAS NOT DESERTING ITS MASTER.

HAA! A MAN WAITING AHEAD OF US, BUT THE HAWK SPOTTED HIM!



THE MAN HAD NOT BEEN ALONE...

GERMAN WARRIORS!  
AN AMBUSH!

GRAAAIEEE!

THIS WAS THE FIRST CHALLENGE  
THE ROMAN AUXILIARIES HAD FACED...

BY THE PIT  
OF HADES...  
LOOK AT THE  
SIZE OF THEM!

THEY'RE  
LIKE BULLS!  
WE'LL NEVER  
STOP THEM!

...AND IT WAS NOT TO THEIR LIKING!

AMIDST THE ROMANS WAS AN EX-GLADIATOR, NAMED STRONUS, WHO TRIED TO INSTIL SOME DISCIPLINE INTO THE RANKS...

GROUPING TOGETHER THE ROMANS CROUCHED INSIDE THEIR SHELL OF SHIELDS, WHICH FORMED AN EFFECTIVE DEFENCE AGAINST THE ON-RUSHING GERMAN WARRIORS.

WOTON.  
WOTON!

A PERFECT ROMAN SHIELD WALL - AS WE TRAINED THE MEN TO BUILD. AT LEAST WE HAVE STOOD THE FIRST TEST.

STAND FAST!  
FORM YOUR SHIELDS  
INTO TORTOISE  
FORMATION. NOW!

BUT THE WARRIORS'  
ARROWS AND CLUBS  
WILL BREAK US DOWN  
IN TIME!

BLACK HAWK CAST HIS SHIELD ASIDE AND BROKE OUT OF THE DEFENSIVE FORMATION.

BUT I MUST SHOW  
MY MEN THAT WE CAN  
DO MORE THAN  
DEFEND!

GRAAAHHHH!

WE CAN ALSO  
ATTACK!

THOSE ARCHERS HAVE  
SEALED THE TREES  
AND THEY THINK THEY'RE  
OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

SEIZING A FALLEN  
BATTLE AXE, THE  
GIANT NUBIAN SET  
ABOUT THE TRUNK  
OF ONE OF THE TREES  
IN A FRENZY OF  
ACTIVITY.



LET'S BRING THESE  
ARCHERS DOWN  
TO EARTH!



THEN

YAHU!

AIEE!

LOOK AT BLACK  
HAWK—LOOK AT  
HIM!

THAT'S  
HOW TO  
FIGHT!



YAHU!

NOW LET'S SHOW  
THAT WE ARE  
GOOD ENOUGH TO  
FIGHT WITH  
HIM!



INSPIRED BY THEIR LEADER,  
THE ROMANS FOUGHT WITH  
GREAT DETERMINATION AND  
THE GERMAN WARRIORS WERE  
SOON DEFEATED.

THEY'RE  
RUNNING—  
THEY'RE  
RUNNING!

BY THE DESERT  
WINDS, WE HAVE  
BEATEN THEM!

RAGGHH!



THIS IS **NO TIME**  
FOR CELEBRATION. SURELY  
NONE OF YOU **EVER**  
THOUGHT WE WOULD BE  
OUTFOUGHT BY SUCH  
SCUM?

ER—NO, SIR,  
OF COURSE  
NOT!



THE COLUMN MARCHED  
ON FOR HOURS WITH  
NO SOUND.



THEN...

SIR, IN THAT  
CLEARING...

...IT'S A  
CAMP!

AS THEY DREW NEARER A GRIM SIGHT MET THEIR EYES.

THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

AYE, BUTCHERED BY THE WARRIOR TRIBES!



THE LEGION'S STANDARD AND THE OFFICERS WHO DIED DEFENDING IT. I SALUTE YOU, FALLEN SOLDIERS OF ROME!



NEARBY, SOME OF THE CRIMINALS WHO SERVED IN THE AUXILIARY FORCE, HAD THEIR ATTENTION ON SOMETHING ELSE.

HMM - SOME OF THE OFFICERS HAVE GOOD GOLD RINGS.

THE OFFICERS DON'T NEED EM NOW! HEE-HEE!



BUT...

**YOU THIEVING SCUM!**  
GET YOUR HANDS OFF THOSE SOLDIERS!



WE HAVE FOUGHT WELL FOR YOU, NUBIAN. IT IS RIGHT THAT WE SHOULD HAVE OUR REWARD!

THE DEAD FOUGHT WELL, TOO, AND THEIR REWARD IS FOR THEIR BODIES TO BE UNDEFILED BY THE LIKES OF SLIME SUCH AS YOU!

SIR, SOMETHING'S WRONG! THAT SMELL OF SMOKE!



NEXT SECOND THE CAMP WAS ENCIRCLED BY FIRE.

WE'RE TRAPPED! THE WARRIORS HAVE LED US HERE TO DIE!



BLACK HAWK TURNED TO SEE THE FLAMES CHARRING THE WINGS OF HIS HAWK.

EVEN THE BIRD KNOWS NO WAY OUT. I HAVE LED MY MEN HERE TO BE BURN'T TO DEATH!

NEXT WEEK FIRES OF THE FOREST!



# BLACK HAWK

**FIRE! THE BARBARIANS HAVE US IN A RING OF FIRE! WE'LL BURN ALIVE!**

**I**T IS THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. THE ROMAN EMPIRE IS RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD, BUT ON ITS NORTHERN FRINGES STAND THE MIGHTY DARK FORESTS, STILL A STRONGHOLD OF THE SAVAGE GERMANIC TRIBES. SENT THERE IN SEARCH OF A LOST LEGION IS THE COLUMN OF AUXILIARY SOLDIERS LED BY **BLACK HAWK**—A TOUGH NUBIAN EX-SLAVE—AND THE MYSTERIOUS HAWK THAT WATCHES OVER HIM. IN THE FOREST THEY HAVE FOUND THE LEGION, MASSACRED, AND THEMSELVES IN A DEADLY TRAP!

THE BIRD IS ABLAZE—IF I LOSE HER WE ARE ALL LOST!

KNOWING THE BIRD CAME FROM THE SAME AFRICAN DESERT AS HIMSELF, BLACK HAWK LOOKED ON IT AS A MYSTERIOUS SOURCE OF STRENGTH!

THE NUBIAN FLUNG OFF HIS CENTURION'S CLOAK...

HERE, MISTRESS—THIS WILL KILL THE FLAMES ON YOU!

BUT IT'S NO USE—WE CAN'T GET OUT! THE FLAMES WILL ENGULF US!

YOU SCUM-STAND FIRM!

THE AUXILIARY SOLDIERS, MAINLY CONVICTS AND DISEASED OUTCASTS FROM ROME, LOOKED ROUND HELP-LESSLY...

EVEN THE FOREST ANIMALS ARE RUNNING, BUT WE CAN'T RUN!

THEN...

WHAT THE...? SANDS OF THE DESERT? THE HAWK HAS RECOVERED! SHE HAS ATTACKED SOME PREY... A MOLE!

IT DESIRES SOME FOOD, THAT IS ALL!

YET THE BIRD LIVES... SO MUST WE—SOMEHOW!



WAIT-- THE **MOLE**! THE HAWK HAS GIVEN US **A SIGN**— TELLING US HOW TO SURVIVE THIS! **QUICK!** DO AS I DO!

GATHER ROUND HIM FAST, YOU SCUM!



**BEYOND** THE FLAMES THE GERMAN TRIBESMEN REVELLED IN SAVAGE DELIGHT—

THE FLAMES ARE **EVERYWHERE**— THE ROMANS WILL BE NOTHING BUT **BLACKENED BONES** SOON!

JA— **NOBODY** GETS OUT OF **OUR FORESTS** ALIVE!



SOME HOURS LATER...

HA! THE **FIRE** HAS BURNT ITSELF OUT... NOTHING BUT **ASH** ON THE GROUND ...

BUT WHERE ARE THE **BONES** OF THE ROMANS?



HA! WHY DO YOU WORRY? IT IS TIME TO **CELEBRATE**!

UNLESS THE ROMANS **RISE FROM THE DEAD** WE SHALL NOT BE BOTHERED WITH THEM AGAIN!



THEN, AS IF FROM NOWHERE...

**VALHALLA!**



WE **LEARNED** FROM THE **MOLE** AND **BURIED** OURSELVES IN THE **GROUND**! WITH OUR **SHIELDS** OVER OUR HEADS, WE **SURVIVED** WITH MINOR **BURNS**!

ON YOUR FEET AND FACE THE **BARBARIANS!**



SOME OF BLACK HAWK'S DISEASED OUT-CASTS DROPPED THEIR HOODS —

NEIN! THEY HAVE FACES OF THE UNDERWORLD!

CHARGE THEM!  
CHARGE THEM,  
SCUM!

KEEP ADVANCING,  
MEN... THEY THINK  
WE'RE GHOSTS!

THE TRIBESMEN FLED  
INTO THE FOREST  
DEPTHS...

WE FOUND  
THE LEGION AND  
WE ST'LL HAVE THEIR  
STANDARD. NOW WE  
CAN RETURN WITH IT  
TO ROME AS PROOF.  
LET US FOLLOW THE  
TRAIL OUT OF THE  
FOREST BEFORE  
THE TRIBESMEN  
GATHER AGAIN!

YOU  
HEARD HIM  
—PREPARE TO  
MOVE OUT!

THE COLUMN ADVANCED, BLACK HAWK TO THE FORE —  
AND THE BATTLE WAS ON!

SO LET'S SOUND  
LIKE GHOSTS!

AIEEEEEEEEEEE!

BACK,  
BACK! RUN,  
BROTHERS!

WE'VE DONE  
IT... THEY'RE  
FLEEING!

NEIN! NEIN!  
COME BACK,  
YOU DOGS!

YAAHHHHH!

HEY, BARABBA! YOU SAID  
YOU WERE GOING TO FIND  
THE NUBIAN! CHANGED  
YER MIND?

NO, I'M GOING  
TO LET SOME  
ONE ELSE DO IT  
FOR ME! SEE  
UP THERE!

THE KILLER POINTED AHEAD...

THE GERMAN  
CHIEF!

SSHH — HE'S OUT TO  
NAIL THE NUBIAN!  
AND WE'LL LET HIM BEFORE  
WE KILL HIM! THIS IS  
THE ANSWER TO OUR  
PROBLEMS! EVEN  
THE BIRD HASN'T  
SEEN HIM!

**THE SAVAGE  
SPRANG!**

WHAT ALARMS  
YOU, HAWK?  
WHAT...? **THE  
GERMANIC  
CHIEF!**

**I'LL TAKE  
YOU, NUBIAN  
DEVIL!  
VALHALLA!**

**THE  
LEGION'S  
BURNT  
STANDARD...**  
THIS IS MY  
**ONLY HOPE OF  
STOPPING  
HIM!**

HE  
WAS  
**ALONE,  
SIR!**

**AAARGH!**  
AYE, THOUGH I'VE A  
FEELING A FEM BEHIND  
IN MY OWN LINES WERE  
WISHING HIM WELL: NOW WE  
MOVE AT **DOUBLE STEP** AND  
**GET OUT OF THESE DAMNED  
GERMAN FORESTS!**

AYE,  
SIR!

**ROME**—SOME WEEKS LATER, A GROUP  
OF HIGH-BORN OFFICERS ARE ENJOYING THEM-  
SELVES AT A **MESS HALL PARTY** HOSTED BY  
**CRASSUS**—THE VERY OFFICER WHO HATED  
BLACK HAWK ENOUGH TO SEND HIM ON THE  
**PERILOUS MISSION!**

EAT, DRINK! THAT NUBIAN SLAVE  
AND HIS SCUM ARE **ROTTING CORPSES**  
IN A **GERMAN FOREST!** WE **CELEBRATE** FOR  
MANY MORE DAYS AND NIGHTS! **SLAVE—MORE WINE!**

**I'M NOT  
YOUR SLAVE!**

YOU! YOU...

WE CAME  
BACK, CRASSUS!  
WE FOUND THE  
LEGION AND THE  
STANDARD AS  
**ORDERED!**



**THERE'S THE STANDARD!**  
I'M SURE YOU WILL WANT TO  
**WELCOME MY MEN BACK,**  
TOO... YOU WON'T MIND SOME  
**WINE FOR THEM?** AND  
PERHAPS SOME BILLETS?  
IN **HERE, MEN!**

**HAGH!—**  
**UNTOUCHABLES!**  
**KEEP THEM**  
**AWAY!**



**THE ROMANS DEPARTED AS BLACK HAWK'S MEN**  
**ENTERED...**

**HAW! LOOK AT ALL THE GRUB**  
**LEFT! WE'RE LESS THAN A HUNDRED**  
**BUT WE'LL EAT ENOUGH FOR A**  
**WHOLE LEGION! HAW!**

**AYE!**  
**LET'S TAKE**  
**IT AWAY FROM**  
**THOSE DIRTY**  
**OUTCASTS!**



**SUDDENLY... AIEE!**  
**LOOK OUT! THAT**  
**ACCURSED BIRD!**

**I CAN'T CLEAN YOUR MINDS,**  
**BUT MAYBE A QUICK DIP WILL CLEAN**  
**YOUR BODIES! WASH WELL**  
**BEFORE YOU EAT!**



**THAT**  
**NUBIAN**  
**AND HIS**  
**BIRD...**  
**I'LL...**

**NOT TONIGHT, BARABBA.**  
**WE'RE TOO TIRED. LET'S CLEAN**  
**UP AND EAT—**



**BLACK HAWK LOOKED**  
**OUT ONTO THE ROMAN**  
**COUNTRYSIDE...**

**—HERE, MISTRESS— FOOD FOR**  
**YOU. THIS WAS ONLY OUR FIRST**  
**MISSION, BUT CRASSUS HAD**  
**A HUNGRY LOOK AND I CAN**  
**COUNT ON HIM TO ARRANGE A**  
**NEW, FAR DIRTIER**  
**MISSION FOR US ALL**  
**VERY SOON!**

**BY G.F. DAY & AZPIRI**

**Next Week: THE**  
**HEIGHTS OF HAZDA!**

# BLACK HAWK

BY G.F. DAY &  
AZPIRI

LOOK—THERE'S **BLACK HAWK** AND HIS MEN! THEY'RE THE ONES WHO CAME OUT OF THE GERMAN FORESTS ALIVE WHEN A WHOLE ROMAN LEGION **DIDN'T!**

AYE—AND LOOK AT THAT **STRANGE BIRD** ALWAYS WITH HIM!

MANY CITIZENS ARE NOW LOOKING AT US IN **AWE**—BUT SOME ARE ALSO WATCHING WITH **HATE!**



**ROME.** THE 1st CENTURY A.D. IN AN ARENA, THE NUBIAN EX-SLAVE, **BLACK HAWK**, WATCHES AS THE SOLDIERS OF HIS AUXILIARY FORCE GO THROUGH RIGOROUS **COMBAT PRACTICE**. THEY ARE WATCHED IN TURN BY ONLOOKERS BOTH **CURIOUS** AND **DEVIOUS!**

AMONG THOSE WATCHING WERE REGULAR ROMAN ARMY OFFICERS LED BY **CRASSUS**, THE MAN WHO MOST **HATED** BLACK HAWK.

HUH! THAT NUBIAN IS BECOMING THE **HERO** OF ROME! PEOPLE ARE SAYING THERE'S SOMETHING **SPECIAL** ABOUT THAT SCRAGGY **HAWK** OF HIS!



HMM...PERHAPS THIS IS A GOOD TIME TO **SHOW** EVERYONE IT'S JUST **FLESH** AND **BONE!**

HE MAY BE GOOD AT TAMING WILD GERMAN BARBARIANS, BUT LET'S SEE HOW HE DEALS WITH **ANOTHER** SORT OF WILD ANIMAL...

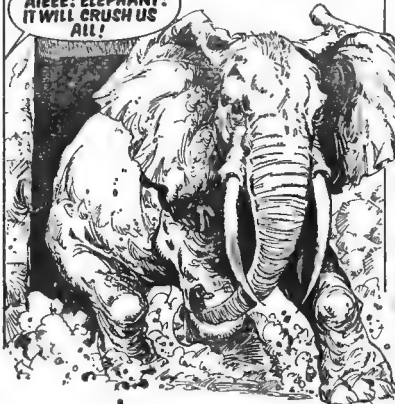


SIR! THE GATES TO THE ANIMAL PENS! ONE OF THEM'S **OPEN!** THERE'S SOMETHING **MOVING**—SOMETHING **BIG!**



FROM THE DARKNESS A **GIGANTIC** SHAPE RUMBLED TOWARDS THE BRIGHT SUNLIGHT OF THE ARENA WHERE **BLACK HAWK** AND HIS MEN STOOD...UNPROTECTED!

**AIEEE! ELEPHANT!  
IT WILL CRUSH US  
ALL!**



**MY MEN ARE PANICKING!  
GOT TO STOP THE BEAST'S  
CHARGE. ONLY ONE WAY!**



**STRONUS - BATUL.  
YOUR SHIELDS...  
MAKE A RAMP!**

**HAARRR!**



**BLACK HAWK  
MUST BE MAD!  
HE DOESN'T  
STAND A  
CHANCE!**

**GET AWAY, YOU  
TWO! THE BIG  
BEAST IS MY  
PROBLEM NOW!**



**HAAR! FIGHT ME, GIANT  
ONE! JUST LIKE YOUR BROTHERS  
DID WHEN I WAS A CHILD WITH  
MY TRIBE. I TAMED THEM AND  
I'LL TAME YOU!**



**[I - I DON'T BELIEVE IT!  
HE'S TAMED THE  
MONSTER! HE MUST  
BE PROTECTED BY THE  
GODS!]**



**CRASSUS AND HIS CRONIES HEARD THE CHEERS...**

**THAT BLASTED  
NUBIAN,  
WE CAN'T  
TOUCH HIM!**



**BAAAA! HE LIKES  
'ASCENDING THE HEIGHTS'  
DOES HE? I THINK I KNOW  
EXACTLY THE NEW MISSION  
FOR HIM!**

**I MUST SPEAK TO  
MY FRIENDS IN THE  
SENATE. COME.**



THAT EVENING, BLACK HAWK RECEIVED ORDERS TO REPORT TO THE IMPERIAL SENATE....

COME, MY FRIEND, YOU DID WELL ON THE RHINE—NOW I HAVE A NEW BATTLEFIELD FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN. JUDEA!

JUDEA... A RESTLESS REGION. I WONDER IF CRASSUS IS BEHIND THIS?

THE ROMAN GENERAL TURNED TO A MAP.

HERE, IN JUDEA'S DESERT, ARE THE HEIGHTS OF HAZDA WHERE ONE OF THE LONGEST SIEGES IN ROME'S HISTORY IS BEING FOUGHT. JUDEAN REBELS HAVE BEEN HOLDING AGAINST OUR LEGIONS FOR MONTHS.

YOUR MEN WILL END THAT SIEGE IN A FINAL SHOCK ATTACK!

SOME WEEKS LATER—in JUDEA...

HUH. AGES AT SEA. NOW AGES WALKING THROUGH A DIRTY DESERT. WHAT DO THESE HEIGHTS OF HAZDA LOOK LIKE ANYWAY?

YOU WILL SEE NOW. LOOK OVER THE RIDGE!

SPREAD BEFORE THEM WAS A TRULY SPECTACULAR SIGHT, A VAST TABLE OF ROCK RISING MAJESTICALLY OUT OF A FLAT PLAIN. FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT BLACK HAWK COULD SEE THE **MASSED LEGIONS** CAMPED AROUND THE BASE OF THE PLATEAU. WITH HIS **FEW MEN** HE MUST SUCCEED WHERE **HUNDREDS** HAVE FAILED!

THERE, THE JUDEAN REBELS HAVE HELD OUT FOR **HALF A YEAR** AGAINST ROMAN ASSAULTS!

SEE, THE LEGIONS ARE MAKING ANOTHER ATTACK NOW!

**LEGION FORWARD!**

FIRST COHORT FORWARD!  
SECOND COHORT FORWARD!  
**CRUSH THE REBELS IN THE NAME OF ROME!**

BUT ABOVE, THE REBELS WERE WELL PREPARED FOR ANY ROMAN ATTACK. LARGE BOULDERS WERE RAINED DOWN ON THE ASCENDING TROOPS, CREATING HAVOC AMONGST THE ARMIES OF ROME.



THEY'VE **SMASHED**  
OUR ASSAULT LINES!  
**RETREAT!**

**RUN,  
ROMANS!  
RUN!**

CURSE THOSE  
REBELS! WE'RE  
SITTING  
TARGETS  
ON THESE SLOPES!



AS THE ROMANS RETURNED TO THEIR  
SIEGE CAMP,

LOOK— LOOK AT  
THEM! THEY'RE  
THE NEW FORCE  
FROM ROME?

GENERAL, WE COME  
FROM ROME WITH  
ORDERS TO ASSIST  
IN YOUR CAMPAIGN.

WHAT THE?  
YOU AND  
THESE  
SCUM?



THEY MAY LOOK  
DIRTY, SIR, BUT  
THEY ARE FIGHTERS!  
MAY WE EAT? WE  
HAVE MARCHED NON-  
STOP SINCE LANDING  
ON THE COAST.

SHARE OUR MESS?  
EAT OUR FOOD? YOU  
EXPECT MY LEGIONS TO  
SHARE WITH PACKS OF  
THIEVES AND  
OUTCASTS?

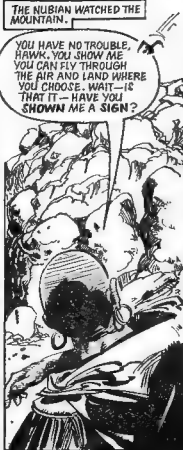
YOU WILL GET NO SUPPLIES  
FROM US! NOT ONE ARROW NOT  
ONE WATERBAG, AND KEEP YOUR  
MEN AWAY FROM THESE REAL  
SOLDIERS— MAKE YOUR CAMP  
**OUT OF OUR SIGHT!**



THE MEN WERE MARCHED AWAY...

TREATED LIKE A  
PACK OF ANIMALS...  
IT AIN'T RIGHT,  
SIR!

AYE, AND WE'RE STILL EXPECTED  
TO FIGHT AND TO LEAD THE  
NEXT ATTACK ON THE HEIGHTS—  
BUT HOW DO WE BRING IT OFF?  
WE SAW THAT IT'S A DEATH TRAP  
TO TRY AND SCALE THEM!



THE NUBIAN WATCHED THE  
MOUNTAIN.

YOU HAVE NO TROUBLE,  
HAWK. YOU SHOW ME  
YOU CAN FLY THROUGH  
THE AIR AND LAND WHERE  
YOU CHOOSE. WAIT—IS  
THAT IT— HAVE YOU  
SHOWN ME A SIGN?



BLACK HAWK QUICKLY RETURNED  
TO CAMP TO FIND THE **WORST** OF  
THE THIEVES IN HIS RANKS...

YOU GOT A JOB  
FOR US, SIR?  
WHAT SORT?

**A JOB I THINK  
YOU WILL ENJOY!**

NEXT WEEK: THE AWFUL TRUTH!

# BLACK HAWK

THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. **ROME** IS RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD... BUT MANY REGIONS FIGHT THAT RULE. REGIONS SUCH AS **JUDEA**, WHERE, IN THE DESERT FORTRESS OF **HAZDA**, REBELS HAVE HELD OUT AGAINST THE LEGIONS.

NOW, AS A LAST RESORT, **ROME** HAS SENT THE FORCE OF **AUXILIARY SOLDIERS**, LED BY THE **NUBIAN EX-SLAVE** KNOWN AS **BLACK HAWK**!

**ROMAN SWINE, YOU WILL NEVER SCALE THE HEIGHTS OF HAZDA!**

THE SOLDIERS OF **ROME**, FOR ALL THEIR TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE, WILL NEVER FORCE THEIR WAY UP TO CAPTURE THE REBEL **JUDEANS**! IT IS LEFT TO ME, AN **EX-SLAVE**, AND MY BAND OF **CUT-THROATS, BANDITS, AND THIEVES**, TO MAKE AN ALL-OUT ONSLAUGHT... AND THIEVES ARE JUST WHAT I NEED AT THE MOMENT!

LEAVE OUR **HOMELAND** YOU FOREIGN DEVIL!



THIS IS **MADNESS**! WE CAN'T EVEN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO FIGHT THE **JUDEAN RABBLE**! THIS IS NO WAY FOR **ROMAN** SOLDIERS TO DO **BATTLE**!

**RAAARRGH!**

LAST NIGHT THE **WARRIORS** OF **ROME**... **ROMANS** RETIRED BACK TO THEIR CAMP... AT THE NEXT DAY BEGIN...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN SOMEONE HAS **STOLEN A BALLISTA**? HOW CAN A THING THAT SIZE GO **MISSING**?

IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I DON'T KNOW... BUT I'VE JUST COUNTED THEM AND ONE HAS **DEFINITELY** GONE!

AT TIMES, **STRONUS** OUR THIEVING BAND HAVE THEIR USES!

AH, I THINK THEY COULD **REMOVE** THE VERY HEIGHTS OF **HAZDA** WITHOUT THE **JUDEANS** KNOWING ABOUT IT!

**BLACK HAWK LOOKED UP TOWARD THE MOUNTAIN FACE. THROUGH BREAKS IN THE MIST REBEL GUARDS WATCHING THE SLOPES WERE CLEARLY VISIBLE...**



**I WILL LEAD THE ASSAULT, BUT IN A WAY THEY WOULD LEAST EXPECT!**

**AYE, SIR!**

**ABOVE, ON THE HEIGHTS, THE REBEL GUARDS WAITED...**



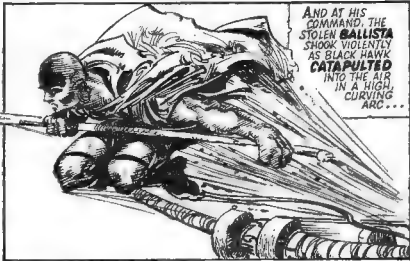
**NO DOUBT THE ROMANS WILL TRY ANOTHER ATTACK UNDER COVER OF THE MIST!**

**BUT WE WILL SEE THEM LONG BEFORE THEY REACH US AND STOP THEM YET AGAIN!**

**BELOW...**

**ONLY YOU CAN BE WITH ME NOW, HAWK!**

**FIRE!**



**AND AT HIS COMMAND, THE STOLEN BALLISTA SHOOK VIOLENTLY AS BLACK HAWK CATAPULTED INTO THE AIR IN A HIGH CURVING ARC...**

**... TO LAND AMONGST THE REBELS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HAZDA!**

**THE ROMANS ARE SHOWERING US WITH ROCKS AGAIN. NO... IT'S A MAN! HE'S LANDED IN THAT SCRUB!**



**THE ROMANS MUST BE GETTING AS DESPERATE AS WE!**

**DESPERATE OR NO, WE MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO LIVE!**

**BUT THE NUBIAN MOVED FAST...**

**I'M UNHURT AND INTEND TO STAY THAT WAY A LITTLE LONGER!**

**MEN-ATTACK, ATTACK!**

**KILL HIM! THEN COVER THE SLOPES!**



**BELOW, THE REST OF THE NUBIAN'S MEN WERE ALREADY CLIMBING THE MISTY SLOPES, LED BY HIS LOYAL EX-GLADIATOR SERGEANTS-**

**STRONUS AND BATUS-**

**COME ON, YOU FREAKS AND FILTH!**

**BARABBA, MOVE! GET UP THERE AND HELP BLACK HAWK!**



ABOVE, THE  
NUBIAN KEPT  
FIGHTING...

CAN'T LAST MUCH  
LONGER, ALONE!

NOW  
WE HAVE  
YOU!

NO, LOOK!  
HIS **COMRADES**  
ARE AMONG US  
THEY HAVE  
**WON!**

YOU ARE **OUT-  
NUMBERED!**  
LAY DOWN YOUR  
ARMS!

AYE, YOU BEAT US — BUT COME  
AND SEE **WHAT** YOU HAVE  
TRIUMPHED OVER,  
ROMANS!

THE JUDEAN  
REBELS REALISED  
ALL HOPE WAS LOST...

THE REBEL LEADER SMILED GRIMLY AS HE  
LED THEM TO ANOTHER PART OF THE  
PLATEAU...

BY THE GODS... THESE  
BRAVE MEN, THEY WERE  
ON THEIR LAST LEGS ANY-  
WAY — AND THE ROMANS  
BELOW **DID NOT**  
**KNOW IT?**

ONLY WE ARE LEFT. THE OTHERS OF  
OUR BAND **DIED** DAYS AGO OF STARVATION  
AND EXHAUSTION! THERE ARE ONLY A **FEW**  
**DOZEN** OF US LEFT FOR YOU TO **CROW** OVER IN ROME!

BUT WHEN THEY  
**FIND OUT** THERE  
WILL BE  
**BUTCHERY!**

BELOW, NEWS OF BLACK HAWK'S  
VICTORY WAS PASSED TO THE REGULAR  
ROMAN SOLDIERS...

**WHAT?**  
THOSE SCUM **DID IT?** THEY  
STORMED THE HILL AND  
**BEAT** THE REBELS?

LET'S  
MAKE THOSE  
JUDEANS **PAY**  
FOR KEEPING  
US AT BAY ALL  
THIS TIME!

BUT, ON ARRIVING AT THE  
PLATEAU, AN APPALLING  
SIGHT GREETED THE ROMANS...

SO, THE SCUM CHOSE **DEATH**  
RATHER THAN FACE THE **VEN-  
GEANCE** OF  
ROME, EH?

THE GENERAL TURNED TO A STRANGELY  
SILENT BLACK HAWK...

YOU HAVE  
DONE WELL, NUBIAN, YOU HAVE  
MY PERMISSION TO LEAD  
YOUR MEN BACK TO  
ROME.

AYE, SIR.  
**HAIL**  
**ROME!**



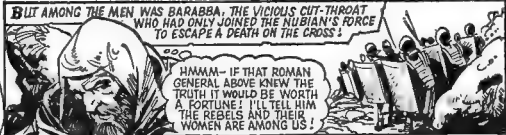
**BLACK HAWK'S MEN LEFT THE PLATEAU...**

KEEP THAT BABY QUIET, WOMAN... ALL OF YOU, KEEP SILENT! IF THE ROMANS FIND OUT WE'VE HIDDEN YOU REBEL SURVIVORS AMONG OUR RANKS, WE'RE FINISHED!



**BUT AMONG THE MEN WAS BARABBA, THE VICIOUS CUT-THROAT WHO HAD ONLY JOINED THE NUBIAN'S FORCE TO ESCAPE A DEATH ON THE CROSS!**

HMM... IF THAT ROMAN GENERAL ABOVE KNEW THE TRUTH IT WOULD BE WORTH A FORTUNE! I'LL TELL HIM THE REBELS AND THEIR WOMEN ARE AMONG US!



LOOK, SIR! BARABBA— HE'S BROKEN RANKS! HE'S CLIMBING UP TO THE ROMANS!

HE'S GOING TO TELL THE GENERAL THE TRUTH—BLAST HIM! I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN STOP HIM!



**SUDDENLY...**

**SKREEE!**

NO! THAT HELL-SPAWNED BIRD! NO, NO! AIEEEE! I'M FALLING!



OUR CLOAKS WILL CATCH HIM, THOUGH HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

HE'S FAINTED WITH FRIGHT, SIR!



**THE COLUMN MARCHED UNTIL THEY WERE MANY MILES FROM HAZDA AND THE ROMAN LINES...**

THERE IS WHERE YOU CAN LEAVE US FOR THE WILDERNESS. YOU MUST TAKE YOUR CHANCES THERE AND START A NEW LIFE! MAY THE GODS BE WITH YOU!

THANK YOU, DARK ONE... YOU SAVED US FROM THE SWORD. YET YOU FIGHT FOR ROME!



AYE, FOR US ROME IS STILL THE WORLD, AND WE CANNOT RUN FROM IT LIKE YOU. THIS WORLD IS NOT ALL BAD AND PERHAPS MEN LIKE I CAN START TO CHANGE IT... FROM WITHIN. OR MAYBE EVEN I HAVE BEEN IN THE SUN TOO LONG!



# BLACK HAWK

BY G.F. DAY & AZPURI

LAND HO!

**BRITAIN!**  
NORTHERNMOST  
AND COLDEST COLONY OF  
THE ROMAN EMPIRE!  
WE'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO DO  
ANOTHER DIRTY JOB... TAKE  
ON THE STRANGE GROUP OF  
PEOPLE CALLED  
**THE DRUIDS!**

**THE FIRST  
CENTURY A.D.**  
**ROME** IS RULER OF  
THE KNOWN WORLD.  
FORCED TO FIGHT FOR ROME  
IS A BAND OF AUXILIARY  
SOLDIERS LED BY A BIG,  
NUBIAN EX-SLAVE CALLED  
— AFTER THE DESERT  
BIRD THAT ALWAYS FOLLOWS  
HIM—  
**BLACK HAWK!**

BLACK HAWK'S MIND SPED BACK SEVERAL WEEKS  
TO WHEN HE WAS SENT FOR BY THE SENATE...

YOU DID **GOOD WORK**  
IN THE JUDEAN DESERT,  
CENTURION. NOW YOU  
ARE NEEDED IN **BRITAIN**.  
THE ARMY GARRISON  
THERE PLAN A MAJOR  
OFFENCE ON THE  
DRUID CULT...

YOU  
WILL ASSIST  
THEM!

AS THE NUBIAN LEFT THE SENATE HE SAW A  
CLUSTER OF ROMAN ARMY OFFICERS WATCHING  
WITH KNOWING GRINS...

IT'S **CRASSUS** AND HIS  
CRONIES. AS SURE AS A ROMAN  
ROAD RUNS STRAIGHT, **HE'S**  
BEHIND THIS MISSION—AND  
HOPES IT'LL SEE **MY DEATH!**

CRASSUS HAD KNOWN THE NUBIAN AS A  
COMMON SLAVE. SAVING A HIGH ROMAN  
LIFE, BLACK HAWK HAD BEEN PARDONED  
AND GIVEN AN OFFICER'S RANK. FOR THIS,  
CRASSUS HAD NEVER FORGIVEN HIM.

BLACK HAWK'S THOUGHTS WERE BROUGHT BACK TO THE PRESENT—

THE ESTUARY OF THE **RIVER THAMES**, AND UP AHEAD, THE MAIN GARRISON AT **LONDINIUM**! IT'S **VERY** DIFFERENT TO **ROME**!

AYE, AND THE CLIMATE IS AS **POOR** AS THE JOB WE HAVE TO DO!

ON BOARD, BARABBA'S MOOD MATCHED THE WEATHER...

LIGH—WHAT A CROSSING!

IT'S SO **COLD**—EVEN MY SKIN IS FROZEN!

YOU UGLY RABBLE! STRAIGHTEN UP! WE WANT THOSE **BRITISH** TO THINK YOU ARE **SOLDIERS**!

SOON, THE GALLEY HAD DOCKED—

LOOK—LOOK AT HIS SKIN! **BLACK** AS MIDNIGHT!

YOU ARE THE **SPECIAL TROOPS** SENT FROM **ROME**? THIS WAY TO THE GOVERNOR'S **VILLA**, PLEASE!

HMM... NONE OF THESE **BRITISH** HAVE **SEEN** A **BLACK MAN** BEFORE! SOON **ALL LONDON** WILL KNOW WE ARE **HERE**!

THE CENTURION LED THE WAY THROUGH THE CITY STREETS...

HA—DON'T WORRY ABOUT THESE **BRITONS**. IT'S BEEN LESS THAN A **HUNDRED YEARS** SINCE **JULIUS CAESAR** LANDED AND WE'VE MADE PROPER **LITTLE ROMANS** OF THEM!

HMM—BUT I NOTICE THAT I AM FORCED TO **WALK** BEHIND YOUR CHARIOT, **ROMAN**!

THE **NUBIAN** WAS TAKEN TO THE **VILLA** OF THE GOVERNOR...

MY ORDERS FROM **ROME** ARE TO USE YOUR MEN IN THE COMING CAMPAIGN IN ANY WAY I SEE FIT...

YOUR **WEAPONS**, PLEASE, **BLACK HAWK**!

FOR CENTURIES THIS SO-CALLED **DRUID CULT** HAD THE **BRITISH** IN THEIR CLUTCHES. BUT NOW THE **ROMAN ARMY** HAS **DRIVEN** THEM AWAY FURTHER AND FURTHER NORTH.

EVEN THOUGH I AM A **ROMAN OFFICER** THEY DO NOT **TRUST** ME! THEY THINK I WILL **HARM** THE GOVERNOR GIVEN THE **CHANCE**!

THE GOVERNOR POINTED TO A MAP...

HERE IS THE ISLAND OF **MOMIA**. IN THE NORTHWEST THE **DRUIDS** THRIVE WITH THEIR **BLACK MAGIC** AND **HUMAN SACRIFICES**. WE WILL ATTACK THAT ISLAND BY **SEA ASSAULT**!

THE LEGIONS HAVE ALWAYS **HATED** **BEACH LANDINGS**, SIR!

THEY WILL DO THEIR PART—DON'T WORRY, **BLACK HAWK**!

THE GOVERNOR CALLED FOR **FOOD**...

WE'LL CURE THE **NORTH BRITONS** OF THEIR **DRUID BELIEFS** JUST AS WE HAVE THESE **HOUSE SLAVES**. NOW, LEAVE ME WHILE I EAT—

NO INVITATION FOR **ME** TO EAT, AS USUAL—HOLD, MY **HAWK** HAS ENTERED!







THE GOVERNOR  
TURNED TO  
BLACK HAWK...

DRUID FANATICS  
FIND THEM—TURN  
THE WHOLE  
GARRISON OUT  
IF NEED  
BE!

HERE TRIED TO KILL ME!  
THEY'LL NEVER FIND  
ONE MAN IN A CITY THE  
SIZE OF LONDINIUM—



BUT I KNOW  
WHO CAN...

...MY  
HAWK!

TRUE TO BLACK HAWK'S WORD,  
THE BIRD'S UNCANNY SENSES LED  
IT STRAIGHT TO THE FUGITIVE...

... HIDDEN BENEATH A SMALL  
ROMAN BRIDGE, BLACK HAWK AND  
HIS MEN WERE CLOSE BEHIND...

HEAR ME, PRIESTS... HE  
IS COMING! A BLACK MAN AND HIS  
BIRD, THEY ARE COMING TO YOU  
PRIESTS. BE READY!



A SECRET SHRINE!  
A SECRET DRUID  
SHRINE! RIGHT  
UNDER THE BRIDGE!



THE FANATIC  
TURNED...

HEAR ME,  
PRIESTS! I OFFER  
MY UNWORTHY  
SELF TO YOU!

HE'S GOING TO  
SACRIFICE HIMSELF  
TO THE DRUIDS!



WITH THE DEATH  
OF THE FANATIC,  
THE ALTAR FIRE  
FLARED  
STRANGELY—

AIEEE!  
THAT PLUME OF  
SMOKE—IT'S SHAPED  
LIKE A DEMON'S  
FACE!

WHAT MADNESS  
IS THIS WE HAVE  
BECOME INVOLVED IN?



WHY ARE YOUR FEATHERS SO  
RUFFLED, MISTRESS? IS IT THE  
DAMP BRITISH MIST... OR THE  
FEAR OF BLACK MAGIC? AND  
THE DRUID PRIESTS... DO THEY  
KNOW WE'RE HERE?

WILL THIS CULT  
PROVE TO BE THE  
MOST DANGEROUS  
ENEMY WE HAVE  
EVER FACED?

Next week—  
THE POWER  
OF THE DRUIDS!



# BLACK HAWK

BY G.F. DAY & AZPURI



**THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.**  
THOUGH ROME IS RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD SOME OF ITS TERRITORIES ARE ONLY HALF-TAMED, LIKE **BRITAIN!** MARCHING ALONG A MILITARY ROAD TO THE NORTH IS THE FORCE OF **AUXILIARY SOLDIERS** LED BY THE NUBIAN EX-SLAVE CALLED, **BLACK HAWK!**

KEEP IN STEP,  
YOU SLAVE  
SCUM!

THESE BRITISH MISTS  
MARCH WITH US... THIS IS  
THE **COLDEST STRANGEST**  
COUNTRY WE'VE EVER BEEN  
SENT TO! CAN THIS DRUID  
CULT BE THE MOST DANGEROUS  
ENEMY WE HAVE YET MET?

THEIR MISSION IS  
TO HELP DEFEAT THE MYSTIC  
CULT CALLED THE **DRUIDS**.  
THEY HAVE ALREADY EN-  
COUNTERED SOME OF THE  
CULT'S STRANGE POWER!

FROM THE CRIMINALS AND OUTCASTS OF ROME BLACK HAWK'S MEN WERE TAKEN. THE MOST EVIL AND DEVIOUS AMONGST THEM WAS BARABBA, WHOSE HATRED OF BLACK HAWK GREW STRONGER EACH DAY.

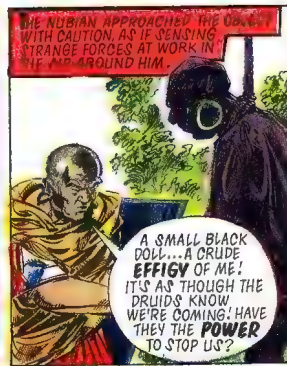


LONDINIUM  
200 MILES  
←

QUIET THERE  
YOU WORTHLESS  
SNAKE!



HO! WHAT IS THAT  
AHEAD, HANGING  
FROM THAT  
TREE?

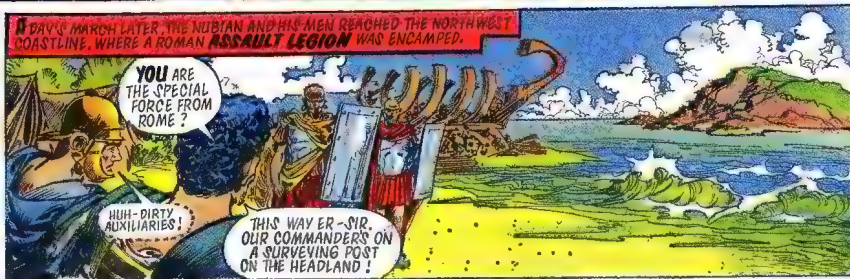


THE NUBIAN APPROACHED THE DRUIDS WITH CAUTION, AS IF SENSING STRANGE FORCES AT WORK IN THE AIR AROUND HIM.

A SMALL BLACK  
POLL... A CRUDE  
EFFIGY OF ME!  
IT'S AS THOUGH THE  
DRUIDS KNOW  
WE'RE COMING! HAVE  
THEY THE **POWER**  
TO STOP US?



NO! WE'LL BREAK THEIR POWER  
JUST AS I BREAK THE POLL! ONWARD,  
MEN, FOLLOW THE ROAD TO THE  
LEGION CAMPS ON THE COASTLINE!



YOU ARE  
THE SPECIAL  
FORCE FROM  
ROME?

HUH-DIRTY  
AUXILIARIES!

THIS WAY ER - SIR,  
OUR COMMANDER'S ON  
A SURVEYING POST  
ON THE HEADLAND!

8 DAY'S MARCH LATER, THE NUBIAN AND HIS MEN REACHED THE NORTHWEST COASTLINE, WHERE A ROMAN **ASSAULT LEGION** WAS ENCAMPED.

ON THE HEADLAND THE ROMAN GENERAL SURVEYED THE ISLE OF MONA IN THE DISTANCE.

HAIL, NUBIAN. YOU HAVE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME. THE MIST CLEARS FROM THE DRUIDS' LAIR ACROSS THE WATER. YOU CAN SEE THEIR SACRED GROVES AND HEAR THEIR CHANTING.

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN, SIR?

TAKE A LOOK. THOSE BEARDED ONES BY THE STONES ARE DRUID PRIESTS - AND THOSE BOUND WRETCHES ARE HUMAN SACRIFICES TO THEIR GODS. 'TIS A BARBARIC CULT.

DISTANT SCREAMS ECHOED ACROSS THE NARROW STRAITS... AS THE SACRIFICES WERE MADE.

ALONG THE MAINLAND BEACH ROMAN LEGIONAIRES LOOKED ON...

WHAT I'D GIVE TO BE ANYWHERE ELSE THAN HERE. GAUJUS - I'D TAKE GARRISON DUTIES IN GAUL, OR EVEN GERMANY!

WHAT AILS YOU, HAWK? YOU HAVE BEEN RESTLESS SINCE WE SET FOOT IN BRITAIN.

AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO CROSS TO THAT THIRCE-CURSED ISLAND - JUST THINKING ABOUT IT MAKES ME SHUDDER!

SEE, NUBIAN - SEE HOW THE DRUIDS AFFECT MY MEN. WE'VE GOT TO INVADE THAT ISLAND AND STAMP OUT THOSE DEVILS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS. YOU ARE HERE TO FIND A SUITABLE, UNGUARDED LANDING BEACH.

AS USUAL, THE DIRTY JOBS FOR US.

THE GENERAL TOOK BLACK HAWK ONTO THE BEACH.

I LEAVE YOU TO ORGANISE YOUR PLAN. YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PICK OF ANY OF THE COMPLETED ASSAULT CRAFT.

I'LL TAKE ONE OF THOSE SMALL BRITISH CRAFT AND JUST A FEW MEN.



BLACK HAWK RETURNED TO HIS MEN.

STRONUS AND ME, SIR.

NOW, I WANT  
TWO MEN  
WITH ME!

NO, BATUS.  
I NEED YOU BOTH  
TO KEEP WATCH ON  
THE OTHERS.

STRAWS  
WILL BE DRAWN  
TO DECIDE WHO WILL  
COME WITH ME.

THE MEN DREW STRAWS--AND TO  
BARABBA'S RELIEF...

A LONG ONE! PRAISE ROME.  
I DON'T NEED TO GO WITH HIM!  
HAW, HAW--NOT EVEN THE  
BIRD CAN CHANGE THAT!

AYE--MY BIRD IS  
STILL BROODING. CAN I  
EXPECT NO GUIDANCE FROM  
HER HERE?

THEN WHO HAS THE SHORT  
STRAWS?

LEPUS AND LONA,  
SIR. WE ARE WITH YOU.

WE CAN'T SWIM  
THOUGH, SIR--HARDLY EVER  
SET FOOT OUTSIDE THE QUARRIES  
OF ROME--BUT WE'LL COME.

THAT NIGHT, AS BLACK HAWK PREPARED  
TO CROSS THE NARROW STRAIT...

MAY MARS BE WITH YOU, NUBIAN.  
IT SEEMS ALL THEIR BEACHES ARE TORCHLIT  
LIKE OURS. TRY AND FIND AN UNGUARDED  
BEACH FOR US.

AYE, CAST OFF,  
MEN, AND PADDLE  
SILENTLY.

AYE, SIR.

THAT'S IT, MEN,  
PADDLE ROUND THEIR  
COASTLINE AND IGNORE  
THAT INFERNAL  
CHANTING!

IT SOUNDS  
AS THOUGH THEY'RE  
PRAYING...

BUT WHAT  
FOR?

SUDDENLY...

"WHAT THE--THE  
WATERS!"

IT'S LIKE  
THEY'VE COME  
ALIVE, SIR!

IT'S THOSE  
DRUIDS--THEY'VE  
GOT POWER OVER  
THE SEA!

THE PREVIOUSLY CALM WATERS WERE WHIPPED INTO A MAELSTROM, RAPIDLY SWAMPING THE SMALL CRAFT AND ITS OCCUPANTS.

WE'RE  
OVERTURNING!

HELP US, SIR.  
WE CAN'T  
SWIM!

BY THE  
NILE!

BLACK HAWK STRUGGLED TO  
REACH HIS TWO MEN.

I'VE GOT YOU BOTH—  
DON'T PANIC!

CURRENTS SO STRONG,  
CAN HARDLY SEE THE SHORE—  
YET GOT TO SWIM BACK TO THE  
MAINLAND! IS IT TRUE—DO THESE  
DRUIDS HAVE POWER OVER  
NATURE?

THEN...

HAWK!  
YOU'VE COME TO HELP!  
YOU'RE BRAVING THE  
POWER OF THOSE  
DRUIDS!

SHE IS  
LEADING  
US TO THE  
SAFETY OF  
OUR SHORE!  
CAN JUST  
SEE THE  
TORCHES  
OF OUR  
CAMP  
THROUGH  
THE  
DARKNESS

BUT A GRIM SURPRISE  
AWAITED THEM...

THE BEACH...WE MADE IT.  
WE'RE BACK ON THE  
MAINLAND...

SIR! SIR!  
LOOK...

FROM THE ROCKS CAME **NOT ROMANS**, BUT A SCREAMING,  
CHANTING, HORDE OF **DRUIDS** AND THEIR FOLLOWERS!

THE BLACK MAN IS HERE, AS WAS  
ORDAINED! TAKE THEM TO THE SACRED  
GROVES... WE SACRIFICE THREE  
MORE THIS NIGHT!

MY HAWK  
LED ME HERE!  
DID SHE MAKE  
A MISTAKE OR  
DO THESE DEMONS  
NOW CONTROL  
HER? HAS SHE  
BROUGHT US TO  
OUR DOOM?

**NEXT WEEK: SACRIFICE!**

# BLACK HAWK

BY G.F. DAY & AZPIRI



THE FIRST CENTURY A.D., A ROMAN ARMY, ALONG WITH AN AUXILIARY FORCE LED BY BLACK HAWK, FACE THE FEARSOME CULT OF THE DRUIDS. ATTEMPTING TO REACH THE DRUID'S ISLAND, BLACK HAWK HAS BEEN CAPTURED.

THE BIRD WAS FROM THE SAME DESERT'S AS BLACK HAWK, AND THE NUBIAN EX-SLAVE BELIEVED IT HAD MAGICAL POWERS.

BLACK HAWK'S TWO COMPANIONS WERE OUTCASTS WHOM HE'D TRAINED TO BE AUXILIARY SOLDIERS...



BUT ON THE MAINLAND THE ROMANS HEARD THE SCREAMS... AND BARABBA, ONE OF BLACK HAWK'S MEN WHO HATED THE NUBIAN, WAS PLEASED.

LISTEN! THE DRUIDS HAVE THEM! NOW THEY'LL BE SACRIFICED!



NBODDY CAN BEAT THE DRUIDS' POWER! I'M NOT SETTING A SANDAL ON THAT HELL-HOLE OF AN ISLAND!



BUT STRONUS AND BATUS, THE NUBIAN'S TWO LOYAL EX-GLADIATOR SERGEANTS, WERE ANGERED BY THE ORDER...



ACT NOW! TAKE THOSE LEGION HORSES!



THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES TURNED IN SHOCK...



YOU, TOO, BARABBA!  
YOU WOULDN'T WANT  
TO MISS THIS!

AIEE!



MEANWHILE...



THE SOIL NEEDS BLOOD!

THIS IS IT—NO MAGIC CAN HELP ME NOW!

NO!

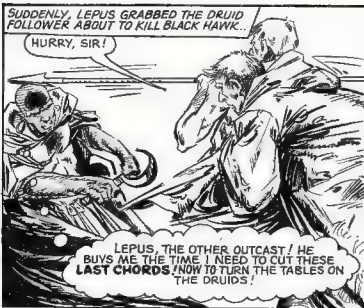


THEN...



BLACK HAWK YELLED TO THE BIRD HOVERING UNCERTAINLY ABOVE...





COME, MEN... WE'LL LEAVE THE SCORCHED-EARTH TACTICS TO THE LEGIONS! THE BATTLE'S OVER!

HEAR, HEAR ME, BLACK MAN!

A DYING DRUID PRIEST!

HEAR THIS, BLACK MAN... THE KILLING HAS ONLY JUST **BEGUN!** SOON IT WILL... IT WILL BE YOUR TURN TO BE TRAPPED WITH WATER ALL AROUND YOU! **YOU ROMANS WILL PAY FOR THIS DAY AGAINST THE DRUIDS!**

HE'S DEAD! WERE THOSE JUST MAD LAST RAMBLINGS?

LOOK, SIR--ARMY MESSENGER! LOOKS LIKE HE'S RIDDEN A LONG WAY!

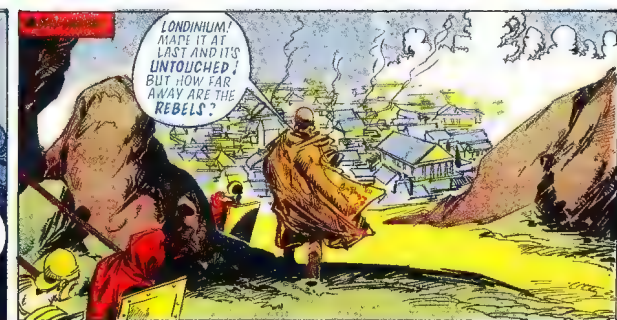
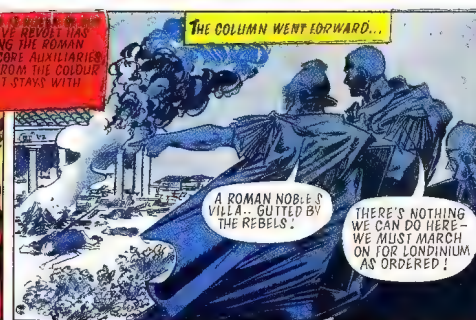
GENERAL PAULINIUS! URGENT DESPATCH FROM LONDON!

SO, A MASSIVE **REVOLT** AGAINST ROME IS BREAKING OUT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY... AND THE KILLING HAS ONLY JUST **BEGUN**, THE DRUID SAID! WHEN IT'S ENDED, **HOW MANY OF US WILL YOU SEE LEFT MARCHING OUT OF BRITAIN, MY BIRD?**

BY MARS... A STATE OF **EMERGENCY!** THE WHOLE OF SOUTHERN BRITAIN HAS **RISEN** AGAINST US UNDER A WARRIOR QUEEN CALLED **BOADICEA!** ROMAN TROOPS MUST MOVE SOUTH FOR LONDON **AT ONCE!**

NEXT WEEK: LONDON... A CITY UNDER SIEGE!











THE NUBIAN MOVED  
FAST USING A ROMAN  
WRESTLING THROW...

HAA- WHAT'S  
IN THIS BAG,  
EH?

AIEE!

AT THAT SECOND THE HAWK  
PECKED THROUGH THE BAG...

THAT'S IT, HAWK-  
NOW FLY,  
WHILE I MAKE FOR  
THE STREETS!

AIEEE-  
A BIRD!

NO!  
TOO LATE-  
MORE SCOUTS  
HERE IN LONDON!

LOOK  
ROMAN!  
DIE BY THE  
ARROW!

SUDDENLY...

THE ARROW  
IT IS, YOU  
REBELS!

STRONUS, BATIS  
AND MY MEN!

AYE, SIR- WE COULDN'T  
LEAVE YOU ALONE IN LONDON  
AND THE COLUMN'S SAFE  
ENOUGH AHEAD. WE ALL CAME  
BACK FOR YOU- BARABBA  
TOO, BLESS HIS SANDALS!

LISTEN,  
LISTEN!  
HOOFBEATS  
AND WHEELS!

THE REBEL ARMY  
MARCHING INTO  
THE CITY!

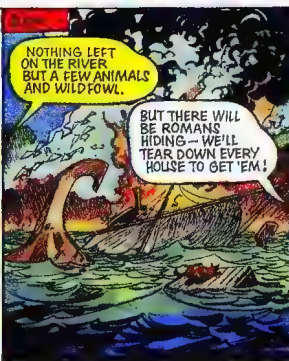
THEY HAVE CHARIOTS  
FITTED WITH SCYTHES!  
WE'RE TRAPPED!

AYE, TOO LATE! THE GOVERNORS  
GOT US BUYING TIME FOR HIM-  
IN THIS GHOST TOWN. BUT  
SOMEHOW I'M GOING TO GET US  
OUT AGAIN ALIVE!

Next Week: THE BATTLE!



# BLACK HAWK



THE NUBIAN LOOKED TOWARDS A NEARBY ROMAN ARCHWAY.

NO- WE WILL MOVE FIRST!

STRONUS AND BATUS- FIND SOME HEAVY CHAINS FAST! I HAVE A PLAN TO FREE US OF THESE SAVAGES!



MINUTES LATER.

ALL SET, SIR!

GET THE MEN FORMED UP WHILE I GO TO MEET THE REBELS!

THE REBELS? OUR LEADER HAS MORE GUTS THAN I!



SOON.



HE WEARS THE CARG OF A CENTURION! WE MUST DESTROY HIM!

AYE- BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO CATCH ME!



BLACK HAWK LED THE REBELS A MERRY DANCE.

THAT'S RIGHT, FOLLOW ME RIGHT THROUGH THIS ARCH!

YAH! AFTER HIM! KILL HIM! DEATH TO ALL ROMANS!



AND WAITING ON  
THE OTHER SIDE...



HERE THEY COME!  
NOW PULL-PUT YOUR  
BACKS INTO IT!



PULL! PULL, YOU SCARECROWS!  
YOUR VERY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!



STOP! STOP!  
IT'S A TRAP!

CURSE THAT  
ROMAN! WE  
ARE DOOMED!



THE STRENGTH OF  
BLACK HAWK'S MEN  
REAPED A TERRIBLE  
HARVEST!

YOU WANTED TO SEE  
ROMAN LONDON FALL,  
BRITONS-NOW YOU  
HAVE IT!

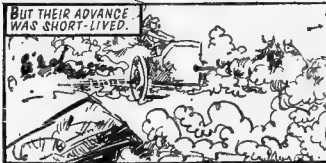


FORWARD, MEN!  
WE MUST BREAK  
THROUGH BEFORE  
THEY SEAL OFF  
THE STREETS AGAIN!



TO YOUR  
LEADER,  
SCUM!  
WE FIGHT!

BUT THEIR ADVANCE  
WAS SHORT-LIVED.



I KNEW IT,  
WE'RE GOING  
TO DIE IN THE  
BUTTERS!

SHUT UP  
AND FALL  
BACK!

TELL! SCYTHE CHARIOTS! HALT!  
WE CANNOT BREAK OUT!  
BACK INTO THE CITY AND REGROUP!





LATER IN THE CITY.

A BARRICADE. HOW MANY OF US LEFT, BATUS?

VERY FEW, SIR. BUT WAIT... WE SHOULD HAVE MORE MEN THAN ARE HERE?

BARABBA AND POCUS OUR PRIZE CRIMINALS - WHERE ARE THEY?

MY HAWK IS HOVERING OVER THAT SUNKEN BATH. I THINK SHE KNOWS SOMETHING!

BLACK HAWK CROSSED TO THE BATH.

SEEMS MY HAWK HAS SPOTTED A COUPLE OF DROWNED RATS! YOU WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO HIDE FROM US - OR MAYBE EVEN DESERT?

DESERT? N-N-NO, SIR. J-JUST CLEANING OURSELVES UP FOR THE FINAL BATTLE. WEREN'T WE, POCUS?

LATER, ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER THAMES.

THOSE TWO IDIOTS HAVE GIVEN ME AN IDEA, STRONUS. WATER... THE RIVER MAY BE OUR WAY OUT!

BUT, SIR, REMEMBER WHAT THE REBELS DID TO THOSE BOAT-PEOPLE. THEY'LL BUTCHER ANY ONE THEY SEE ON THE WATER. ONLY THOSE WATER-FOWL REMAIN UNTOUCHED BY THEM!

AHE... FLOCKS OF WATERFOWL... AND I'VE A BIRD WHO CAN MASTER THEM ALL! MY HAWK WILL HELP US TO ESCAPE THIS HELLISH PLACE!

NEXT WEEK:  
THE WAY OUT!

# BLACK HAWK

THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. ROME IS RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD, BUT IN BRITAIN A BLOODY REVOLT RAGES AGAINST THAT RULE. THE REBEL HORDES HAVE REACHED LONDINIUM, KNOWING THAT TRAPPED IN ITS CENTRE IS THE UNIT OF ROMAN AUXILIARY SOLDIERS LED BY A NUBIAN CENTURION CALLED **BLACK HAWK**.

**FIND THE ROMANS AND THEIR BLACK LEADER! MAKE SURE THERE'S NO ESCAPE FOR THEM!**

THAT BRITON SPEAKS TRUE, EVERY STREET IS SEALED OFF BY SCREAMING REBELS! BUT MAYBE THERE'S ONE WAY OUT OF THIS ACCURSED PLACE... **BY WATER!** AND HERE **MY HAWK** CAN AID US!

**MOMENTS LATER...**

THOSE **WATERFOWL**... THEY ARE COWERING TOGETHER, NOT DARING TO **FLY** IN THE PRESENCE OF MY **KILLER-BIRD**. AS I HOPE... THEY WILL ACT AS A **CURTAIN** FOR US TO SWIM UNDER!

**UNDER, SIR?**  
YOU MEAN WE SWIM ALONG THE RIVER **UNDERWATER?**

**AYE— UNDERWATER.**  
I'D SAY THE DISTANCE TO THAT BEND IS ABOUT HALF A ROMAN-MILE!

A **LONG SWIM, SIR— AND NONE OF US HAVE SWUM THAT LENGTH! HOW DO WE KNOW IT'S POSSIBLE?**

THE NUBIAN YELLED TO STRONUS AND BATIS, HIS TWO EX-GLADIATOR TERGLANTS...

**WE PROVE IT NOW** IN THESE ROMAN BATHS! FILL YOUR LUNGS WITH AIR AND... **DIVE!**

BY G.F. DAY & AZPIRI

**GO, MISTRESS— CIRCLE ONCE OVER THE RIVER... OVER THOSE OTHER BIRDS! QUICKLY!**

OTHERS FROM BLACK HAWK'S LEGION OF  
OUTCASTS AND CRIMINALS LOOKED ON...

**TWO MINUTES!**  
THEY'VE BEEN UNDER  
FOR TWO MINUTES  
NOW!

THEY'VE **DROWNED**  
THEMSELVES! THEY  
CAN'T HAVE SURVIVED!

**SUDDENLY...**

**THREE MINUTES!**  
WE'VE SHOWN IT CAN  
BE DONE!

BUT, SIR, THERE'S  
**NO TIME** FOR US TO  
TRAIN... **LOOK!**



BUT, CENTURION - WHAT IF  
ONE OF US **CAN'T** HOLD  
HIS BREATH AS LONG  
AS YOU DID?

THEN HE'LL  
BE GIVEN A NICE  
NEW PAIR OF  
**GILLS** BY HIS  
SERGEANT!

NOW, ALL OF YOU - **UNDER!**  
HEAD FOR THOSE  
**WILDFOWL!**

DO NOT FEAR,  
MISTRESS.  
WE WILL BE ALL  
RIGHT AS LONG AS  
YOU DON'T LOSE  
SIGHT OF US.  
NOW GO, DO  
**YOUR JOB!**





MY HAWK WILL KEEP THOSE BIRDS HERDED TOGETHER ON THE SURFACE. I JUST PRAY THEY WILL **SCREEN** US FROM THE REBELS ON THE BRIDGES AHEAD!



NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS KEEP THOSE BIRDS **ABOVE** US — AND HOPE OUR LUNGS **DON'T BURST!**



MEANWHILE, ABOVE...

HA! THERE GOES THE **LAST** OF THE ROMAN WINE!

WE WILL SOON BE **SPILLING** ROMAN BLOOD JUST AS FREELY! HAW!



THEN, MOMENTS LATER...

**BARABBA** — HE'S **RUN OUT OF AIR** AND PANICKING FOR THE SURFACE! IF THE REBELS **SPOT HIM** WE'RE **ALL DEAD!**



STRONUS HAS **GOT HIM** — KEEPING HIM UNDER. LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO **SACRIFICE** BARABBA FOR THE GOOD OF THE OTHERS, UNLESS...

THAT **EMPTY WINESKIN** I SAW ON THE SURFACE... IT'LL HAVE SOME **AIR** STILL TRAPPED IN IT!

BLACK HAWK PULLED  
THE WINKSKIN BELOW  
THE WATER, AND ...

HOLD STILL, MAN!  
CEASE YOUR STRUGGLING  
AND BREATHE THE AIR IN  
THIS WINKSKIN. WE'VE  
ONLY YARDS TO GO AND  
I'M NOT LETTING YOU  
SPOIL THINGS NOW!

ON THE NEARBY BANK ...

HAI! OUR BROTHERS HAVE  
REACHED THE CITY CENTRE.  
THEY MUST HAVE CORNERED  
THE LAST ROMANS!

HUH! WISH I  
COULD HAVE GOT  
MY HANDS ON  
A ROMAN!

KEEP GOING, MEN ...  
JUST A BIT FURTHER!

BACK AT  
THE ROMAN  
BATHS ...

THE ROMAN  
LACKEYS AND  
THEIR BLACK  
LEADER HAVE  
GONE! BUT  
WHERE?

THERE'S NOT  
EVEN A SIGN  
OF THEIR  
ACCUSED HAWK!

HAWK? BUT THERE WAS A HAWK  
FLYING OVER THE WATERFOWL ON  
THE RIVER!

BUT  
THEY'VE  
VANISHED  
ALSO!

MEANWHILE, UP RIVER ...

WHOW! WHAT A SWIM!  
WE MAY BE TOTALLY EXHAUSTED,  
BUT WE'VE ESCAPED LONDINIUM  
WITH OUR LIVES AND LIVE TO  
FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.

AYE, STRONUS, THAT WE DO.  
NOW WE MUST CONTACT THE  
REMAINS OF THE ROMAN ARMIES  
IN BRITAIN. EVERY SOLDIER,  
AUXILIARY OR LEGIONARY, MUST  
COME TOGETHER AND FACE THE  
REBELS. WE ARE TO MAKE  
ONE LAST STAND - FOR  
THE GLORY OF ROME!

I'M ALIVE...  
I'M ALIVE...

next week: CHARIOTS OF DEATH!

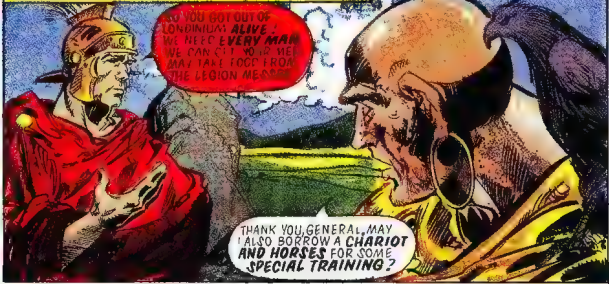


**THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.** WHEN THE ROMAN EMPIRE RULED THE KNOWN WORLD, IN THE WEST, THE ROMANS MET THE MAJESTIC REBELS OF THE EAST. AND THE ROMAN ARMY KNEW THEY MUST MAKE A **LAST STAND** TO SAVE THE ROMAN YOUTH AMONG THE SCATTERED UNITS JOINING FOR THE BATTLE AND THE WORLD'S FUTURE.



SO THESE ARE THE LEGIONS WE ARE TO JOIN FOR THE FINAL ONSLAUGHT AGAINST THE REBELS. IF ONLY THEY **KNEW** WHAT THEY WERE UP AGAINST. WE HAVE MET THE SAVAGES AND BARELY ESCAPED WITH OUR LIVES! AND THEY WILL BE HERE BEFORE LONG.

**THE NUBIAN REPORTED TO THE COMMANDING GENERAL.**



SO YOU GOT OUT OF LONDON ALIVE. WE NEED **EVERY MAN** WE CAN GET. YOU'VE MET MAY TAKE FOOD FROM THE LEGION MESS.

THANK YOU GENERAL, MAY ALSO BORROW A CHARIOT AND HORSES FOR SOME SPECIAL TRAINING?

**THE NUBIAN REPORTED TO THE COMMANDING GENERAL.**



HUH! WE'RE **SHUNTED** TO THE CORNER OF THE CAMP AND THEN LEGION COOKS BEGRUDGE US EVERY **MORSEL** THEY DISH OUT!

AVE, THE LEGIONS LOOK **DOWN** ON AUXILIARIES IS A FACT OF LIFE—BUT WE'VE MADE THEM SIT UP BEFORE WITH OUR **SPECIAL COMBAT TACTICS!**

# BLACK HAWK

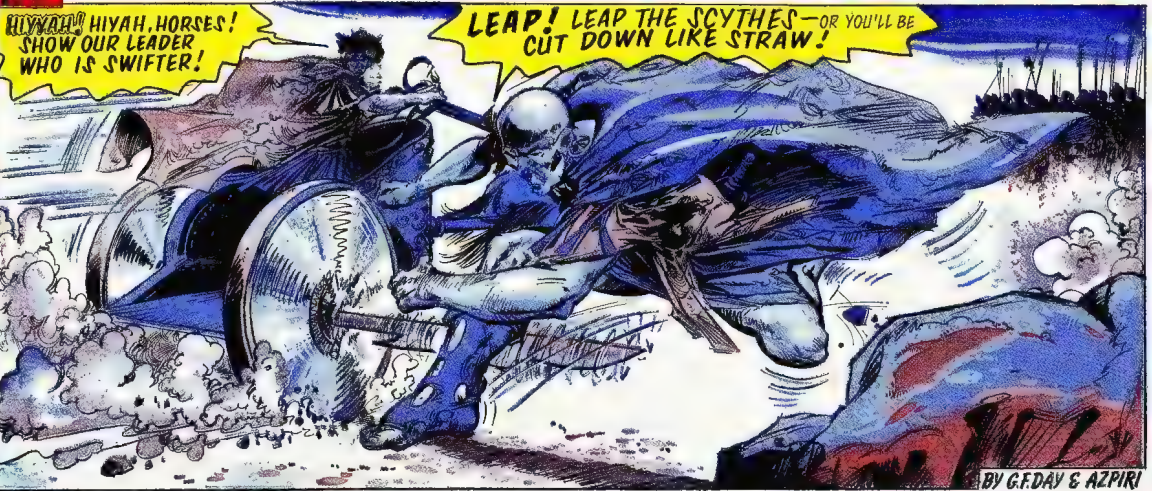
AT DUSK BLACK HAWK GATHERED HIS MEN TOGETHER.



AS WE ALL KNOW, ONE OF THE REBELS' MAIN WEAPONS IS THE **SCYTHE-CHARIOT**. WATCH ME AND LEARN HOW TO **SURVIVE** ONE OF THESE THINGS COMING AT YOU AT **SPEED**. IS THE CHARIOT READY YET, BATUS?

NEARLY, SIR. THOSE **WOODEN STAKES** ARE FITTING TO THE WHEELS. REPRESENT THE **RAZOR-SHARP STEEL** THOSE SAVAGES USE. STRONUS WILL DRIVE THE CHARIOT!

**HIYAH!** HIYAH, HORSES! SHOW OUR LEADER WHO IS SWIFTER!



**LEAP! LEAP THE SCYTHES—OR YOU'LL BE CUT DOWN LIKE STRAW!**

BY G.F. DAY & AZPIRI

IT WAS THE TURN OF BLACK HAWKS' MEN



NOW LEAP! GET THOSE FEET UP!

MOVE, SCUM! YOUR LEADER COMMANDS!

I'M JUMPING! I'M JUMPING!

BUT, AS THE CHARIOT THUNDERED PAST...



AAAAARGHH!

I KNEW IT! HE CANNOT LEAP HIGH ENOUGH TO CLEAR THE BLADES. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO PROVE IT TO HIMSELF!

ONE OF THE NUBIAN MEN SHUFFLED UP, LIKE MANY OF THE AUXILIARY LEGION HE WAS DISEASED AND INFIRM



PLEASE, SIR, LET ME TRY. YOU NEED EVERY MAN YOU CAN GET!

CRUTUS! HE'S ONLY A SUPPLY SOLDIER AND ONE OF THE MOST HANDICAPPED OF MY MEN—BUT HE SHOWS COURAGE!

YOU... SHOW GREAT SPIRIT, SOLDIER. YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHANCE!

THE REST OF THE LEGION LAUGHED CRUELLY AT CRUTUS' MISFORTUNE.



EASY CRUTUS 'T WAS A BRAVE EFFORT. NOBODY EXPECTS YOU TO...

TO DO WHAT A WHOLE MAN CAN DO? I KNOW, SIR. IF ONLY I HAD A LITTLE MORE STRENGTH WITHIN ME!

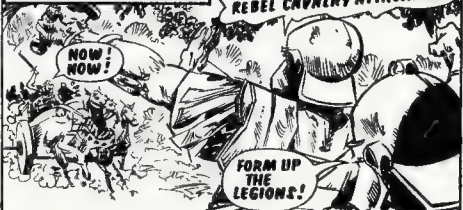
BUT NEARBY...



THE ROMANS IN CAMP! THEY HAVE STOPPED RUNNING AT LAST, EH? SEND WORD BACK TO BOADICEA!

AND NOW WE HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE REAPERS!

WITHOUT WARNING THE BRITONS STORMED DOWN FROM THE HILL...



SOUND THE ALARM! REBEL CAVALRY ATTACKING!

NOW! NOW!

FORM UP THE LEGIONS!

IGNORE THE TAUNTS OF THE MEN, CRUTUS. HERE, YOU HAVE CHARGE OVER OUR FIELD MESS. IT IS JUST AS IMPORTANT TO MAKE SURE MY MEN ARE WELL FED—THE REGULAR ARMY COOKS CARE LITTLE FOR THEM!



**BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE BRITONS WERE ON THEM IN SECONDS.**

**SLAY THE INVADERS OF OUR LAND!**

**AIEE! RUN ROMANS, RUN! YOU'RE TOO SLOW!**

**HA, HA! MY SCYTHES TASTE ROMAN BLOOD!**

**AIEEEEEEE!**

**THE CARNAGE CONTINUED.**

**THOSE SAVAGES HAVE WIPED OUT A WHOLE COHORT! NOW THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE FOOD SUPPLIES!**

**ONLY ONE MAN MOVING THERE!**

**CRUTUS! THERE ON HIS OWN! WE'LL NEVER GET TO HIM IN TIME!**

**SKKREEEEEE!**

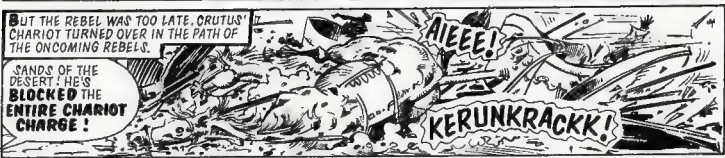
**COME ON SAVAGES. I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU!**

**LOOK-A CRIPPLE AMONG THE ROMANS!**

**ANOTHER SECOND AND HE'LL BE CUT IN TWO BY THE REBEL CHARIOT!**

**GO, MY HAWK! GIVE HIM AID!**

**THE HAWK! HE HAS SENT HIS HAWK TO ME! IT IS SAID THE BIRD HAS MYSTICAL POWERS—CAN IT HELP ME NOW?**





**THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. ROME IS RULER OF THE KNOWN WORLD, BUT IN BRITAIN A MASSIVE REBELLION RAGES AGAINST THAT RULE. THE REMAINS OF THE ROMAN GARRISONS HAVE DRAWN UP TO MAKE A LAST STAND. AMONG THEIR RANKS ARE THE AUXILIARY SOLDIERS LED BY THE EX-SLAVE CENTURION CALLED **BLACK HAWK**!**

DEATH TO ALL ROMANS!  
DESTROY THEM FOR BOADICEA!

ZEUS! THERE'S THOUSANDS  
OF THOSE REBELS APPROACHING!  
WE'LL BE OVERRUN...  
**SLAUGHTERED!**

HOLD YOUR GROUND  
SOLDIER! THOSE SAVAGES  
MAY OUTNUMBER US,  
BUT DO THEY HAVE **BATTLE  
SKILLS** OF MEN FROM  
ROME?

# BLACK HAWK

I DON'T MIND ADMITTING  
THAT SUCH A HORDE OF  
BARBARIANS GIVES  
EVEN **ME** CAUSE FOR  
CONCERN, SIR!

YOU, **BATUS**? A MAN  
WHO HAS **FOUGHT** - AND  
SURVIVED - IN THE **ARENAS  
OF ROME**? FEAR NOT!  
THESE BRITONS ARE SAVAGE,  
UNDISCIPLINED. THEY  
WASTE THEIR ENERGY  
COMING TO US.

**WE WILL WAIT  
AND STRIKE WHEN  
THEY ARE ALMOST  
UPON US!**

FOLLOWING THE FIRST WAVE OF REBELS THE  
DEADLY BRITISH **SCYTHE-CHARIOTS**  
CAME THUNDERING INTO BATTLE!



THE BATTLE ROSE  
TO FEVER-PITCH.  
IN THE THICK OF  
IT **BLACK HAWK**  
AND HIS MEN  
WERE AN  
UNSTOPPABLE  
FORCE!



FOR LONG HOURS THE BATTLE RAGED, THEN—

THEY'RE BREAKING! THE REBELS ARE BREAKING AND BEGINNING TO FLEE!

THE LEGIONS ARE COMING UP BEHIND US LIKE A STEEL WALL!



THE REBELS' PILES OF PLUNDER ARE IN THEIR WAY— STOPPING THEIR RETREAT!

THEY'RE SURRENDERING! THEY'RE BEATEN!



NO QUARTER! NO MERCY TO THE REBEL SCUM!

BY THE DESERTS—THE LEGIONS ARE TAKING NO PRISONERS!



THE NUBIAN'S FORCES WATCHED THE LEGIONS MOVE IN...

STAY BACK, MY MEN. THE LEGIONS HAVE GONE WILD WITH REVENGE! I WANT NO PART OF BUTCHERY!



FOR A MOMENT I WISHED I WAS BACK IN THE LEGIONS, BUT THIS WHOLE VICTORY HAS SUDDENLY TURNED VERY SOUR!

SUDDENLY... LOOK! A WOMAN ON A CHARIOT! IT'S BROADICEA, THE REBEL QUEEN HERSELF!

GET HER—A FORTUNE TO THE MAN WHO BRINGS HER DOWN!



NUBIAN—YOU'RE NEAREST! STOP HER!

MY JAVELIN WILL PUT A STOP TO HER ESCAPE!



BUT...

MISSED HER! YOU FOOL!





**THE NEARBY LEGIONNAIRES SCOFFED.**



HA! LOUSY  
SHOT!

WHAT DO YOU  
EXPECT FROM AN  
AUXILIARY? THEY  
CAN'T HANDLE  
REAL ROMAN  
WEAPONS!

**AN AUXILIARY LOOKED  
TO THE DESERT BIRD OF  
PREY THAT HAD ALWAYS  
STAYED WITH THE NUBIAN.**



**LOOK! OUR LEADER'S  
HAWK IS BEING  
ATTACKED BY  
THOSE UGLY  
SCAVENGERS!**



WAIT! THE  
CENTURION'S  
PICKED UP  
ANOTHER  
JAVELIN!



**WITH A  
MIGHTY THROW—**

**BY MARS! HE'S  
SPEARED THE WHOLE  
PACK OF BUZZARDS.  
WHAT A THROW!**



**BUT HE  
MISSED  
THE  
REBEL  
QUEEN!**

**YOU PACK OF FOOLS! DON'T YOU  
THINK BLACK HAWK COULD EASILY  
HAVE CAUGHT HER? HE HAD HIS  
REASONS FOR LETTING HER  
RIDE FREE!**



**I HAD MY REASONS AND THE BIRD GAVE ME A SIGN.  
IT SHARED MY SHAME. WE HELPED RE-CONQUER  
BRITAIN BUT ALL OF US NOW FEEL  
DIRTY! I'VE GOT TO COME UP WITH  
A PLAN TO STOP THE COWARDLY  
REVENGE OF THE ROMANS AND  
RESTORE OUR PRIDE!**



**NEXT WEEK: PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL!**



BURN THE HOUSES OF THOSE  
BRITISH SCUM! POUR SALT ON  
THE LAND TO MAKE SURE NOTHING  
EVER GROWS HERE AGAIN!  
PUT THOSE PRISONERS TO  
HARD LABOUR!

ABOVE ALL FIND  
THAT REBEL QUEEN-  
BOADICEA! SHE HAS  
ESCAPED AND MUST  
BE CAUGHT!

**T**HE FIRST CENTURY A.D. IN BRITAIN: BOADICEA'S  
REBELLION AGAINST THE RULE OF ROME HAS BEEN CRUSHED.  
NOW THE BEATEN BRITONS FACE A WAVE OF **ROMAN  
REVENGE**... A REVENGE THAT **DISGUSTS** SOME WHO  
FIGHT FOR ROME, INCLUDING THE NUBIAN CENTURION NAMED:  
**BLACK HAWK!**

THIS IS THE UGLY  
SIDE OF THE ROMAN  
EMPIRE... **RETRIBUTION,  
MASSACRE AND  
MANHUNTS!** THERE  
CAN BE NO HONOUR  
IN THIS!



NUBIAN, YOU AND YOUR  
AUXILIARIES WILL JOIN  
IN THE HUNT! YOU CAN  
START BY SEARCHING  
THOSE WOODS!

AYE, YOUR THIEVES  
AND OUTCASTS  
WILL BE WELL  
SUITED TO THIS  
WORK!



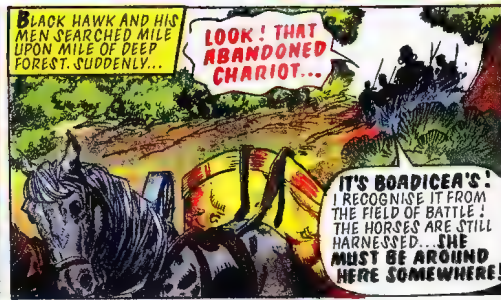
THIEVES AND OUTCASTS  
MY MEN MIGHT BE, BUT  
I HAVE GIVEN THEM A  
SPECIAL **PRIDE** IN THE  
SKILLS I HAVE TAUGHT  
THEM. THAT PRIDE WILL  
BE WIPED AWAY IF WE  
JOIN THESE LEGIONS  
IN THEIR **DIRTY WORK!**



BUT FOR THE MOMENT  
WE MUST DO AS WE ARE  
ORDERED!

**SPREAD OUT  
MEN. SEARCH HARD  
FOR THIS REBEL  
QUEEN!**

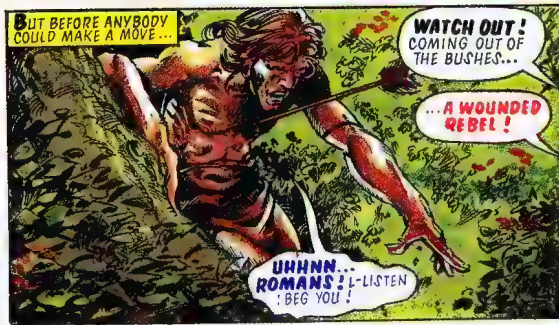
AYE, SIR, THOUGH  
I'VE NO STOMACH  
FOR THIS KIND OF  
WORK!



BLACK HAWK AND HIS  
MEN SEARCHED MILE  
UPON MILE OF DEEP  
FOREST. SUDDENLY...

**LOOK! THAT  
ABANDONED  
CHARIOT...**

IT'S BOADICEA'S!  
I RECOGNISE IT FROM  
THE FIELD OF BATTLE!  
THE HORSES ARE STILL  
HARNESSED... SHE  
MUST BE AROUND  
HERE SOMEWHERE!



BUT BEFORE ANYBODY  
COULD MAKE A MOVE...

**WATCH OUT!  
COMING OUT OF  
THE BUSHES...**

...A WOUNDED  
REBEL!

UHHN...  
**ROMANS!** LISTEN  
TO BEG YOU!





THEN...

PLEASE. QUEEN BOADICEA HAS TAKEN HER OWN LIFE IN THE WOODS. SHE COULD NEVER BE A ROMAN PRISONER! LEAVE HER BE...

HE'S DYING, AND SHE'S THE REBEL QUEEN, EH?



THIS BOADICEA WAS A WOMAN BUT SHE WENT OUT WITH A WARRIOR'S HONOUR!

LOOK, SIR! THOSE BIRDS' NESTS UP IN YONDER TREES!



AY A SPOW... TO DISTURB THEM AT THIS TIME WOULD BE WRONG! WE WILL LEAVE!



BUT SOME OF THE NUBIAN'S MEN COULD NOT FORGET THEIR CRIMINAL WAYS.

HEY, POOLS... WHY NOT FIND THAT WITCH-QUEEN'S BODY? THE ROMAN GENERAL'S WOULD PAY HANDSOMELY FOR IT!

AY, BARABBA - FORGET WHAT BLACK HAWK SAYS! I'LL COVER FOR YOU! HIDE TILL THEY'VE GONE!



THEN...

COLUMN HALT! BIRDS ARE BEING DISTURBED IN THAT WOOD. SOMETHING IS CAUSING THAT!



OH, NO!  
HE KNOWS!

I SUSPECT I'LL  
FIND A ROTTEN  
APPLE IF  
I KICK THIS  
TREE HARD  
ENOUGH!



AIEEEEE!

HERE  
IT COMES!



MAYBE WE SHOULD  
LET THE ROMANS  
SEE BOADICEA! THIS  
FALLEN BIRD'S  
NEST... IT GIVES ME  
AN IDEA! BRING  
THE CHARIOT HERE!



SOON, BACK AT THE  
REBEL VILLAGE...

LOOK, A ROMAN VICTORY  
IN FULL SWING! I KNEW IT  
WOULDN'T BE LONG BE-  
FORE THEY WERE GORGING  
THEMSELVES!



TO THE GLORY OF  
ROME! WE'LL TURN  
EVERY BRITON  
INTO A COWED  
DOG. NOW THEIR  
QUEEN HAS GONE!



SUDDENLY.

PREPARE FOR A  
SHOCK,  
ROMANS!

LOOK!  
LOOK!

I-I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!  
IT CAN'T  
BE!



IT'S BOADICEA  
IN THAT  
CHARIOT!

NO, NO!

THE CAPTIVE BRITONS WERE NOT FOOLED...



BOADICEA! BUT SHE'S DEAD! IT'S A TRICK!

BUT NOT A TRICK ON US. LOOK AT THOSE ROMANS SCATTER! HA, HA!

SILENCE YOU SCUM!

THEY'LL BE QUIET... BUT YOU'VE NOT BEATEN ALL THE PRIDE OUT OF THE BRITISH! THEY STILL HAVE SPIRIT!



LATER, AT A CLEARING SOME WAY AWAY.



DOWN YOU COME YOUR MAJESTY!

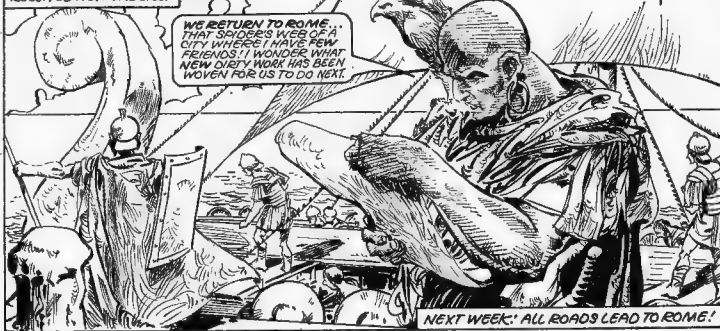
AY, QUEEN BARABBA! HAW! YOU SURE FOOLED THOSE ROMANS!

YOU! YOU! ...



THE BIRD'S NEST MADE A FINE WIG! THE BEST BIT OF WORK BARABBA HAS EVER DONE! NOW PUSH THE CHARIOT INTO THE DEPTHS AND WE CAN BE RID OF THIS TASTELESS TASK!

SEVERAL WEEKS AFTER, THE NUBIAN RECEIVED NEW ORDERS.



WE RETURN TO ROME... THAT SPIDER'S WEB OF A CITY WHERE I HAVE FEW FRIENDS! I WONDER WHAT NEW DIRTY WORK HAS BEEN WOVEN FOR US TO DO NEXT.

NEXT WEEK: ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME!

# BLACK HAWK

SLAVES STOPPED THEIR WORK  
IN THE FIELDS AS BLACK  
HAWK'S MEN PASSED BY...

IT SEEMS WORD OF OUR  
FIGHTING HAS REACHED  
ROME. **WELL AHEAD OF**  
US! THIS MUST MEAN A  
HEROES' RECEPTION  
AWAITS US!

LOOK! IT'S THE MEN  
WHO BATTLED THE  
DRAGON! **HAIL  
BLACK HAWK!  
HAIL!**



**ROME! WE  
RETURN AT LAST!**  
A CHANCE TO REST  
AND REPLENISH OUR  
LOSSES. BUT I WONDER,  
WILL WE BE RECEIVED  
WITH NEW RESPECT  
OR EVEN GREATER  
CONTEMPT THAN  
BEFORE?

**BUT, AT THE  
GATES OF ROME...**

WELL, MY OLD FRIEND, **TRIBUNE CRASSUS!**  
IT MUST ANNOY YOU TO SEE ME STILL **ALIVE**  
AND MY BAND OF CRIMINALS AND DISEASED  
OUTCASTS RETURNING TO ROME  
IN **GLORY!**

**HALT,  
NUBIAN:  
GO NO  
FURTHER!**



**THE FIRST CENTURY A.D.**  
WHEN ROME WAS RULER OF  
THE KNOWN WORLD, THE AUXILIARY  
LEGION LED BY BLACK HAWK HAS  
RETURNED TO ROME, WEARY AND  
DEPLETED, AFTER A LONG CAMPAIGN  
IN BRITAIN.

NOT AT ALL, NUBIAN, BECAUSE **NO GLORY**  
AWAITS YOU HERE. THERE IS **NO ROOM** IN THE  
CITY FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN. ALL THE FOOD AND  
EQUIPMENT YOU REQUIRE HAS BEEN PLACED  
OUTSIDE THIS GATE FOR YOU.

I SEE,  
ONCE AGAIN THERE ARE  
**NO BARRACKS** FOR  
MY MEN.



**NO BARRACKS... BUT THE  
QUARRY** IN THE HILLS WHERE YOU  
**FIRST TRAINED** YOUR MEN IS ALL  
YOURS. A FITTING BASE FOR YOU  
AND THE **RABBLE** YOU CALL A  
LEGION!

**HAW, HAW!**





THEY ARE TRYING TO HUMILIATE US, BUT I WILL NEVER GROVEL BEFORE ROME. MY LEGION SHALL SHOW THEM THE MEANING OF **DIGNITY!**

SERGEANTS STRONUS AND BATIS, DETAIL SOME MEN TO TAKE THE SUPPLY WAGONS TO OUR BASE.

AYE, SIR.

SOON THE COLUMN WAS IN THE BARE HILLS BEHIND ROME...

BACK TO THE UNTOUCHABLES' QUARRY WHERE WE FIRST TRAINED... BUT IT SEEMS MANY HAVE **FOLLOWED** US FROM ROME. IT LOOKS LIKE I HAVE SOME NEW RECRUITS!

AS THE CAMP WAS RAISED...

HAIT! THIS IS A **MILITARY CAMP**, NO OUTSIDERS ALLOWED!

OVER-HEARING THE MEN, BLACK HAWK TURNED...

WE DO NO MAGIC HERE. MEN THAT HAVE SUFFERED AND HAD THEIR SPIRITS CRUSHED CANNOT BE HELPED. BUT IF **THE SPIRIT** IS STILL THERE WE CAN **USE** IT TO MAKE GOOD SOLDIERS. ALL WE OFFER IS FOOD AND TRAINING. IF YOU WISH TO JOIN US YOU ARE **WELCOME!**

WE WISH TO **JOIN YOU**. WE HAVE HEARD THIS LEGION GIVES MEN HONOUR CASTS INTO WARRIORS—WITH **MAGIC!**

BLACK HAWK'S WORDS HAD A POWERFUL EFFECT—

PLENTY OF VOLUNTEERS, SIR—MORE THAN ENOUGH TO MAKE UP OUR CAMPAIGN LOSSES!

AYE, BATIS, BUT WE WILL ONLY SELECT THE **BEST**. LET US LOOK AT THEM MORE CLOSELY.

SOON...

'TIS GOOD TO SEE TWO FELLOW NUBIANS AMONGST THIS GATHERING. YOU CERTAINLY LOOK TOUGH ENOUGH TO BE SOLDIERS!

THEY BREED THEM TOUGH IN THE **LOWER NILE**, SIR. YOU KNOW THAT. WE'RE READY TO FOLLOW YOU **ANYWHERE!**

LATER, AS TRAINING BEGAN...

THEY HAVE THE INSTINCT OF THE DESERT FIGHTER ABOUT THEM. THEY WILL BE WELCOME IN MY LEGION.

AYE, SIR, BUT WILL YOU LOOK AT **THIS** RECRUIT?

**A BLIND MAN!** WE HAVE SOME HANDICAPPED MEN AMONGST THE AUXILIARIES BUT **SURELY**, SIR, WE CAN'T USE **HIM**...

YET HE MOVES WITH SUCH CERTAINTY...



AYE, I SENSE IT IS SO—AND I SENSE YOUR **DOUBTS**. FEAR NOT. A MAN CAN LOSE HIS SIGHT BUT CAN SOMETIMES **SEE MORE THAN BEFORE**. I CAN SMELL TREACHERY AND DECEIT **CLOSE BY** AT THIS MOMENT...

... LIKE A MAN TRYING TO CONCEAL SOMETHING!

BARABBA, UP TO HIS USUAL TRICKS, TRYING TO STEAL SOME WINE... AND THE BLIND MAN **KNEW IT!**

HUH? NO! **STOP!**



**SUDDENLY...**

AND YOU, BIG MAN—DRAW YOUR SWORD AND TRY TO **KILL ME!**

EASY, FELLOW, I...

I SAID **DO IT!**



VERY WELL, BLIND MAN, BUT I'LL BE **EASY** ON YOU—

**BUT I WON'T ON YOU!** YOU'LL HAVE TO BE FASTER THAN **THAT**, BIG MAN!



**AARRGH!** MY ARM! HE MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING!

AND **STRIKES** AS FAST! I COULDN'T **BROKEN** YOUR SWORD ARM HAD I DESIRED!





# BLACK HAWK

BY G.F. DAY & AZPIRI



BLACK HAWK RUSHED TO THE SCENE.

IT'S TWO OF THE NEW RECRUITS, SIR. A CRETAN AND A MAN CALLED SULPHUR!



AT THE SIGHT OF THE NUBIAN THE FIGHTING STOPPED.

YOU ARE CALLED SULPHUR?

AVE, SIR - FROM THE YEARS I SPENT IN THE SULPHUR MINES OF SICILY. THAT ACCURSED PLACE TURNED MY SKIN AND HAIR THE COLOUR OF ITS DUST - THIS CRETAN DOGS MOCKS ME FOR IT!



A CRETAN - A LOTUS-EATER, EH? YOUR RACE IS HARDLY KNOWN FOR ITS ENERGY, IT'S KNOWN MORE FOR ITS IDLENESS! WHAT BRINGS YOU AMONG ROMAN SOLDIERS?



AFTER HAVING ISSUED A STERN WARNING AGAINST FURTHER FIGHTING BLACK HAWK LEFT:

A DUSTCOATED MINER AND A LOTUS-EATER FROM CRETE - CAN ONE OF THEM BE THE ONE WHO WISHES TO KILL ME?





BLACK HAWK CONTINUED  
HIS WALK THROUGH THE  
CAMP.



HAIL, SIR. YOU'VE  
ARRIVED JUST IN TIME  
TO SEE THESE TWO **NUBIANS**  
IN TRAINING. THEY'VE  
MASTERS THE JAVELIN  
ALREADY AND MUST BE  
THE **BEST** OF THE NEW  
RECRUITS!

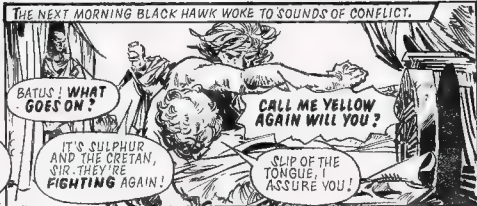
THE TWO MEN  
FROM THE LOWER  
NILE, LIKE MYSELF,  
AVE, THEY'LL MAKE  
LOYAL SOLDIERS!

THAT NIGHT.



MY ENEMY WILL NOT  
STRIKE AT ME AGAIN HERE,  
THE SENTRIES ARE NOW  
ALERT. I'D SAY HE WANTS  
TO LURE **ME OUT** OF THE  
QUARRY SOMEHOW.

THE NEXT MORNING BLACK HAWK WOKE TO SOUNDS OF CONFLICT.



BATUS! WHAT  
GOES ON?

CALL ME YELLOW  
AGAIN WILL YOU?

IT'S SULPHUR  
AND THE CRETAN,  
SIR. THEY'RE  
**FIGHTING** AGAIN!

SLIP OF THE  
TONGUE, I  
ASSURE YOU!

THE FIGHT CARRIED TOWARDS  
THE SUPPLY WAGONS.



LOOK OUT,  
YOU IDIOTS! THAT'S  
OUR FRESH FRUIT  
SUPPLY FOR THE NEXT  
WEEK YOU'RE  
DESTROYING! **STOP**  
**THIS INSANITY NOW!**

THE SUPPLY WAGON,  
UNDER BLACK  
HAWK'S CONTROL,  
SET OFF FOR ROME.



I HAVE LEFT THE PROTECTION OF  
THE QUARRY. I MUST BE CONSTANTLY  
ON MY GUARD. I CAN'T HELP WONDERING,  
WAS THAT FIGHT BETWEEN THOSE TWO  
ENGINEERED JUST TO GET ME OUT HERE?

LATER.



I'VE HALTED THE FIGHT, SIR, BUT NOT  
BEFORE OUR FRUIT SUPPLY HAD BEEN TURNED  
TO **PULP**. I'LL TAKE A SMALL PARTY INTO  
THE MARKET IN ROME TO GET SOME MORE!

NO, BATUS, I'LL LEAD  
THAT PARTY. SULPHUR  
AND CRETAN CAN COME  
TO CARRY THE HEAVY  
BASKETS AND I'LL TAKE  
THE **TWO NUBIANS**  
AS ESCORTS!

**ROME—SOME HOURS LATER.**

**STAND ASIDE. STAND ASIDE THERE—THE EMPEROR APPROACHES!**

THE EMPEROR **NERO**, EH? I'VE SEEN HIM BUT ONCE IN A STADIUM, BUT HIS WORLD AND MINE WILL NEVER MEET!

SULPHUR, YOU AND THE CRETAN TAKE THESE COINS AND PURCHASE THE FRUIT—AND TRY NOT TO DESTROY IT THIS TIME, EH?

AVE, SIR. WE APOLOGISE AGAIN FOR THE INCIDENT!

**BLACK HAWK WENT TO A NEARBY FOUNTAIN TO DRINK.**

AH—THIS **TIBER** WATER IS GOOD, BUT NOT AS GOOD AS THE FRESH **BLUE NILE** WATERS OF OUR HOMELAND, EH NUBIANS?

'TIS AS YOU SAY SIR!

MY FELLOW NUBIANS ARE STRANGELY QUIET. THEY USUALLY LEAP AT THE CHANCE TO TALK ABOUT OUR HOMELANDS. WAIT! THAT REFLECTION... SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG!

**THE EX-SLAVE WHIRLED ROUND.**

**DIE! DIE CENTURION! OUR MASTER REQUIRES YOU DEAD!**

YOU... YOU ARE MY ASSASSINS! TWO OF MY OWN RACE! WHAT FOUL MIND IS BEHIND THIS?

**SUDDENLY.**

WHAT THE...? IT'S **SULPHUR!**

UHHH... THAT YELLOW-SKINNED FOOL!

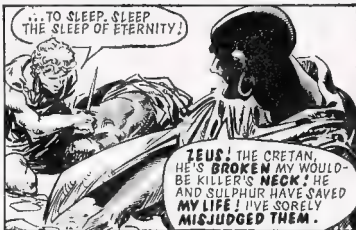


DON'T CALL ME  
**YELLOW...** I DON'T  
LIKE IT!

THE OTHER ONE...  
NEARLY GOT ME WITH  
THAT JAVELIN... GOT  
TO CATCH HIM!



HOLD THERE, NUBIAN.  
WHAT'S THE **RUSH?** YOU  
SHOULD LEARN TO TAKE THINGS  
EASY LIKE I DO... **LEARN**  
TO **REST...**



...TO SLEEP. SLEEP  
THE SLEEP OF ETERNITY!

**ZEUS!** THE CRETAN.  
HE'S **BROKEN** MY WOULD-  
BE KILLER'S **NECK!** HE  
AND **SULPHUR** HAVE SAVED  
MY **LIFE!** I'VE SORELY  
**MISJUDGED THEM.**



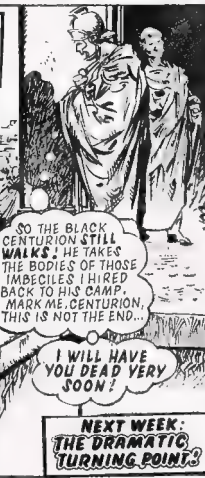
HUH - NOT EVEN WATER  
GETS THIS DAMNED **SULPHUR**  
DUST OFF ME!

THOSE TWO MEN HAVE  
**PROVED** THEIR LOYALTY.  
I WILL NOT FORGET THAT!

BUT WHOEVER  
HIRED THOSE NUBIANS  
TO KILL ME HAS MERELY  
LOST **THIS ROUND.**  
WHAT WILL HE COME  
UP WITH NEXT TIME?



AS **BLACK HAWK** LEFT THE CITY  
SOMETIME LATER, HE WAS WATCHED  
BY A PAIR OF CRUEL EYES... THE EYES  
OF THE MAN WHO WANTED HIM DEAD...  
**THE EYES OF TRIBUNE CRASSUS!**



SO THE **BLACK**  
CENTURION **STILL**  
**WALKS!** HE TAKES  
THE BODIES OF THOSE  
IMBECILES I HIRED  
BACK TO HIS CAMP.  
MARK ME, CENTURION,  
THIS IS NOT THE END...

I WILL HAVE  
YOU DEAD VERY  
SOON!

**NEXT WEEK:**  
**THE DRAMATIC**  
**TURNING POINT?**

# BLACK HAWK

BY G F DAY & AZPIRI

**ROME, THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. - THE CAPITAL OF THE KNOWN WORLD. THE NUBIAN EX-SLAVE CALLED BLACK HAWK HAS JUST SURVIVED AN ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE BY TWO OF HIS OWN AUXILIARY FORCE.**



THOSE TRAITORS WERE NUBIANS - BLACK AS ME - BUT THEY VALUED ANOTHER COLOUR - GOLD, GIVEN THEM BY AN ENEMY. BUT WHO IS IT THAT WANTS TO SEE ME DEAD?



ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP THE SCENE WAS WATCHED BY THE MAN WHO HAD HIRED THE ASSASSINS, THE HIGH ROMAN CALLED CRASSUS.

THE NUBIAN IS STILL ALIVE, DAMN HIS BLACK HEART!

BUT HE SHALL NOT LIVE FOR LONG!



SUDDENLY... MAKE WAY FOR THE EMPEROR NERO! MAKE WAY!

NERO! IT IS SAID THAT DESPITE HIS HIGH POSITION, THE MAN IS HALF-MAD!



BLACK HAWK SPRANG TO ATTENTION AS THE EMPEROR, FLANKED BY HIS PRAETORIAN GUARDS, APPROACHED.

BRING THE BLACK MAN HERE!

AYE, SIRE - YOU CENTURION - FORWARD! HAND OVER YOUR SWORD BEFORE YOU APPROACH THE EMPEROR!





SO YOU ARE BLACK HAWK? THE NUBIAN SLAVE AND VICTOR OF - OH, ALL THE COLONIES. I CAN NEVER REMEMBER. ... HMM, YOU LOOK AN UNUSUAL SOLDIER - A BIT DIFFERENT FROM MY BORING PRAETORIAN GUARD.

WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

SILENCE! HMM - A BAND OF THIEVES AND OUTCASTS, EH? THAT SOUNDS REFRESHING. I'LL REVIEW THEM. ASSEMBLE THEM AT MY PALACE TONIGHT.

FORGIVE ME, SIRE, BUT SUCH UNCLEAN RABBLE, WOULD -



I SAID TONIGHT!

BLACK HAWK AND HIS TWO MEN, THE MINER CALLED SULPHUR AND THE CRETAN WATCHED THE COLOURFUL LITTER TURN AWAY.

REVIEWED AT THE PALACE, EH? WHAT SHALL WE DO, CENTURION - CELEBRATE?



BACK TO THE TRAINING CAMP! YOU'VE GOT TO WORK HARD SO THAT THE EMPEROR WILL SEE WHAT AN AUXILIARY FORCE SHOULD LOOK LIKE!

CRASSUS HAD WATCHED THE MEETING WITH NERO...



NERO, HUH - MAD AS HIS ELDER COUSIN CALIGULA WAS BEFORE HE WAS ASSASSINATED...

LOOKS LIKE HE HAD A SQUABBLE WITH SOME OF HIS OWN ANIMALS SIRE!

MY FOLLOWERS MAY BE MADE UP FROM THE DISEASED, THE OUTCASTS, AND THE CRIMINALS OF THE CITY...



...YET THEY FIGHT AS MEN FOR ROME! YOUR JIBES ARE AS DULL AS YOUR ARMOUR IS BRIGHT!

WHY, YOU...

NOW IT'S ALL SETTLED. YOU - ER, BLACK BIRD. BE THERE TONIGHT!

TONIGHT IT IS, SIRE!

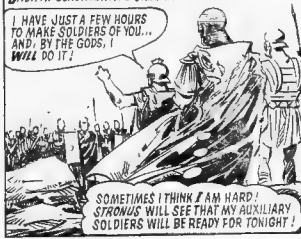


ASSASSINATION! IF BLACK HAWK WERE INVOLVED IN A PLOT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR THEN NOTHING COULD SAVE HIM!



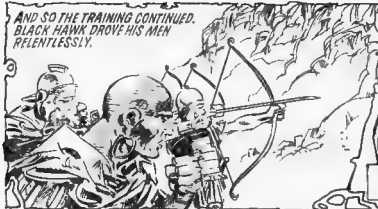
BACK AT BLACK HAWK'S CAMP...

I HAVE JUST A FEW HOURS TO MAKE SOLDIERS OF YOU... AND, BY THE GODS, I WILL DO IT!



SOMETIMES I THINK I AM HARD! STRONUS WILL SEE THAT MY AUXILIARY SOLDIERS WILL BE READY FOR TONIGHT!

AND SO THE TRAINING CONTINUED.  
BLACK HAWK DROVE HIS MEN  
RELENTLESSLY.



FOR LONG HOURS THE MEN SWEATED AND  
STRAINED UNDER A FIERCE SUN...



AT NIGHT-TIME, AS BLACK HAWK AND BATUS WAITED BEFORE  
THE AUXILIARY FORCE MOVED TO BE PRESENTED TO THE  
EMPEROR...

HOLD! SOMEONE  
APPROACHES!

THE HOUR  
IS LATE FOR  
VISITORS,  
BE ON YOUR  
GUARD!



ESCORTED BY  
A SENTRY, A  
WITHERED  
OLD CRONE  
APPROACHED  
THE CAMPFIRE.

SIR, THIS  
WOMAN...

I CAN SPEAK FOR  
MYSELF! IT IS WITH  
THE ONE KNOWN AS  
BLACK HAWK THAT  
I HAVE BUSINESS!



I BRING YOU A WARNING, NUBIAN. FATE WEAVES A  
STRANGE DESTINY FOR YOU. YOUR FUTURE IS WRITTEN  
IN THE STARS! THIS NIGHT BRINGS YOU CLOSE TO  
FORCES EVEN YOU CANNOT COMPREHEND!

BEWARE, THE  
NIGHT BRINGS  
DEATH!



YOU SPOUT RIDDLES, HAG! WHAT ARE  
THESE DESTINIES AND FORCES YOU  
BABBLE ABOUT?

I WILL SAY NO MORE  
HEED MY WARNING,  
NUBIAN!

MY HAWK  
SHIVERS  
WITH FEAR.

I WILL REMEMBER  
YOUR WORDS, WOMAN.  
GO IN PEACE.



THAT EVENING

THE EMPEROR'S  
PALACE: A  
SPLENDID SIGHT!

SOMEHOW THINGS  
SEEM TOO QUIET  
FOR MY LIKING!

SUDDENLY...

FORWARD,  
FOR BLACK  
HAWK!

AND LOOK AHEAD  
ANOTHER GROUP  
OF SOLDIERS USING  
OUR BATTLE CRY!

WE ARE  
ATTACKED!  
DEFEND  
YOURSELVES

ON THE STEPS OF THE PALACE THE  
SCENE WAS WATCHED WITH GLEE  
BY THE TRIBUNE CRASSUS.

MY PLAN IS WORKING.  
THE STUPID NOBIAN AND  
HIS MEN ARE TRAPPED BY  
MY MEN, WHILE ANOTHER  
GROUP OF MY FOLLOWERS  
CREATES A DISTURBANCE,  
USING THE NAME OF BLACK  
HAWK!

THE BLACK FOOL  
WILL TAKE THE  
BLAME...

... FOR THE MURDER  
OF THE EMPEROR!

THE INEFFECTIVE, HALF-MAD EMPEROR,  
NERO, WAS IN A STATE OF DESPAIR.

CRASSUS! WHAT  
IS GOING ON? MY  
SLAVES TELL ME  
THAT THIS BLACK  
BIRD FELLOW HAS  
GONE MAD. YOU  
AND YOUR MEN  
MUST PROTECT  
ME!

MY MEN ARE WELL  
ORGANISED TO  
TAKE CARE OF  
YOU, SIRE!

HOLD! YOUR HATRED  
FOR ME HAS SUNK YOU  
DOWN TO THE DEPTHS  
OF COWARDICE AND  
TREACHERY, CRASSUS!  
ALTHOUGH YOU MAY  
HAVE TRAPPED MY MEN  
OUTSIDE, LOYAL SERVANTS  
OF THE EMPEROR BROUGHT  
ME INTO THE PALACE  
SOME HOURS AGO!

NO MAN SHALL SEEK  
TO BRAND ME  
WITH TREASON!

AHHHH!

ALL IS LOST! I  
MUST ESCAPE!

OH, BRAVO  
BLACK BIRD!

BUT OUTSIDE THE HAWK WAS WAITING...

AIEEEEEE!  
ACCUSED  
DEVIL BIRD!

STREEEE!

BLACK HAWK HEARD HIS BIRD'S CALL

SO AT LAST IT IS TO BE FACE  
TO FACE, NOB'AN. YET I  
WILL STILL FINISH YOU!

I LACK YOUR  
VIPER'S TONGUE.  
MY SWORD WILL  
SPEAK FOR ME!

AGGGHHHH!

SUDDENLY, A STRANGE MIST DESCENDED

MISTRESS! WHAT IS WRONG? I FEAR  
NO MAN, YET I SENSE A TERRIBLE  
EVIL... A SHADOW FALLS BETWEEN US!

SKEE?  
SKEE?

BLACK HAWK!  
HE HAS  
GONE!

ZEUS! A STRANGE  
GLOW SURROUNDS  
OUR LEADER! HE  
FADES FROM  
SIGHT!

SATIS, THAT OLD  
WOMAN SPOKE  
TRUE. I GIVE YOU  
COMMAND OF THE  
MEN. REMEMBER  
ME!

BUT  
WHERE?

Find out next week, in 2000 A.D. & **TORNADO!**



**FASTER THAN ANADIN.  
MORE POWERFUL THAN A 13-AMP SOCKET.  
ABLE TO JUMP LONG  
BUCKS WITH A  
SINGLE BOUND.**



BY ANDRUS/ANDAL  
REVISED BY DRELL

WHAT'S THIS MAN?  
WHY HE DID HE  
THINK FROM  
WHO IS HIS FAYLOS?

SO PROODER THE QUARTER FOURTH WE  
NEED TO GO BACK IN TIME FIRST  
MILLION SOUND YEARS



AND SO OUR HERO WAS  
LAUNCH'D UPON THE  
PEST IN THE UNIVERSE



GO AWAY

WHY DID NO ONE WANT HIM

TO REPLETON, A PLANET OF CRAMMING LIVE NATIVES



GET INTO THE SPACECRAFT, SON!  
BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANET  
BLOWS UP!... HURRY! HURRY!

BACK ON REPLETON  
EVERYTHING WAS  
STRANGLY QUIET.



DEAR EVERYONE YOU CAN  
RELAX... HE'S GONE  
... HE CAN'T DO  
ANY MORE HARM!

THAT LITTLE WHITE  
LIE ABOUT OUR PLANET  
SURE DID THE TRICK

NOW WE  
CAN LIVE IN  
PEACE!

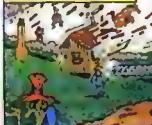
MEANWHILE, ON THE PLANET  
EARTH, THE INHABITANTS OF  
WACKVILLE, USA, WERE BLISS  
FULLLY ENJOYING ONE OF THEIR  
INTERPLANETARY CONDS ON



'SPEC'D TO BETTER  
FIND ANOTHER STRAIN!  
THIS UNY'S LOST ITS  
FLAVOUR!' DUCK

STRAINS ARET NEW  
LIFE WE'VE USED TER  
BY CHAIN

SUDDENLY, NOTHING WAS COMING  
TO BE THE SAME AGAIN!



DID SOMETHING GO PAST  
JUST THEN, ELLIE?



COULD BE

HEY, WHAT'S  
THAT OVER  
THERE



LOOK LIKE SOME NEW-  
FANGLED STRAIN-  
CUTTING MACHINE!

WELL, NOW HURRY  
CAN YOU GET IT?



THERE'S SOMEONE  
IN IT, TOO!

AND IT'S A  
LITTLE WHITE!  
WE'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED A SON!

BUT AS THE WHITE GOWN



GO, THE LITTLE  
DEAR WANTS TO  
PLAY WITH YOUR  
THAT

DOOHEE

DOON! HE'S GOING  
TO BE A FOOTBALL  
PLAYER WHEN HE  
GROWS UP!

CRASH!



MY MAN'S TO KNOW  
WHAT'S UNDER THE  
BARK! ISN'T HE  
CUTE

LOOK SON, WHY DON'T YOU  
GO AND PLAY OVER THERE  
ABOUT A MILE  
WE'VE GROWN OVER THAT  
MILE IN THE CITY



IT'S MUCH  
MORE FUN  
OVER  
THERE!



PAUSE YOUR TIME,  
DON'T HURRY  
BACK, DORIAN!

SOOOOBYE  
WELL  
DOOOBYE  
PAW



UNLEARNED ON AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD, WHILE OUR  
HERO BLUMFITE "WELL, HE MANAGE TO GET A CLEAR  
CHANCE OF UNLEARNED AS DID YOU CARE?

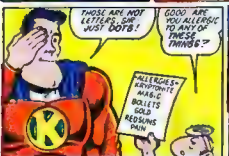
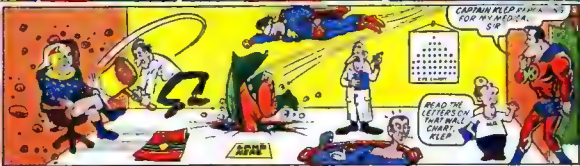
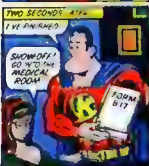
UP AND DOGS  
UP AND DOGS  
UP AND DOGS

FIND OUT IN  
NEXT PAGES  
HOW A HUNDRED  
INSTANT MIND OF  
ON THE FEAR  
GAT TO TELL THE  
BIG BRAND

# CAPTAIN KLER

# CAPTAIN KLEP

BY ANGLIST, ANDAL & KEVIN D'NEIL



# CAPTAIN KLEP

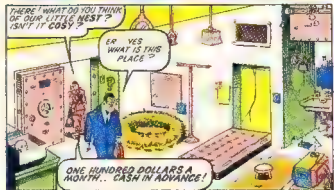
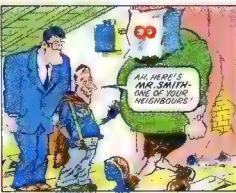
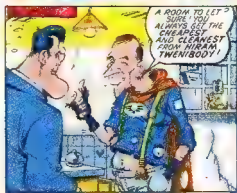
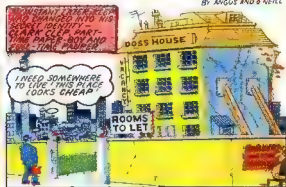




FASTER THAN ANADIN-STRONGER THAN A WET KLEENEX- IT'S

# CAPTAIN KLEP

BY ANGUS AND GERRILL

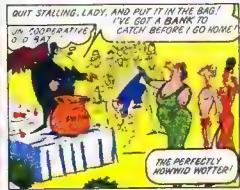
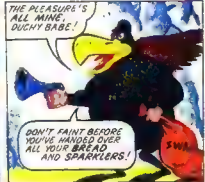




FASTER THAN A RUNNY NOSE-STRONGER THAN PUTTY-IT'S

# CAPTAIN KLEP

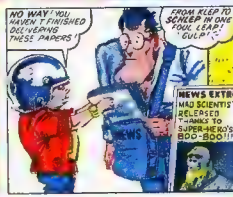
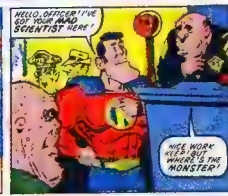
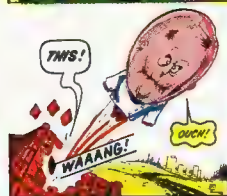
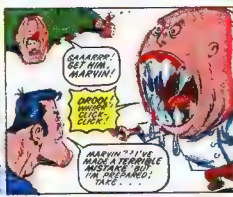
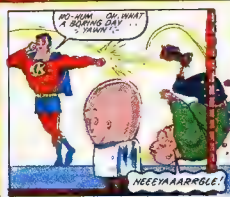
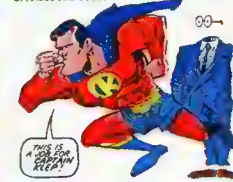
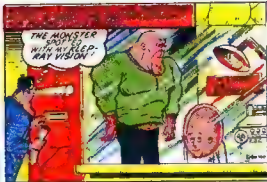
WHEN ABOVE THE STREETS OF MINNAPOLIS A POWER-PACKED FIGURE KEPT A LONELY YELL



ABLE TO TIE HIS OWN SHOE LACES IN LESS THAN AN HOUR-IT'S...

# CAPTAIN KLEP

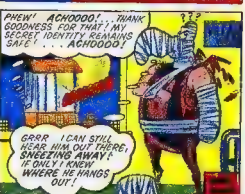
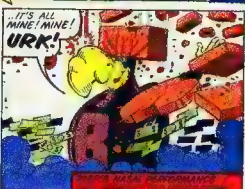
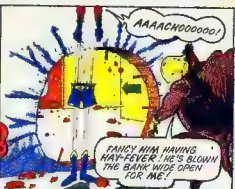
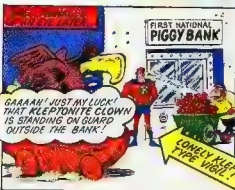
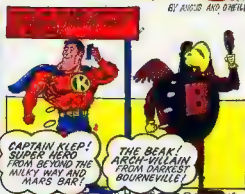
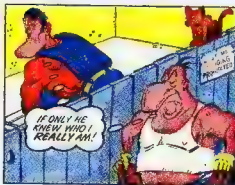
BY ANDRUS AND O'NEIL



STRONGER THAN THE EDITOR'S SOCKS . . . IT'S

# CAPTAIN KLEP

BY AUGUS AND ONEILA

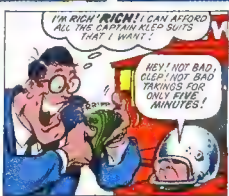
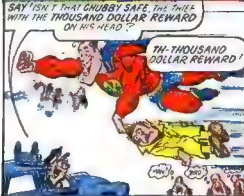
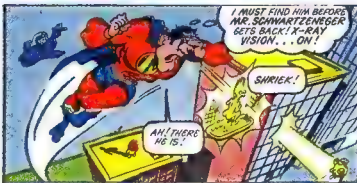
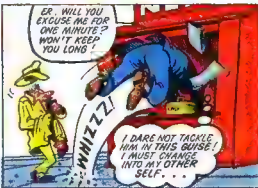
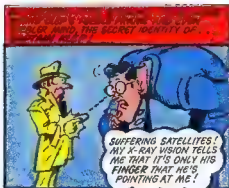
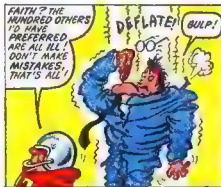




SHARPER THAN A BLUNT NEEDLE! IT'S...

# CAPTAIN KLEP

BY ARVID ANDERSON





THE MAN WHO MAKES EINSTEIN LOOK LIKE A GENIUS... IT'S

# CAPTAIN KLEP



DOSS HOUSE!

WORE MUCH WORSE FARRAH CRUMP TASH ON MADDIE AND CHARLADY IS AFTER HIM!

**BOOM!**

WAIT FOR ME MR. CLEP! SIGH I'M DOING YOUR WAY.

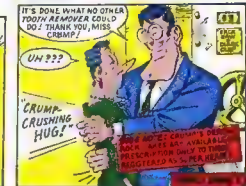
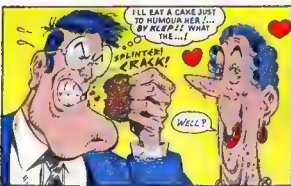
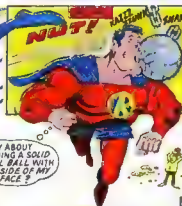
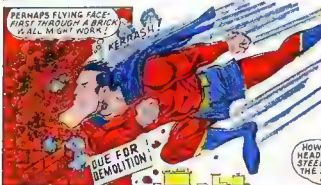
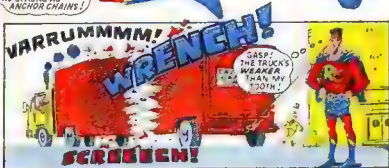
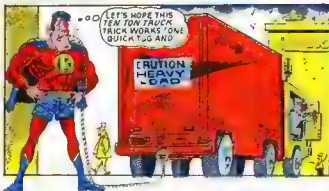
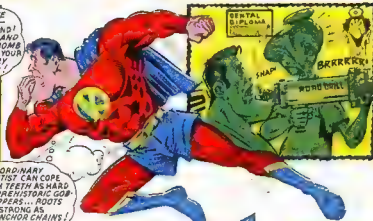


CALAMITOUS, CATACLISMIC CATASTROPHIES! IT'S...

# CAPTAIN KLEP

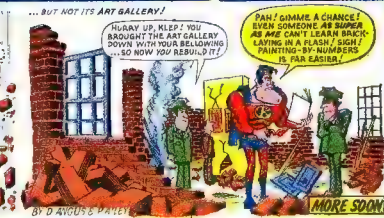
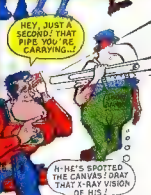
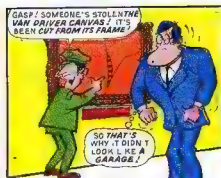


BY ANGUS & O'NEILL



ABLE TO LEAP OVER A PIN IN A SINGLE BOUND!

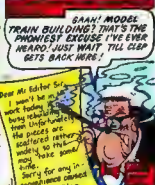
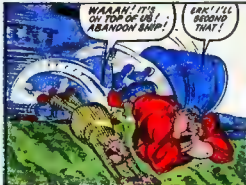
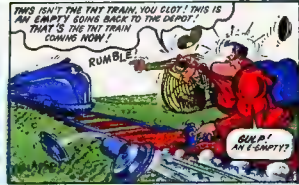
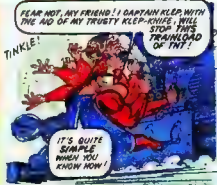
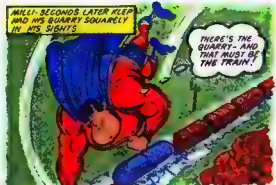
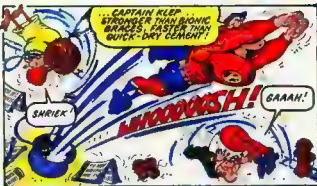
# CAPTAIN KLEP





MORE POWERFUL THAN A CLOCKWORK TRAIN . . .

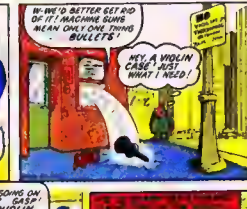
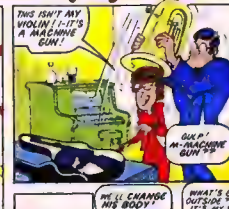
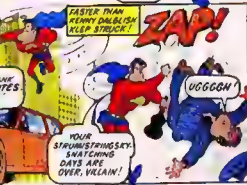
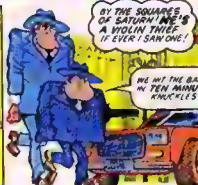
# CAPTAIN KLEP





THE MADCAP MAESTRO OF MUSICAL MAYHEM...IT'S

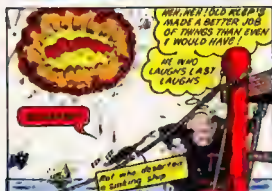
# CAPTAIN KLEP



BY D. MURPHY & P. KELLY

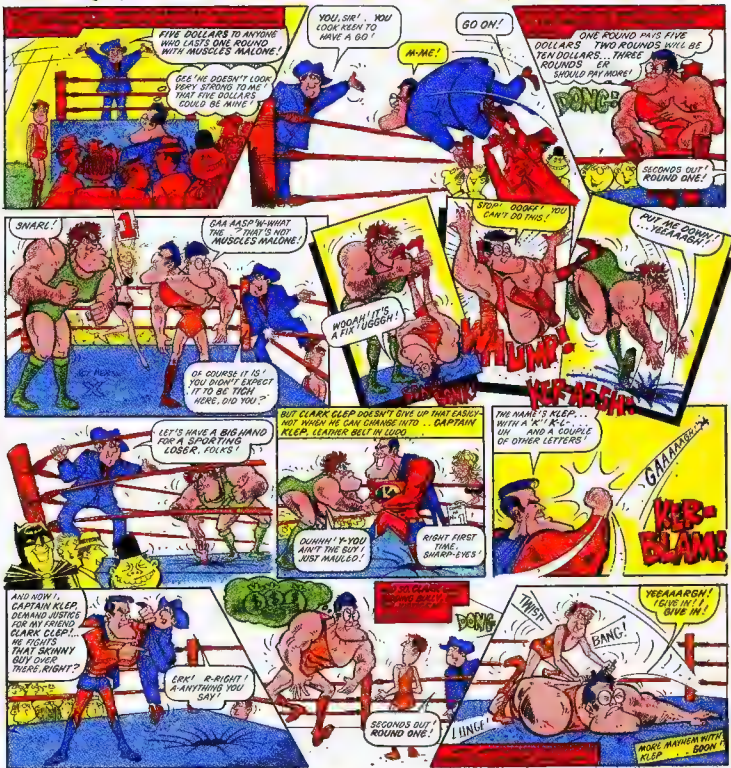
TOUGHER THAN A BRITISH RAIL SANDWICH... IT'S

# CAPTAIN KLEP



**MORE POWERFUL THAN A RAMPAGING HAMPSTER... IT'S**

# CAPTAIN KLEP

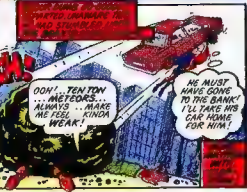
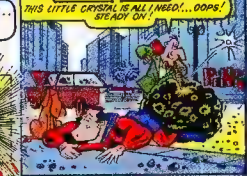
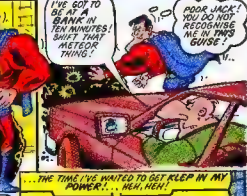
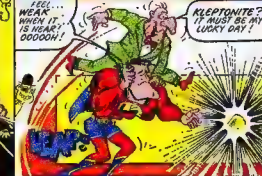
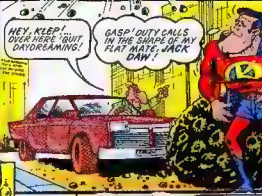
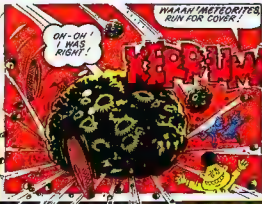
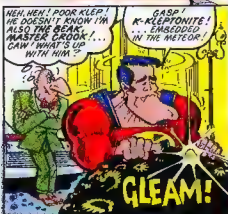




YOU'LL BELIEVE AN IDIOT CAN FLY... AFTER READING-

# CAPTAIN KLEP

13





**MORE THRILLING THAN A WET WEEKEND. IT'S . . .**

# CAPTAIN KLEP

AYD. ANGUS & PAILEY

**WROOOOSH!**

IF I CAN WRITE  
A GOOD REPORT  
MAYBE IT WILL  
BE USED IN THE  
PAPER!

AND CLARK CLEPAGING  
PAPER-BOY OF THE MINNEAPOLIS  
GAZETTE-ALIAS CAPTAIN  
KLEP FROM DISTANT  
KLEPTON-MINGLED  
UNOBTRUSIVELY WITH THE  
CROWD

**CLANK!**  
**GRAB**

IT WAS NONE OTHER  
THAN THAT ARCH-VILLAIN  
OF SOCIETY - THE BEAK.

UN, ON! THOSE ARE RAIN CLOUDS UP THERE  
THEY COULD SPOIL THE WHOLE AIRSHOW!  
THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN KLEP!

UP UP  
AND UP  
UP AND

SHOOO,  
NASTY  
\*LOLDS

BAAH! IT'S KLEP!  
HE MUST BE ON TO  
MY LITTLE GAME!

GAS? I  
MISSED  
ONE

GULP! I THOUGHT  
I'D MANAGED TO

HEY, THIS  
CLOUD?  
IT'S KINDA  
SOLID!

GULP!  
RETRO-  
ROCKETS  
ON  
STABILISER  
ON  
PANIC  
BUTTON  
ONLY

**VER-RECHNUNG**

## WE REBACK!

SMIFF! ABANDON CLOUDSNIFF!  
EVERY CROOK FOR HIMSELF!

DAN: IT WASN'T  
AS SOLID AS I  
THOUGHT IT WAS  
ALL MY MIND

WELL THE WEATHER  
SHOULD BE BETTER  
NOW. WHAT A  
STORY I'LL GET!

WHAT A STORY \*ATTEMPTED  
SNATCH OF PLANE FOILED BY  
CAPTAIN KILGUS

HOLD THE  
FRONT  
PAGE!

2612?

AT A'2  
S.H. 11.

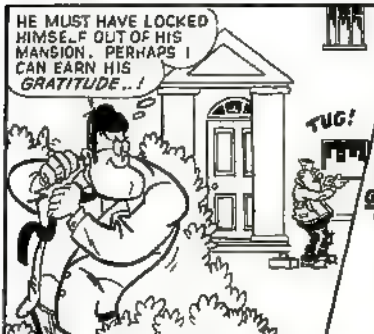
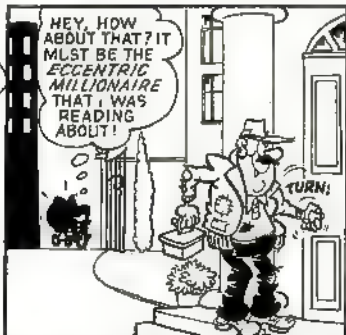
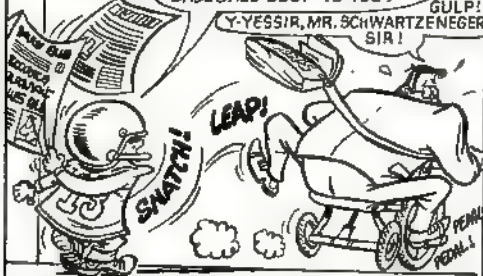
**WE WANT THE AMERICA**

# CAPTAIN KLEP

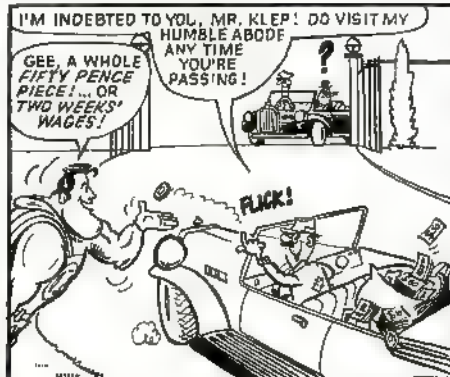
ANOTHER DAY IN THE LIFE OF CLARK KLEP, BUDDING ASSISTANT-PAPER-BOY!



CLEP, YOU LAZY LAYABOUT!! GET THOSE PAPERS DELIVERED BEFORE I TAKE THE TOE OF MY BASEBALL BOOT TO YOU!



FOUR FLAPS OF A HUMMING-BIRD'S WING LATER, CLEP HAD CHANGED INTO HIS OTHER IDENTITY!





# TENDRILS of TERROR

A HURRICANE JONES STORY



**T**OMAS CASTEL, A SIMPLE PEASANT-FARMER IN PERU, SOUTH AMERICA, IS HURRYING HIS CATTLE THROUGH A SUDDEN BURST OF TORRENTIAL RAIN WHEN...



IN HIS FLAT IN LONDON, BUSINESSMAN HAROLD COLLIN RECEIVES A PARCEL THROUGH THE POST ONE MORNING



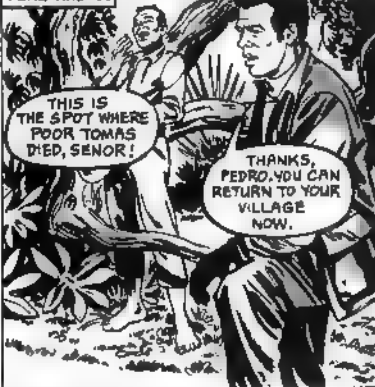
BUT AFTER COLLIN WATERS IT, A HORRIFYING THING HAPPENS!



THE NEXT DAY IN THE H.Q. OF THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE...



AS A TV REPORTER, HURRICANE JONES FLIES TO PERU AND...



HURRICANE SEARCHES THE JUNGLE AREA THEN...



USING A LONG BRANCH, HURRICANE POLE-VAULTS OVER THE FENCE...



BUT...



IT WAS A FALSE ALARM, FERNANDO. NO ONE COULD GET PAST THAT FENCE ALIVE!



THE GUARDS MOVE ON. HURRICANE PENETRATES DEEPER INTO THE TREES. FINALLY



STEALTHILY, HURRICANE CREEPS INTO A PLANT HOUSE. BUT...



AND...



HURRICANE IS RELEASED FROM THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PLATE AND...



GOMEZ SPRINKLES WATER ON A PLANT...



HURRICANE IS LOCKED ALONE IN THE PLANT HOUSE. THEN...



HURRICANE BRINGS OUT HIS ALL-PURPOSE WEAPON FROM HIS SHOE...



GOMEZ GOES BERSERK WITH RAGE...



MAD WITH FURY, GOMEZ IGNORES THE WARNING AND...



HURRICANE RUSHES FROM THE PLANT HOUSE. BUT...



QUICKLY, HURRICANE SWITCHES HIS A.P.W. OVER TO PARALYSIS RAY...



BACK AT H.Q. ...



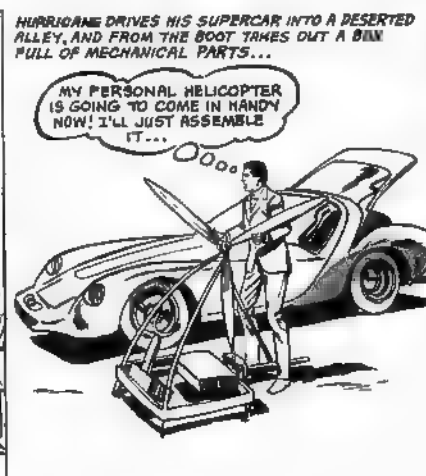
THE END





# THE JETCOPTER RAIDERS

## A HURRICANE JONES STORY





BIG E HERE,  
WITH A SPECIAL  
TRUE TALE!

# Man Eater

THERE ARE FEW HUNTERS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM TO EQUAL THE **BIG CATS**, AND THE **TIGER** IS THE **MOST FEROCIOUS** OF THEM ALL. IT IS STILL A DANGER TO MAN AND LIVESTOCK IN MANY REGIONS, PARTICULARLY THE **INDIAN FORESTS** OF THE **SUNDARBANS**.

IN THE NORTHERN DISTRICTS, IN THE 1930's, THE TIGER WAS A CONSTANT THREAT WHERE IT RAIDED PLANTATIONS AND SMALL VILLAGES. ITS MAIN PREY WAS CATTLE OR GOATS, BUT MANY TIGERS DID NOT EXCLUDE **MAN** IN THEIR SEARCH FOR FOOD.

REPORTS CAME IN OF A PARTICULARLY LARGE AND SAVAGE TIGER.

THE MAN-EATER WAS THE MOST FEARED BEAST OF ALL.

THE PEOPLE COULD NOT VENTURE FAR FROM THEIR VILLAGES. THEY COULD NOT TURN THE CATTLE LOOSE TO GRAZE AND WERE FORCED TO BRING FOODER, AND WATER TO THE ANIMALS.

IF THE MEN KEPT TOGETHER THEY KNEW THEY WERE FAIRLY SAFE, BUT OFTEN SOME WOULD GET CARELESS AND WANDER TOO FAR AWAY FROM THEIR COMPANIONS.

UH... MY BONES **ACHE** FROM CUTTING THE GRASS ALL DAY... I WILL BE GLAD TO GET HOME AND REST...

THAT WAS FATAL!

AHH!!!

WHEN THE BEAST KILLED ITS FOURTH VICTIM, IT WAS DECIDED THAT A TOP HUNTER SHOULD BE BROUGHT IN AT ONCE.



THAT MAN WAS JIM CORBETT.

LIKE MOST HUNTERS HE PREFERRED TO WORK ALONE.

SUDDENLY HIS ATTENTION WAS TAKEN UP BY A MORE PRESSING DANGER...

DESPITE HIS EXPERTISE IT TOOK CORBETT FIFTEEN DAYS TO PICK UP A DEFINITE LEAD TO THE GIANT MAN EATER.

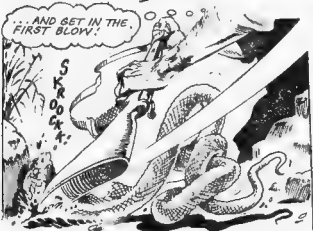
THOSE PRINTS MUST BELONG TO THE BEAST.

Cobra... WAITING TO POUNCE! PAREN'T SHOOT BECAUSE THE TIGER COULD STILL BE AROUND!

CORBETT DECIDED TO GAMBLE ON CRUSHING THE SNAKE WITH A ROCK... HE STOOPED... THREW THE MISSILE AT SPEED...

...AND MISSED!





IT WAS ALMOST AS IF THE GIANT KNEW THAT THE SAFEST PLACE TO BE WAS WHERE NO-ONE WOULD EXPECT HIM TO BE... IN THE VILLAGE.



WITH RELATIVE EASE THE  
TIGER DRAGGED ITS PREY  
INTO THE FOREST...

CORBETT GAVE CHASE  
BEFORE THE CAT COULD  
MOVE TOO SWIFTLY  
INTO THE FOREST...

SOON... HE'S  
EATEN HIS  
FILL AND  
GONE...

WHAT  
IN HEAVEN'S  
NAME?

...AND, AS IS THE TIGER'S  
PRACTICE, CONCEALED THE  
CARCASS BEFORE FEEDING  
ON IT.

IT WAS CORBETT'S FIRST  
SIGHT OF THE GIANT.

THAT SLUG  
SHOULD HAVE  
BROUGHT HIM  
DOWN FOR SURE...  
I KNOW I HIT  
HIM DEAD  
CENTRE...

LATER THE HUNTER WOULD LEARN  
HIS BULLET HAD HIT THE TIGER  
IN THE SHOULDER AND IT HAD  
PASSED THROUGH THE ANIMAL'S  
JAW.

CORBETT TRIED TO  
DRAW THE ANIMAL  
BACK BY IMITATING  
A TIGER'S CALL, BUT  
THE KILLER REFUSED  
TO TAKE THE BAIT.

NO POINT  
IN TRACKING HIM.  
HE'LL BE BACK  
SOONER OR LATER TO  
FINISH THAT MEAT.  
I'LL JUST HAVE TO  
WAIT IT OUT... THIS  
TREE WILL BE  
IDEAL.

RARRGGHH!



AS DUSK CLOSED IN, CORBETT  
FELL INTO A LIGHT SLEEP. THE TIGER  
HAD DECIDED TO FINISH HIS MEAL.



“HMM—  
HE’S BACK!  
I CAN JUST SEE  
HIM. MY NEXT  
SHOT OUGHT TO  
FINISH HIM  
OFF.”

THIS  
IS IT!

I D-DON'T  
BELIEVE IT! THE  
CREATURE'S STILL  
MOVING!

YET,  
INCREDIBLY...

THE MIGHTY  
TIGER MADE A  
FINAL LUNGE  
AT CORBETT

SK-RAA AGGGG!



THE PROUD BEAST WAS  
FINALLY SILENCED,  
YET CORBETT FELT NO  
ELATION AT HIS  
VICTORY...

WHAT A  
WASTE THAT  
SUCH A  
MAGNIFICENT  
BEAST HAD TO  
DIE, BUT MAN  
IS FORCED TO  
KILL TO  
SURVIVE  
HIMSELF!

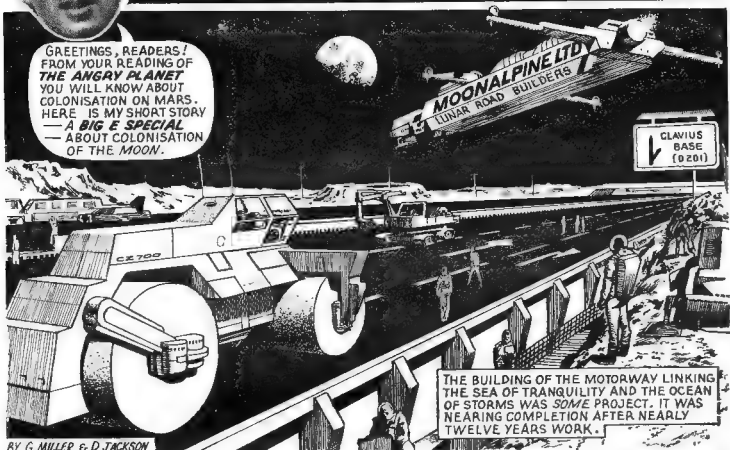


The End



# MOON GHOST

GREETINGS, READERS!  
FROM YOUR READING OF  
**THE ANGRY PLANET**  
YOU WILL KNOW ABOUT  
COLONISATION ON MARS.  
HERE IS MY SHORT STORY  
— **A BIG & SPECIAL** —  
ABOUT COLONISATION  
OF THE MOON.



BY G MILLER & D JACKSON

TO SOME OF THE WORKERS THIS MARVEL OF TECHNOLOGY  
WAS JUST ANOTHER JOB...

TO BE SHURE, I'M  
DONE IN, MIKE.  
LET'S HAVE A QUICK  
TIPPLE OF THE  
MAARTIAN-JOY-JUICE,  
TO KEEP UP OUR  
SPIRITS!



WATCH IT, PAT! HERE  
COMES THE FOREMAN.

O'FLYNN AND CARMICHAEL,  
GET BACK TO WORK! ALL  
EARTH-LEAVE WILL BE  
CANCELLED IF I FIND YOU  
SLACKING AGAIN!





AS THE RELUCTANT LABOURERS  
RETURNED TO WORK...

WILL YOU LOOK  
AT THIS, MIKE?  
THERE'S A TUNNEL  
IN THE ROCK!

ER—  
SHOULDN'T  
WE TELL THE  
FOREMAN?

YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT  
YOU MIGHT FIND DOWN  
THERE, PAT.

HA! YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING  
TO TOO MANY OLD WIVES' TALES!

W-WELL, PAT, THEY DO SAY THAT  
GHOSTS OF THE OLD MOON  
PEOPLE ROAM AROUND!

YET, INCREDIBLY,  
THE TUNNEL LED  
INTO A CAVERN,  
WHERE AN AMAZING  
SIGHT GREETED THE  
EARTHMEN.

YOU'LL BE  
SEEING THE  
LITTLE PEOPLE  
NEXT, MIKE.  
THOSE THINGS  
BELONG TO  
STORIES.

A STOREHOUSE OF  
TREASURE! IT'S  
OURS FOR THE TAKING!

P-PAT, THERE'S  
SKELETONS DOWN  
HERE. THEY MUST BE  
GUARDIANS OF THE  
TREASURE. I'M NOT  
TOUCHING THE STUFF,  
IT BELONGS TO THE  
MOON PEOPLE.

PAT GRABBED A  
NEARBY SWORD—

SHUT IT  
CARMICHAEL!  
I'M TAKING  
WHAT I WANT,  
AND YOU WON'T  
STOP ME!

IT'S NOT ME WHO'LL  
STOP YOU, PAT. WHAT  
IF THE LEGENDS ARE  
TRUE? WHAT IF THE  
MOON GHOSTS STILL  
WALK?

GNNFFF!

BEJABERS!

GHOST OR NOT  
—THAT TREASURE'S  
MINE!



BUT THE BONES REGROUPED  
BEFORE PAT'S HORRIFIED  
EYES, AND THE SKELETON  
ADVANCED BRANDISHING A  
SWORD:

THE CAVERN SEEMED TO BE FULL  
OF MOVING SKELETONS AS MIKE  
FLED FOR HIS LIFE.



AGGGGHH!

MINUTES LATER MIKE RETURNED WITH A PARTY OF  
WORKERS.

A CAVE OF TREASURE, AND SKELETONS  
LIKE YOU SAID, CARMICHAEL. BUT  
NONE OF THE PILES OF BONES ARE  
MOVING ABOUT NOW!

YOU IMAGINED  
THE WHOLE THING,  
BECAUSE YOU'VE  
BEEN DRINKING THE  
JOY-JUICE AGAIN!



YOU AND O'FLYNN OBVIOUSLY  
HAD A FIGHT OVER WHO  
WOULD KEEP THE TREASURE!  
MOVING SKELETONS—MOON  
GHOSTS—WHAT RUBBISH!

WHO CAN BLAME THE FOREMAN FOR NOT  
BELIEVING MIKE'S TALE? MIND YOU, IT DOES  
SEEM STRANGE THAT ONE OF THE SKELETONS  
WAS CLUTCHING A SWORD  
THAT HAD FRESH BLOOD ON IT!

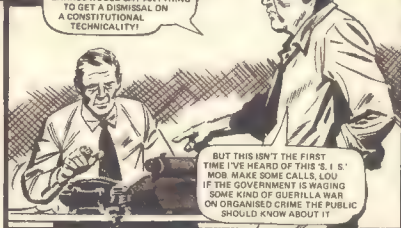
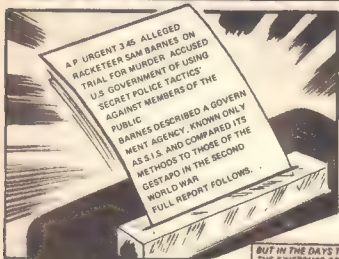
**THE END**

ON THE 15TH JANUARY 1979 THE TELEPRINTER IN THE NEWSROOM OF THE NEW YORK TIMES RANG ONCE AND BURST INTO LIFE THE EFFECT WAS IMMEDIATE



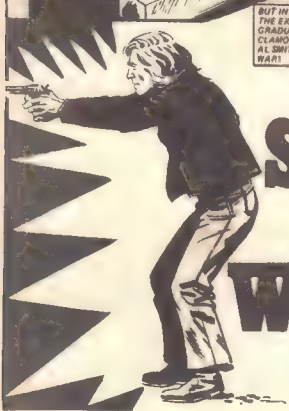
LOOK AT YOUNG HARRY GETTING ALL JUMPY! IT'S WHEN IT RINGS THREE TIMES THAT YOU'VE GOT TO START HITTING THE NUKE SHELTERS - OR FINDING A NEW PRESIDENT!

GESTAPO, MY EAR - SAM BARNES WOULD SAY ANYTHING TO GET A DISMISSAL ON A CONSTITUTIONAL TECHNICALITY!



BUT IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE S.I.S. WAS DENIED AND THE MEDIA GRADUALLY FORGOT THE AFFAIR AS WORLD EVENTS CLAMoured FOR THEIR ATTENTION. LEAVING TOP AGENTS AL SMITH AND PETE WESSON TO CARRY ON THEIR SECRET WAR!

# SMITH & WESSON



SOME DAYS LATER IN A SMALL TOWN IN NEVADA...

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR MY PARTNER AND I WOULD LIKE TO DEPOSIT SOME VALUABLES WITH YOU WHILE WE COMPLETE SOME BUSINESS HERE IN TOWN

NO TROUBLE AT ALL MR WESSON THE BANK WILL BE HAPPY TO ACCOMMODATE YOU I'LL GET YOU A RECEIPT AND HAVE THE BAG PLACED IN A SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX

DID YOU SEE THAT PLACE PETE WIDE OPEN WHY I COULD

JUST GET ON YOUR BIKE AL TIME GETTING SHORT



BUSINESS BUSINESS BUSINESS... THAT'S ALL YOU ARE WESSON DON'T YOU EVER STOP TO ENJOY LIFE?

ONLY WHEN I LAUGH AND I NEVER LAUGH ON THE JOB NOW BUTT ON UP WE'VE A LOT OF MILES TO EAT

FOUR HOURS LATER THE BANK SUFFERED ITS FIRST RAID IN FIFTY YEARS

NOBODY MOVE THIS IS AN ARMED ROBBERY!

OPEN THE DOOR OLD MAN OR YOU'LL LOSE A CUSTOMER PERMANENTLY!

NO DON'T SHOOT I'M COMING I'M COMING



MINUTES LATER...

MIGHTY NICE SELECTION OF VALUABLES YOU KEEP IN YOUR BANK MISTER YOU'RE A CREDIT TO YOUR PROFESSION YESSIR!

JUST HURRY IT UP BABY THE ANALYSIS WE CAN DO WITHOUT!

YOU'RE WAD!

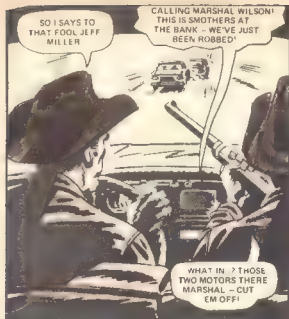
SECONDS LATER

LET'S GO! LET'S GO!

HANG ON! DAMMIT I'M NOT IN THE CAR YET!

WE'LL GIT IN IDIOT THE MARSHAL'S DUL BACK FROM OUTTA TOWN ANY MOMENT NOW





SO I SAYS TO  
THAT FOOL JEFF  
MILLER

CALLING MARSHAL WILSON!  
THIS IS SMOTHERS AT  
THE BANK - WE'VE JUST  
BEEN ROBBED!

WHAT IN ? THOSE  
TWO MOTORS THERE  
MARSHAL - CUT  
EM OFF!



HELL, FIRST  
ONE'S SWERVED  
ROUND US!

BUT I GOT THE  
SECOND ONE IN  
MA SIGHTS



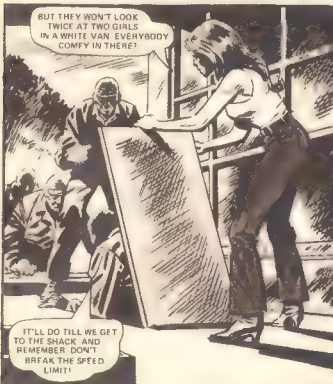
DEAD!

AAAAARGH!



THEY GOT DICK  
AND ED! WE  
OUGHTA GO  
BACK AND -

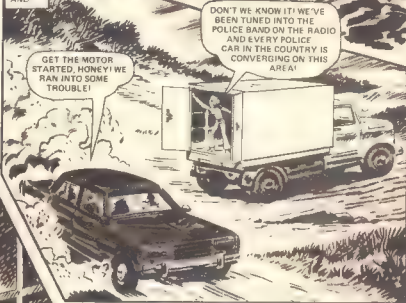
AND NOTHING! IT'LL  
GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET  
CLEAR AND MAKE THE  
SWAP OVER!



BUT THEY WON'T LOOK  
TWICE AT TWO GIRLS  
IN A WHITE VAN EVERYBODY  
COMFY IN THERE!

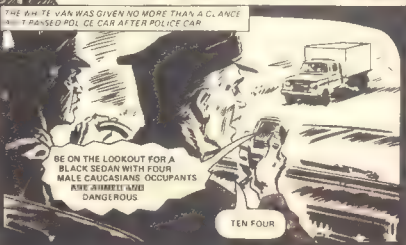
IT'LL DO TELL WE GET  
TO THE SHACK AND  
REMEMBER DON'T  
BREAK THE SPEED  
LIMIT!

AND



GET THE MOTOR  
STARTED, HONEY! WE  
RAN INTO SOME  
TROUBLE!

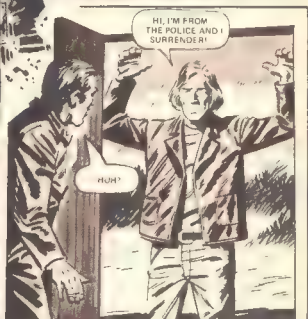
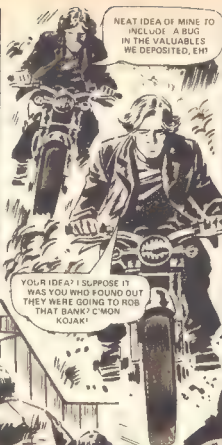
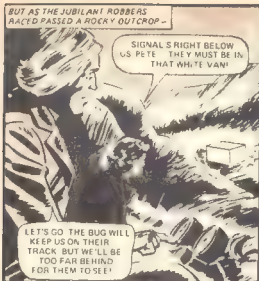
DON'T WE KNOW IT! WE'VE  
BEEN TUNED INTO THE  
POLICE BAND ON THE RADIO  
AND EVERY POLICE  
CAR IN THE COUNTRY IS  
CONVERGING ON THIS  
AREA!

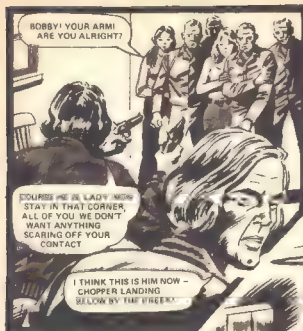


THE WHITE VAN WAS GIVEN NO MORE THAN A GLANCE  
AND IT RANSED POLICE CAR AFTER POLICE CAR

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A  
BLACK SEDAN WITH FOUR  
MALE CAUCASIANS OCCUPANTS  
ARE IMMEDIATELY  
DANGEROUS

TEN FOUR

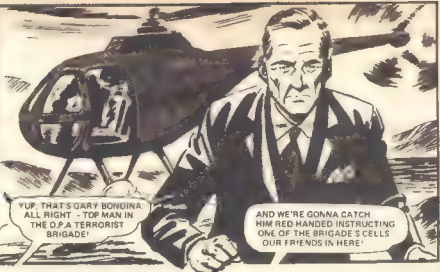




ROBBY! YOUR ARMI  
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

COURSE ME BE LADY  
STAY IN THAT CORNER,  
ALL OF YOU WE DON'T  
WANT ANYTHING  
SCARING OFF YOUR  
CONTACT

I THINK THIS IS HIM NOW -  
CHOPPER LANDING  
BELOW BY THE TREES



YUP, THAT'S GARY BONDINA  
ALL RIGHT - TOP MAN IN  
THE O.P.A TERRORIST  
BRIGADE!

AND WE'RE GONNA CATCH  
HIM RED HANDED INSTRUCTING  
ONE OF THE BRIGADE'S CELLS  
OUR FRIENDS IN HERE!



SO YOU GOT THE  
FUNDS - WHAT  
THE - ?

FRAID NOT, BONDINA -  
AND YOU'VE WALKED  
RIGHT INTO A TRAP!

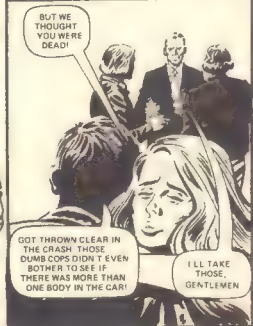
MOVE AND WE BLOW  
YOUR BRAINS ALL  
OVER THE WALL!



BUT THEN

DON'T KNOW WHAT'S  
GOING ON HERE,  
BUT YOU TWO HAD  
BETTER DO THE  
FREEZING!

IT'S ED!



BUT WE  
THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
DEAD!

GOT THROWN CLEAR IN  
THE CRASH! THOSE  
DUMB COPS DIDN'T EVEN  
BOTHER TO SEE IF  
THERE WAS MORE THAN  
ONE BODY IN THE CAR!

I'LL TAKE  
THOSE,  
GENTLEMEN



YOUR BAD LUCK, I'M  
AFRAID GENTLEMEN  
ENOUGH TIME'S BEEN  
WASTED ALREADY -  
GOODBYE!

ER I WOULDN'T PULL  
THE TRIGGER ON  
THAT - I WERE YOU



AARGH!

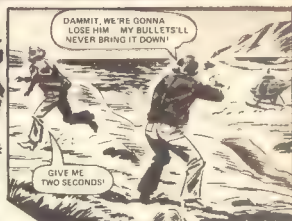
THE GUN - IT  
BLEW UP!

STOP THEM!

JUST A BOOBYTRAP,  
PAL - THIS FIST  
IS LESS TRICKY!

UUURGH!









# Welcome to...

BIG

## EDITORIAL

In **TORNADO** three, I bring you the first take in the incredible story of **STORM**. Storm is a tale very close to my own heart—how similar the wild-boy's childhood is to the training I have experienced to gain my super powers. I remember:

THEN...

Right! That's enough blurb from old Big E, he'd go on all day if I let him! Let me, newshound Billy Preston, tell you about **STORM**—as I was the one who got the facts for the story anyway: I got the idea from a real character. Lachlan was a lad in Clydebank during the last war and, during a bombing raid which killed his whole family, he fled in terror to the vast moors becking on to the town. Anyway, after the war, he'd become so used to living wild, that he simply didn't ever bother going home again—did little odd jobs here and there, caught his own food and lived under a roof of thick peat stretched between two boulders. Had a lotta guts, that guy! Have YOU ever heard of anyone like him? Drop us a line if you have—remember, you get paid money—yeah, the **GREEN** stuff—if we print your letter!

*Billy*

PS. Aside from research, I also got to check the pages of **Tornado** just before they go to press, which is how I can rip out old Big E's waffle—neat job, huh?

When writing to **TORNADO**, send in this rating coupon with your letters.

This is what I like best in  
**TORNADO**

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4
- 5

# STORM

THE FIRST SNOW FLURRY OF WINTER LAY SPRINKLED ON THE UPPER SLOPS OF THE ARONASHEEN MOUNTAINS IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND... AND FOR SHEPHERD ANDREW KANE, THE TIME HAD COME TO MOVE HIS FLOCK TO MORE SHELTERED PASTURES.



BY SCOTGOODALL & MUSQUERA

BRACKEN WAS YOUNG AND EAGER—BUT SHE HAD NOT WORKED ON THE CLIFFS BY THE LOCH BEFORE...



SHE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT SOMEHOW I'LL HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN TO THAT LEDGE!



THEN IT HAPPENED: A MEETING THAT WAS TO CHANGE ANDREW KANE'S LIFE!



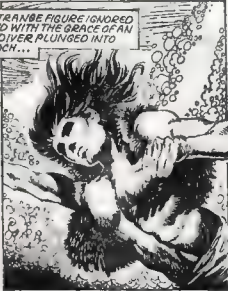


HE TURNED TO SEE A FIGURE  
BURSTING FROM THE MOOR-  
LAND MIST. POWERFUL  
MUSCLES POUNDING, THE  
BOY RACED PAST KANE...

AND SPED ON-  
TOWARDS THE  
CLIFF EDGE!



HEY, STOP! THE  
WATER IN THAT  
LOCH LL FREEZE  
YOUR BONES!



BUT THE STRANGE FIGURE IGNORED  
KANE, AND WITH THE GRACE OF AN  
OLYMPIC DIVER PLUNGED INTO  
THE ICY LOCH...



HE DID NOT SEEM TO EVEN NOTICE  
THE COLD, LONG, POWERFUL  
STROKES CHURNED THE WATER  
TO FOAM...

... UNTIL HE REACHED THE DOG. THEN STRONG, GENTLE FINGERS PROBED FOR ANY SIGN OF INJURY ... BUT FOUND NONE.



AND MINUTES LATER, FURTHER ALONG THE SHORE ...

HE SAVED BRACKEN, BUT...



WAIT! AT LEAST TELL ME WHO YOU ARE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

THEN THE STRANGER WAS GONE...



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK, BRACKEN? IS HE SOME GHOST OF THE MOUNTAINS? OR JUST ANOTHER NUTCASE LIKE ME - LOOKING FOR PEACE HERE IN THE WILD? WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT, OLD GIRL!

KANE WAS NO ORDINARY COUNTRYMAN - FRUSTRATED BY CITY LIFE, HE'D GIVEN UP A BRILLIANT CAREER AS A RESEARCH CHEMIST AND MOVED NORTH JUST A FEW MONTHS BEFORE...

NEXT DAY, KANE RETURNED TO ONE OF THE DUTIES HE LIKED LEAST ABOUT HIS JOB...

AFTERNOON, KANE! I TRUST YOU'VE MADE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR OUR STAG-HUNT?

YES, SIR! THE MAIN DEER HERD IS STILL ON THE UPPER SLOPES! ONLY FIVE MILES AWAY...

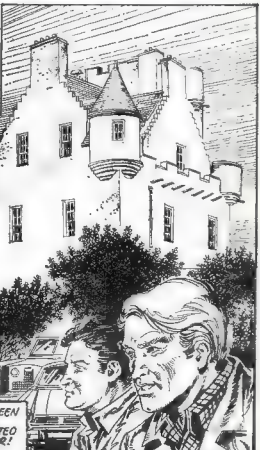


OWNER OF THE VAST ARONASHEEN ESTATE, SIR GORDON FORBES LIVED IN LONDON ... AND VISITED SCOTLAND ONLY ONCE A YEAR!



NAME? YES... NAME?

CALL ME STORM, STORM!









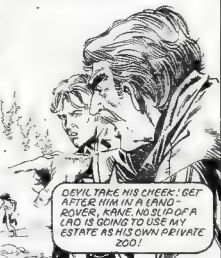
TENDER FINGERS PROBED THE WOUND, BUT...

TOO LATE, OLD FRIEND! YOUR LIFE FADES - BUT THE PAIN WILL END SWIFTLY...

TWO SECONDS OF PRESSURE ON THE ARTERIAL NERVE... AND THE TASK WAS DONE!

FAREWELL KING OF STAGS - STORM AND THE MOUNTAINS WILL MISS YOU!

MEANWHILE, UP ON THE HILL...



DEVIL TAKE HIS CHEEK! GET AFTER HIM IN A LAND ROVER, KANE - NO SLIP OF A LAD IS GOING TO USE MY ESTATE AS HIS OWN PRIVATE ZOO!

MINUTES LATER...



IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! I'M DOING MERRY TWENTY MILES AN HOUR, AND THAT KID IS STILL OUT IN FRONT!



FOR MILE AFTER MILE, THE INCREDIBLE CHASE WENT ON, MACHINE AGAINST MAN...



AT LAST - HE'S RUNNING FOR COVER! SOMEHOW I MUST GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO TELL HIM I MEAN NO HARM!



A CAVE, THIS MUST BE WHERE HE LIVES! BUT HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY SURVIVE OUT HERE - MORE TO THE POINT...



WHO THE DEVIL IS STORM AND CAN I PERSUADE HIM TO TALK TO ME, TO TRUST ME?

BUT AS KANE WARILY MOVED INTO THE CAVE

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THIS PLACE - I CAN ALMOST SMELL VIOLENCE IN THE AIR...



SHEPHERD YOU HUNT STORM LIKE MEN WITH GUNS HUNT STAG - YOU LEAVE THIS PLACE. LEAVE IT NOW, IT'S NOT SAFE FOR YOU HERE!

NEE NEE PREDATOR!

THE ARDNASHEEN MOUNTAINS IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND. A LONELY PLACE WHERE EAGLES SOARED AND DEER RAN FREE. AND THE PLACE - WHERE ONE EVENTFUL DAY - SHEPHERD ANDREW KANE FOUND THE SECRET LAIR OF A BOY WHO LIVED ALONE. A BOY CALLED...

# STORM



BY SCOT GOODALL & WILSQUERA



**BUT SUDDENLY, IN THE VALLEY BELOW...**

**KANE! WHERE THE DICKENS ARE YOU?**

**MEN COME—MEN WITH GUNS! YOU HAVE TRICKED ME, SHEPHERD!**

**BELOW, ESTATE OWNER SIR GORDON FORBES WAS WAITING ANGRILY...**

**WHERE THE DEVIL HAVE YOU BEEN, KANE? ANY SIGN OF THAT LONG-HAIRED YOUNG SCRUFF WHO RUINED OUR STAG-HUNT?**

**'FRAID I LOST HIM ABOUT AN HOUR AGO, SIR... ON THE EDGE OF THE BLACK WOOD!**

**NO! SIR GORDON MUST HAVE FOLLOWED MY TRACKS! YOU HEAD NORTH FOR THE CORONACH CORRIE BEFORE THEY SEE YOU—I'LL SAY YOU TURNED EAST TOWARDS THE BLACK WOOD!**

**IF THIS IS A TRAP, SHEPHERD, I WILL NOT EASILY FORGET! FAREWELL!**

**THEN WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD FOR HOME! YOU PICK UP THAT STAG WE SHOT, KANE—AND DON'T TAKE ALL NIGHT ABOUT IT!**

**THE BOYS AS FIT AS AN INDIAN BRAVE! HE OUT-RAN MY LAND-ROVER FOR TWENTY MILES BEFORE GOING TO GROUND! NOW HE'S AWAY AGAIN... AS FAST AS THAT VICIOUS MOGGY!**



**LOUD-MOUTH AND HIS FRIENDS DON'T SUSPECT A THING! SOON AS THEY'VE GONE, I'LL HAVE A CLOSER LOOK IN STORM'S CAVE!**

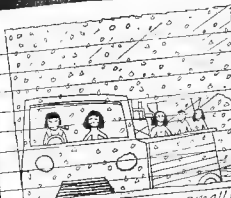
**KANE'S CURIOSITY WAS BORN OUT OF A DESIRE TO HELP—TO GAIN A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE WILD-EYED MOUNTAIN BOY...**

**A FOLDER—FULL OF PAGES TORN FROM AN EXERCISE BOOK! IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF DIARY!**



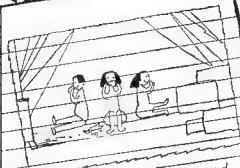


YES! IT'S BY  
THE BOY -  
STARTED OVER  
SEVEN YEARS  
AGO!



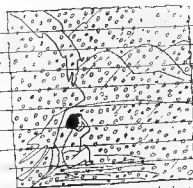
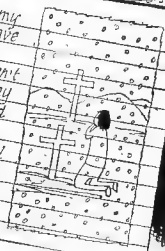
I'm Mr. G.S.  
winner 9. It  
is very cool in  
the back of the  
lorry going  
over the  
mountains  
I do not like  
being Tinker-  
smelly and dirty. My

People say we  
sisters are not  
happy and we  
hurry



Happy today. My sisters and  
me had a rabbit to eat. It  
was raw and we had to eat  
it quick in case Uncle took it  
away from us.

Why did my  
sisters have  
to die?  
They weren't  
bad. They  
coughed  
a lot.  
I think I  
will die  
soon.



I have run away - I do not  
want to die like my sisters.  
But the mountain storm is  
bad. I want to live and  
be happy - when this  
storm goes away I shall

IN THE SILENCE OF THAT HIGHLAND CAVE,  
ANDREW KANE'S FACE WAS NUMB WITH  
EMOTION AND SHOCK...



YE GODS. WHAT A STORY. BUT THE  
GYPSY BOY SURVIVED! ALL RIGHT - HERE,  
IN THIS VERY CAVE! AND NOW I KNOW  
WHY HE CALLS HIMSELF STORM!

BETTER GET MOVING! ... TAKE THE  
DIARY WITH ME, FINISH IT AT HOME,  
THEN TOMORROW - SOMEHOW -  
FIND THAT BOY AGAIN!



THEN, AS HE APPROACHED THE FROWNING  
GREY MASS OF ARDNAGHEEN HOUSE...



BACK, Y'W D  
LITTLE DEVIL!  
GET BACK!

THAT SCREAM  
WHO THE  
BLAZES - ?



# TORNADO'S GALLERY of HEROES ★ STARTS OVERLEAF

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# STORM

HE CALLED HIMSELF STORM. A WILD-EYED GYPSY BOY WHO HAD LIVED ALONE FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS IN THE ARDMASHEEN MOUNTAINS. SHEPHERD ANDREW KANE HAD TRIED TO HELP, BUT NOW STORM WAS NO LONGER FREE. HE WAS THE PRISONER OF ESTATE OWNER SIR GORDON FORBES!

BY SCOT GODDALL & MUSQUERA



YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME, SHEPHERD! YOU SPOKE OF FRIENDSHIP BUT YOU PLANNED A TRAP!

IT WASN'T LIKE THAT, LAD. I KNEW NOTHING OF THIS!



SIR GORDON! THE BOY'S NOT A WILD ANIMAL!

IF YOU ASK ME, THAT'S WHAT HE IS! A SIX-MONTH STRETCH IN BARLINNIE PRISON MIGHT KNOCK SOME HUMAN MANNERS INTO HIM!



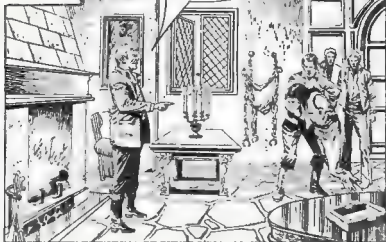
PRISON? NO, NOT STORM! NOT EVER!

LOOK OUT! HE'S CHEWING THROUGH ONE OF THE ROPES!



ALMOST FREE! ONE FINAL PULL, AND...

NAAAH!







THEY WERE CHAINED UP HERE, IN THE GREAT HALL! THE SHACKLES ARE STILL IN POSITION—**READY FOR USE AGAIN!**

**NO!  
NOOOO!**



**A HELICOPTER AND THREE VEHICLES, BY THUNDER! WHAT THE DEUCE IS GOING ON?**



**MAARRRRR!**

**HA, HA, A WASTE OF STRENGTH, TINKER! THOSE LINKS WILL HOLD YOU WELL ENOUGH UNTIL THE POLICE GET HERE!**

**THEY'RE ARRIVING NOW, SIR GORDON— BUT HARPER IN THE WAY WE EXPECTED!**



**AN IMPRESSIVE SHOW OF FORCE, INSPECTOR... BUT IS IT REALLY NECESSARY FOR ONE MAN?**

**YOUR TRESPASSER WILL HAVE TO WAIT, SIR GORDON! IT'S ANDREW KANE WE WANT RIGHT NOW!**



**THERE'S A CLIMBER TRAPPED SOMEWHERE—UP NEAR THE DEVIL'S SPOUT AND THERE'S A BLIZZARD COMING! YOUR SHEPHERD KNOWS THAT GROUND WELL—WE'D LIKE HIM TIE **THE GUIDE** US!**

**IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT? OH, VERY WELL—GET MOVING, KANE—WE'LL SORT OUT YOU AND THE BRAT LATER!**

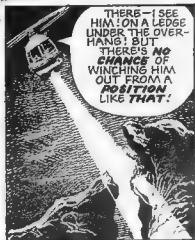
**RELAX! JUST SWING HER 30 DEGREES TO STARBOARD AND KEEP THAT **SPOTLIGHT** TRAINED AHEAD!**



**THERE SHE BLOWS... THE DEVIL'S SPOUT! WHAT WAS THE LAST REPORT ON THAT CLIMBER, INSPECTOR? SOMEWHERE NEAR THE TOP...?**



**MOUNTAINS ARE CLOSING IN, KANE! I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?**



**THERE—I SEE HIM: ON A LEDGE UNDER THE OVERHANG! BUT THERE'S **NO CHANCE** OF WINNING HIM OUT FROM A POSITION LIKE THAT!**





BY SCOT GOODALL & MUISQUERA

# STORM

THEY CALLED HIM STORM... A WILD-EYED GYPSY BOY WHO HAD LIVED ALONE FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS IN THE ARDNASHEEN MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND! NOW STORM WAS A PRISONER—HELD CHAINED IN THE HOME OF ESTATE OWNER SIR GORDON FORBES! UNTIL SUDDENLY...



UHHH... WILDCAT!

IT JUMPED STRAIGHT IN THROUGH THE WINDOW!



JEREMY! NICHOLAS! HELLP ME!

ONLY STORM CAN HELP YOU NOW, EVIL FAT MAN!

MISSED! IT'S GOING TO—

CRASH!



FOOLS! YOU  
ANGER THE  
CREATURE! SOON  
HE WILL ATTACK,  
UNLESS...

UNLESS  
WHAT, FOR  
LORD'S SAKE?



DON'T LISTEN TO  
HIM, SIR GORDON!  
ONE THRUST WITH  
A CLAYMORE WILL  
TOPPLE THE CAT!

THESE CHAINS!  
FREE ME NOW, AND  
NO HARM WILL COME  
TO YOU! I CAN  
CONTROL THE  
CREATURE!

NO... NO! DO AS  
STORM SAYS, OR  
THE BRUTE WILL  
HAVE MY EYES!



VERY WELL! BUT  
YOU'LL PAY FOR  
THIS NIGHT'S WORK,  
LAD... MARK MY  
WORDS!

FIRST YOU HAVE  
TO CATCH ME,  
ENGLISHMAN...

AND STORM  
WILL NOT BE  
CAUGHT SO  
EASILY AGAIN!



JEREMY!  
GET THE TRUCK!  
AFTER HIM!

NOW... OUT OF  
THE WINDOW,  
SKARR! FREEDOM  
CALLS!



BUT

WE'RE IN LUCK!  
IT'S THE POLICE  
HELICOPTER!  
ARRIVING BACK  
WITH KANE AND  
THE INSPECTOR!

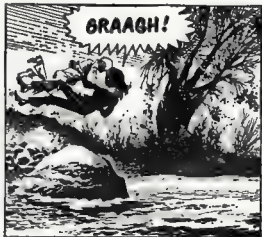




LOW AND FAST, THE HELICOPTER SWUNG NORTHWARDS. AND SUDDENLY...



AYE, AND RUNNIN' LIKE A HUNTED STAG! IF HE REACHES THE PINEWOODS, WE'LL LOSE HIM FOR SURE!





SH-SHEPHERD KANE!  
SO IT IS YOU WHO LEADS  
THE HUNT! ONCE AGAIN,  
YOUR WORDS OF FRIEND-  
SHIP HAVE PROVED TO BE  
FALSE!

NO! LISTEN TO  
ME, STORM, AND  
LISTEN WELL!

TRUST  
ME!



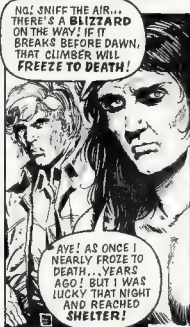
THESE POLICEMEN  
AND I NEED YOUR  
HELP! A CLIMBER  
LIES TRAPPED AND  
INURED NEAR THE  
SUMMIT OF THE  
DEVIL'S SPOUT!

ONLY YOU KNOW  
THAT MOUNTAIN  
WELL ENOUGH TO  
FIND A WAY OF  
SAVING HIM,  
STORM!



AYE! SO HELP ME  
NOW, LAD, AND I  
SWEAR THAT ANY  
TRESPASSING  
CHARGES BROUGHT  
AGAINST YE BY  
SIR GORDON FORBES  
WILL BE DROPPED!

WORDS...NOTHING  
BUT WORDS! IT'S  
ANOTHER TRICK!



NO! SNIFF THE AIR...  
THERE'S A BLIZZARD  
ON THE WAY! IF IT  
BREAKS BEFORE DAWN,  
THAT CLIMBER WILL  
FREEZE TO DEATH!

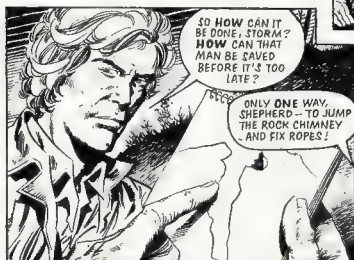
AYE! AS ONCE I  
NEARLY FROZE TO  
DEATH...YEARS  
AGO! BUT I WAS  
LUCKY THAT NIGHT  
AND REACHED  
SHELTER!



A MIST OF UNHAPPY MEMORIES  
SEEMED TO CLEAR FROM STORM'S  
EYES, AND SUDDENLY...

SO BE IT,  
SHEPHERD...  
I WILL  
HELP YOU!

THANK THE STARS!  
LOOK AT THIS SKETCH—  
THE HELICOPTER CAN'T  
WINCH THE CLIMBER  
CLEAR BECAUSE OF  
THE OVERHANG...AND  
THE RESCUE PARTY ON  
THE WEST RIDGE WILL  
BE STUCK AT THE TOP  
OF THE ROCK CHIMNEY  
UNTIL DAYLIGHT!



SO HOW CAN IT  
BE DONE, STORM?  
HOW CAN THAT  
MAN BE SAVED  
BEFORE IT'S TOO  
LATE?

ONLY ONE WAY,  
SHEPHERD—TO JUMP  
THE ROCK CHIMNEY  
AND FIX ROPES!



BUT I'VE SEEN THAT  
FISSURE...IT MUST BE  
MORE THAN TWENTY  
FIVE FEET WIDE! NO  
MAN ALIVE COULD  
JUMP IT IN THE DARK!

NO MAN...  
EXCEPT  
STORM!

next week:  
LIFE LINE.

# STORM



PICKING THE CLIMBER UP, IN THE LIGHTS, HE'S STRANDED ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE CHASM FROM THE RESCUE PARTY.

WIND GUSTING TO FORCE EIGHT, AND THE WEATHER IS CLOSING IN FAST!

**THIS RESCUE ATTEMPT IS MADNESS!**

IT IS MORE THAN MADNESS TO LEAVE A MAN TO HIS DEATH, WHEN THERE IS STILL HOPE!



THE LEADER OF THE WEST RIDGE RESCUE PARTY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES!

IF YOU WANT TO GO ON, STORM, THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME. LOWER US DOWN, WINCHMAN!

WHIT'S THIS, KANE, SOME KIND O' SICK JOKE? THE LADDIE HERE IS HALF-NAKED! NO! EVEN A PAIR O' BOOTS! HE'LL FREEZE TAE DEATH!

YOU WORRY ABOUT THE TRAPPED CLIMBER, STORM, CAN LOOK AFTER HIMSELF!



ENOUGH OF THIS  
WASTED TIME! WHEN  
I REACH THE INJURED  
MAN, BE READY TO SECURE  
THE ROPES!

BUT THE CHIMNEY  
MAN! **HOW** ARE YE GOIN'  
TAE CROSS THE ROCK  
CHIMNEY?

STORM KNOWS  
ONLY ONE WAY!

AND  
THAT IS TO  
JUMP!

IN THE DARK, WI' A  
HOWLIN' HEADWIND AN'  
A LINE TRAILIN' AT YOUR  
BACK, YE'LL **NEVER**  
MAKE IT!

BUT STORM WAS  
NOT LISTENING.

FOUR SHORT, SHARP  
STEPS FORWARD,  
AND THEN...

**HAAA!**

**AAA...**

**NNN...**

**NNNG!**

HE'S THERE!  
BUT TOO CLOSE TO  
THE EDGE!

THE ROCK'S  
CRUMBLING!



SHEER, ANIMAL-LIKE INSTINCT MADE STORM JACK-KNIFE SIDEWAYS. AND...

STORM FORCED HIS WAY ONTO THE LEDGE.

SHEPHERD, THERE IS WORK TO DO! SEE THAT THE ROPES ARE FIXED AND PULLEYS SET UP! THE CLIMBER WILL NEED A STRETCHER—HIS LEG IS BROKEN!

WITH YOU, STORM! STAND BY!

GRNFFF!

THE HAND HOLD WAS ENOUGH TO PREVENT HIM PLUMMETING INTO THE DARKNESS.

SWIFTLY, THE MEN WORKED! AND HALF AN HOUR LATER...

THAT'S IT, LADS... SLOW AND STEADY! EASY DOES IT!

HE'S ALMOST ACROSS, STORM! FOLLOW ON YOURSELF AS SOON AS WE'VE GOT HIM SAFELY ON THE RIDGE!

TRIUMPHANTLY, THE HELICOPTER BANKED SOUTHWARDS, TOWARDS THE ARDNASHEEN VILLAGE AND THE RESCUE CENTRE ITSELF. THEN...

THAT MOB BY THE 'COPTER PAD, INSPECTOR, WHAT'S GOING ON?

LOOKS LIKE THE LOCAL PRESS AND SIR GEORGE IS WITH THEM.

BEFORE LONG...

IT'S BEEN QUITE A NIGHT. NEXT STOP FOR US NOW IS THE MOUNTAIN RESCUE CENTRE AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN! YOU MUST BE WHACKED!

A LITTLE TIRED, SHEPHERD, YES, BUT I HAVE KNOWN NIGHTS OF HARDSHIP WORSE THAN THIS ONE!

SIR GEORGE FORBES, WHO OWNED THE ESTATE WHERE THE GYPSY-BOY LIVED, WAS STORM'S SWORN ENEMY...

HERE'S THE VICIOUS HOOLIGAN WHO TRESPASSES AND POACHES ON MY LAND. I DEMAND HE BE ARRESTED, NOW!

AND HE WAS MAKING BIG TROUBLE FOR STORM!

next week: ON THE RUN!

BEFRIENDED BY SHEPHERD ANDREW KANE, THE HALF-WILD GYPSY BOY CALLED STORM HAD RESCUED A TRAPPED CLIMBER IN THE ARDANASHEN MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND. RETURNING BY HELICOPTER, THEY FOUND ESTATE OWNER SIR GEORGE FORBES WAITING FOR THEM WITH A MOB OF REPORTERS!

THAT GYPSY IS LITTLE MORE THAN AN ANIMAL. INSPECTOR. EARLIER TONIGHT HE ATTACKED MY FRIENDS AND ME! I DEMAND THAT YOU ARREST HIM!

FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, YOU'RE GOING TO WIND YOUR NECK IN AND LISTEN TO ME, SIR GORDON!



# STORM

STORM HAS JUST LEAPT A YAWNING CHASM IN PITCH DARKNESS — SAVED THAT INJURED CLIMBER WITH A FEAT OF STRENGTH THE LIKE OF WHICH I'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN!

Y'MEAN THE GYPSY WAS UP ON THE 'DEVIL'S SPOUT' — DRESSED LIKE THAT?

HEY, THIS IS NEWS WITH A CAPITAL 'N'! GIVE US THE STORY, KID!

I'M PRESTON SUNDAY PROBE! SAVE IT FOR AN EXCLUSIVE, AND WE'LL HIT YOU WITH THE BIGGEST CHEQUE YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

PAIN, MINGLED WITH SADNESS, FLASHED IN THE WILD BOY'S EYES! SUDDENLY, HE FELT — AND LOOKED — LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL!



ANDREW KANE THOUGHT THINGS  
HAD GONE ON LONG ENOUGH.

SHEPHERD...  
HELLLLP  
ME!

HERE  
STORM! BREAK  
FOR IT!

STORM GATHERED  
HIS STRENGTH...

BEFORE  
LEAVING  
LIKE A  
WILD CAT!

SHEEESH!

KANE HAD  
ALREADY  
STARTED  
THE  
JEEP.

AFTER HIM!  
THIS KID IS HOT  
NEWS!

HE'S RIGHT! THE BOY'S  
SECRET IS OUT! AFTER WHAT  
I PERSUADED HIM TO DO TONIGHT,  
IT'S MY TURN TO HELP  
STORM NOW!

SCREEEK!

WITH THOSE  
NEWSHOUNDS SLAYERING  
ON OUR TRAIL, THERE'S  
ONLY ONE SAFE PLACE TO  
HEAD FOR—YOUR  
MOUNTAIN CAVE!

YOU  
SPEAK SENSE,  
SHEPHERD!

OKAY...  
BUT HOW CAN WE  
DITCH THE TRUCK  
AND SHAKE OFF THOSE  
REPORTERS?

THE  
RIVER WILL  
BE OUR MEANS  
OF ESCAPE!

STOP  
HERE!

RELAX, STORM.  
I'LL TRY AND LOSE 'EM!  
AFTER TONIGHT, AT LEAST  
SIR GORDON FORBES  
WON'T BOTHER YOU  
AGAIN!

THAT IS GOOD,  
SHEPHERD. BUT THE  
PEOPLE WHO FOLLOW  
FRIGHTEN STORM  
MORE!



ARE YOU CRAZY?  
IT MUST BE A DROP  
OF SEVENTY  
FEET TO THAT  
RIVER!

AND...

HY-YAAAAAH!

SSHHPOOM!

ALL  
WILL BE  
WELL! CLIMB  
ON TO MY BACK  
TRUST STORM  
AS HE HAS  
TRUSTED  
YOU!



A SIMPLE  
LEAP! CORRECT,  
SHEPHERD?

A MILE  
DOWNSTREAM...

NOW FOR THE SAFETY  
OF THE MOUNTAINS! FOLLOW  
ME, SHEPHERD — RUN!

Y-YOU TELL  
ME, PAL! MY BONES  
FEEL LIKE THEY'RE  
HELD TOGETHER WITH  
5-STICKY TAPE!

AFTER WHAT HE'S  
DONE TONIGHT, EVEN A BIONIC  
MAN WOULD HAVE TO CHECK IN  
FOR A REFIT! AND STORM IS ONE  
HUNDRED PER CENT HUMAN!



AS  
DAWN BROKE, THE  
GYPSY BOY'S HIGHLAND LAIR  
WAS REACHED AT LAST!

FOR ME, IT IS GOOD TO  
BE HOME AGAIN, SHEPHERD!  
I SHALL NEVER MOVE FROM  
THIS PLACE AGAIN!

DON'T YOU  
BELIEVE IT, STORM!  
MY HUNCH IS THAT  
AFTER THE LITTLE  
SHOW YOU GAVE  
THOSE REPORTERS  
EARLIER.

EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE  
COUNTRY THIS MORNING WILL  
HAVE HEADLINES ALL ABOUT  
YOU!

**DAILY LE**  
SEARCH FOR  
WILD BOY!

AND STORM'S LIFE COULD NEVER POSSIBLY BE THE SAME AGAIN!



# STORM

A LONELY CAVE IN THE ARDNACHEEN MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND. LAIR OF THE HALF-WILD, GUSPY BOY CALLED STORM, AND HIS FRIEND ANDREW KANE, A SHEPHERD TRYING TO ADAPT TO STORM'S STRANGE LIFE STYLE.

DAWN BREAKS! IT IS TIME TO AWAKE AND EAT

AWAKE? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ANY SLEEP IN THIS ROCK-HARD BED!

YOU'RE HARDLY WELL STOCKED WITH PROVISIONS STORM! ARE WE GOING HUNTING?

NO NEED! SOMEONE ELSE DOES THE HUNTING FOR STORM!



THE SHRILL WHISTLE CARRIED ON THE WIND...

AND A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY, A SINUOUS SHAPE BELLIED THROUGH THE HEATHER!



IT WAS STORM'S FRIEND! THE WILDCAT CALLED SKARR!



MINUTES LATER...

YOU SEE KANE? SKARR HAS BROUGHT US OUR BREAK-FAST!

WHUU-UUU...?

STORM'S KNIFE FLASHED IN THE SUN, AND...

SNAKE  
SKINNED!  
NOW WE  
CAN EAT!

Y-YOU MEAN  
RAW SNAKE-  
MEAT?

OF COURSE! FRESHLY KILLED  
VIPER GIVES MUCH  
NOURISHMENT!  
TRY SOME!

N-NO THANKS...  
SUDDENLY  
I DON'T  
FEEL  
HUNGRY  
ANY MORE!

THEN COME!  
CLIMB HILL TO  
GATHER WILD  
BERRIES AND  
NUTS!

CRAZY...  
STORM IS  
BEHAVING  
AS THOUGH  
NOTHING  
HAD  
HAPPENED  
AT ALL IN THE  
LAST FEW DAYS!  
HERE IN THE  
HILLS, HE'S  
UTTERLY AT  
PEACE...

BUT AFTER RESCUING  
THAT TRAPPED GLIMBER,  
LIFE CAN NEVER BE THE  
SAME FOR HIM AGAIN!!

KANE KNEW THAT THE STORY HAD ALREADY  
BROKEN... THAT EVERY NEWSPAPER IN THE  
COUNTRY WAS DESPERATE TO FIND HIM!

STORM'S SECRET IS  
OUT, AND IT'S ALL MY  
FAULT!

BUT HOW  
CAN I TELL HIM THAT HIS  
LIFE HERE IN THE HIGHLANDS  
IS FINISHED? WHAT DOES  
THE FUTURE HOLD FOR  
HIM?

SUDDENLY...

WAIT, KANE! THE  
WIND CARRIES A  
SCENT!

THE FOUL STINK OF  
MEN AND MACHINES!

THE  
GLOBE

WHERE IS  
STORM?

scottish star

SEARCH WIDENS  
FOR MOUNTAIN  
HERO!

DAILY GLOBE

'WILD BOY'  
STILL IN  
HIDING

THERE...  
YOU SEE?

MUST BE TRUCKS  
HIRED BY PRESS REPORTERS,  
STORM! THEY'RE OUT LOOKING  
FOR YOU, JUST AS I FEARED!

MACHINES ARE MOVING  
CLOSER TO STORM'S CAVE! HE  
WILL LEAD THEM AWAY FROM  
IT— AND INTO A TRAP!

BUT THE GYPSY BOY WAS ALREADY ON  
HIS WAY... RUNNING LIKE A STAG!

THERE— IS IT REALLY  
HIM?

YOU CAN  
BET IT IS! FOOT  
HARD DOWN...  
**AFTER HIM!**

**NO  
COME  
BACK!**

EVEN AS HE WATCHED, AN  
INCREDIBLE IDEA FLASHED  
INTO ANDREW RANE'S MIND...

THERE'S  
AN AREA OF  
SWAMPY GROUND  
BY THE ENTRANCE  
TO THAT GULLY!  
STORM IS TRYING  
TO LURE THE  
TRUCKS  
STRAIGHT  
INTO IT!

FROM THAT  
ROCK TO THE GULLY  
ENTRANCE, MUST BE  
ALL OF TWO HUNDRED  
METRES! I'M GOING  
TO TIME HIM!

50 METRES...

100 METRES...

150 METRES...

...AND KANE STUDIED THE SECOND HAND OF HIS WATCH WITH MOUNTING EXCITEMENT!

DOWN BELOW...

WAAAH...  
SOFT GROUND! IT'S A  
TRICK, BACK UP!

TOO LATE!  
WE'RE IN THIS MUCK  
UP TO OUR AXLES!

MAYBE THIS IS THE ANSWER  
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR—THE  
ANSWER TO STORM'S FUTURE!

WITH THE  
PROPER TRAINING,  
THAT BOY COULD  
DEVELOP INTO  
SOMETHING SPECIAL!  
ONE OF THE FINEST  
ATHLETES THIS  
COUNTRY HAS EVER  
PRODUCED!

CHAOS REIGNED... BUT UP ON THE CREST,  
ANDREW KANE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE!

TWO HUNDRED  
METRES OVER ROUGH  
GROUND, AND STORM  
COVERED IT IN TWENTY  
THREE SECONDS!  
THAT'S ABOUT THREE  
SECONDS OUTSIDE THE  
BRITISH RECORD!

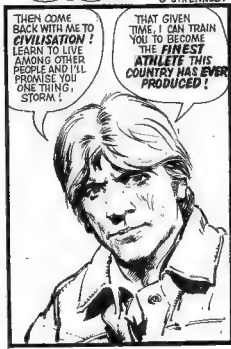
NEXT WEEK: BACK TO CIVILISATION.



FOR SEVEN YEARS, THE HALF-WILD GYPSY BOY CALLED **STORM** HAD LIVED ALONE IN THE ARDNASHEEN MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND. THEN HE WAS BEFRIENDED BY EX-SHEPHERD **ANDREW KANE**. ...WHO KNEW THAT STORM'S OLD **WAY OF LIFE** WAS **OVER** FOR GOOD!



# STORM



BY S. GOODALL & S. KENNEDY

SO THE B'RGAIN WAS STRUCK!  
AND EARLY NEXT MORNING...

TO LEAVE MY MOUNTAIN IS A  
**SAD THING, KANE...**  
BUT NOT ALL OF  
STORM'S OLD  
LIFE WILL BE LEFT  
BEHIND!

WHAT  
D'YOU  
MEAN?

**SKRRRG!**

**NAA-OOW!**

IT WAS STORM'S  
FAITHFUL FRIEND—  
THE WILDCAT  
CALLED  
**SKARR**

IDIOT! YOU CAN'T  
TAKE THAT **BRUTE**  
WITH YOU! IT'LL  
CREATE  
**CHAOS!**

OKAY... SO THE  
CAT COMES TOO!  
BUT HE'S YOUR  
RESPONSIBILITY AT  
**ALL TIMES!**  
REMEMBER  
THAT!

**THREE  
HOURS  
LATER...**

THE HIGHLAND  
TOWN OF INVERGELY!  
QUIET AND REMOTE  
ENOUGH FOR US TO BE  
LEFT IN **PEACE**  
FOR A WHILE—  
I HOPE!

IF **SKARR**  
**STAYS... STORM**  
**STAYS!** THE CHOICE  
IS **YOURS, KANE!**

STORM WILL  
**REMEMBER...**  
AND SKARR WILL  
**OBEY!**

KANE HAD DECIDED TO  
BOOK INTO ONE OF THE  
LOCAL HOTELS...

DOUBLE ROOM PLEASE...  
SINGLE BEDS. WE'LL  
PROBABLY BE STAYING FOR  
A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

NOPE! WE'RE  
TRAVELLING  
LIGHT!

NUMBER SEVEN IS A  
PLEASANT ROOM, SRRR!  
SECOND FLOOR LEFT! AND  
WILL YE BE HAVIN' ANY  
LUGGAGE TAE CARRY UP?

ENGLISH TOURISTS  
NAE DOOT, AND ONE O' THEM  
IN **BARE FEET!** I'M THINKING  
THAT THE SOONER WE GET **HOME**  
**RULE** FOR SCOTLAND THE BETTER!

CASUALLY, KANE CLOSED THE DOOR OF THE ANCIENT LIFT. THEN SUDDENLY...

NUUU-  
UURRR!

STORM!  
WHAT IS IT?

OUT, KANE—  
LEAP FOR FREEDOM!  
WE HAVE WALKED  
INTO A CAGE!

KARR-R-UUNG!

A  
TRAP!

RELAX! THIS ISN'T  
A CAGE, IT'S SOMETHING  
CALLED A LIFT! I'LL CARRY  
US TO THE UPPER FLOORS!

STORM WILL  
WALK TO THE  
UPPER FLOORS!

SHEESH!  
TEACHING STORM  
A NEW WAY OF LIFE  
IS GOING TO BE  
HARDER THAN  
I THOUGHT!

MINUTES  
LATER, IN  
THEIR  
ROOM...

THAT'S A BED, RIGHT? WHERE YOU'LL  
SLEEP! AND OVER THERE IS A WASH  
BASIN! TRY TURNING THOSE TAPS  
AND WATER WILL COME OUT!

LATER! FIRST  
STORM WILL  
EAT!

THIS CLEAN-PICKED  
BONE WILL MAKE **TASTY  
SNACK!**

NO, YOU  
IDIOT!

SWAPP!

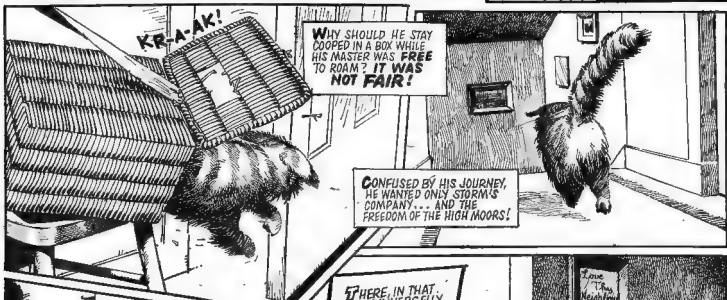
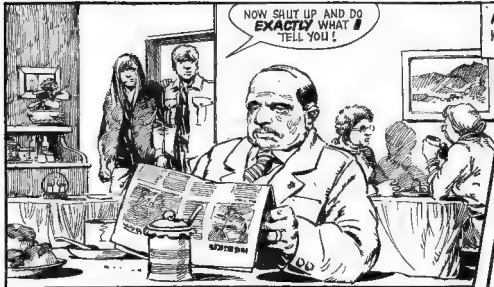
THAT ISN'T  
A BONE, IT'S  
SOMETHING  
CALLED A  
TELEPHONE  
RECEIVER!

THEN  
WHERE  
DO WE FIND  
FOOD IN  
THIS  
PLACE?

WE'LL EAT  
IN THE HOTEL  
DINING  
ROOM!

STORM'S  
FAVOURITE FOOD  
IS **RAW SNAKE  
MEAT!** YOU WILL  
GET SOME FOR  
ME, KANE...  
YES?

NO... BUT I  
MIGHT MANAGE  
A COUPLE OF  
UNDER-DONE  
STEAKS!



NEXT WEEK:  
**THE SCRAP!**



# STORM

BY S. GOODALL & S. KENNEDY

THE WILD MOUNTAIN BOY CALLED STORM HAD BEEN BEFRIENDED BY EX-SHEPHERD ANDREW KANE. TOGETHER, THEY TRAVELLED TO THE HIGHLAND TOWN OF INVERGELY, WHERE KANE WAS HOPING TO INTRODUCE STORM TO A NORMAL WAY OF LIFE AND START HIS TRAINING AS A WORLD-CLASS ATHLETE.

POTATOES CUT UP AND FRIED! MOST PEOPLE ARE VERY FOND OF THEM!

YUK, NOT STORM... THERE IS TOO MUCH STINK OF OIL AND GREASE!



THE WAITRESS HAD SEEN THAT AN ANIMAL SCRAP WAS TAKING PLACE BETWEEN STORM'S COMPANION AND THE HOTEL DOG.

SNAARRRRSS!



ONLY NEAR-RAW MEAT IS GOOD! MMMM!



YOU'RE NOT LIVING IN A CAVE ANY MORE, STORM! FOR PETE'S SAKE USE THE KNIFE AND FORK!

SKARR THE WILDCAT! HE'S FREE!



THERE YE ARE, GENTLEMEN... TWO RARE STEAKS, CHIPS AND PEAS!

CHIPS? WHAT ARE CHIPS?



THEN... YAAAAEEEEK!

CONFUSED AND ANGRY, STORM'S FRIEND FROM THE HIGH GLEN HAD SUCCEEDED IN GETTING OUT OF THE BEDROOM!

BETWEEN THEM, THAT PAIR WILL RIP THE PLACE APART!



**WILDCAT VERSUS HUNTING DOG!**  
**PRIMEVAL INSTINCTS LENT A SAVAGE**  
**FURY TO THE INCREDIBLE BATTLE!**



UNTIL AT LAST...



... BUT IT'S THE  
 BAUTE'S FIRST AND  
 LAST FIGHT IN:  
 INVERGELLY!



BUT AS TWO BURLY CHEFS  
 CLOSED IN, THE GYPSY BOY SAW JUST ONE,  
 REMOTE CHANCE OF ESCAPE!



POWER SEEMED TO SURGE THROUGH HIS RIPPLING LEG MUSCLES AS STORM THRUST HIMSELF UP, UP, AND FORWARD...

DID YE SEE THAT WULLIE? THAT WAS A JUMP OF TWENTY-FIVE FEET AND MAIR!

AYE, AND I'VE SEEN YON LAD'S PHOTO IN THE PAPERS! HE'S THE ONE EVERYBODY'S LOOKIN' FOR! THE WILD BOY CALLED STORM!

HNNNN-NNNGGG!

I DINNA CARE TUPPENCE WHO HE IS! D'YE HEAR THAT, MISTER? NOO GET OOT O' MA HOTEL AN' NEVER COME BACK!

BLAST, WHAT A DISASTER! MY PLAN OF TEACHING STORM TO LIVE AMONG ORDINARY PEOPLE HAS GONE RIGHT UP THE CREEK!

I HAVE AN OLD FARMER FRIEND UP THE GLEN! HE'LL RENT US AN EMPTY COTTAGE UNTIL YOU'RE MORE USED TO MODERN WAYS!

THE STORY IS BOUND TO GET OUT! ANY MINUTE NOW, I'LL HAVE A SWARM OF REPORTERS ON MY NECK!

PSST... A BAD DAY, KANE, YES? WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

THAT IS GOOD! THERE WILL BE MORE FREEDOM TOO, FOR SKARR THE WILDCAT!

BUT THAT NIGHT, A CONVOY OF CARS ROARED UP THE LONELY ROAD, AND...

ALL RIGHT, KANE, WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! BRING THE WILD BOY OUT!

YEAH! THIS TIME WE WANT THE FULL STORY ON YOUNG STORM!

OKAY—WE CAN'T AVOID YOU FOR EVER, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE FOR YOURSELVES WHAT HE CAN DO, IN TWO WEEKS' TIME... AT THE ANNUAL ABERGOWAN ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS!

HOW COME?

BECAUSE STORM'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE WILL BE AT THAT MEETING! AND I'LL PROMISE YOU THIS...

...THERE ISN'T A BRITISH ATHLETIC RECORD IN EXISTENCE THAT STORM THE MOUNTAIN BOY CAN'T BEAT!

NEXT WEEK: THE RACER!

DAWN... AND IN A LONELY HIGHLAND GLEN, A BOY WAS RUNNING! THEY CALLED HIM **STORM**, THE HALF-WILD GYPSY LAD WHO WAS BEING TRAINED AS AN ATHLETE BY EX-SHEPHERD ANDREW KANE!

TIME AT 100 METRES,  
10.4! OVER ROUGH  
GROUND, THAT'S  
BETTER THAN I  
HOPED!

# STORM

BY S. GOODALL & S. KENNEDY

OPEN UP, STORM-  
EVERYTHING YOU'VE  
GOT! LET'S SEE HOW  
FAST YOU CAN COVER  
THE REST OF THE  
400 METRES!

SPEED YOU  
WANT, SPEED  
YOU WILL GET,  
SHEPHERD!



SHEEE-UH!  
MAYBE MY STOPWATCH  
IS **WRONG**... BUT  
I DOUBT IT!

YOU LOOK  
PUZZLED, KANE!  
WAS MY TIME  
**BAD?**

**BAD?** YOU  
MUST BE JOKING!  
IT'S SO GOOD  
EVEN I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT!

HOW THE  
BLAZES DID  
YOU DEVELOP  
SUCH STRENGTH  
AND STAMINA?



WHEN YOU LIVE  
AND HUNT  
ALONE, SPEED  
IS NECESSARY  
FOR SURVIVAL,  
KANE...

... BUT OVER THE YEARS, IT  
GAVE STORM THE STRENGTH TO  
SURVIVE - AND THE SPEED TO  
OUT-RUN A HIGHLAND DEER!

LEATHER BELT  
WITH POUCHES....  
FILLED WITH  
ROCKS! TO WEAR  
IT AND RUN,  
IS TO LIVE WITH PAIN...

AS FAR AS FITNESS AND TRAINING  
ARE CONCERNED, I CAN'T TEACH THE  
BOY A THING! BUT HAS A LONGER  
LIKE HIM THE TEMPERAMENT  
FOR BIG-TIME ATHLETICS?

EVERY DAY FOR MANY  
YEARS, STORM TRAINED  
ON THE CORONACH  
MOUNTAIN WITH THIS -  
A BURDEN BELT!

A WHAT?

MAYBE I'LL FIND  
OUT NEXT WEEK -  
WHEN STORM RUNS  
IN HIS FIRST  
COMPETITIVE EVENT!

KANE HAD ENTERED THE GRASSY BOY FOR THE 1500 METRES  
OPEN INVITATION RACE AT THE ABERGOWAN ATHLETIC  
CHAMPIONSHIPS. AND, ON THE DAY...

HERE COMES  
STORM NOW! LET'S  
TAKE A CLOSER  
LOOK AT THE  
FREAK!

STRENGTH,  
HE'S WILD, ALL  
RIGHT! MORE  
LIKE A BARE-  
FOOTED  
SAVAGE!

NEWS OF STORM HAD SPREAD FAR AND WIDE...  
AND THOUSANDS HAD FLOCKED TO SEE HIS  
ATHLETIC DEBUT!

BLAST THE BRITISH  
PRESS AND THEIR  
PUBLICITY!

UP THE PASSAGE  
TO THE CHANGING-  
ROOMS, STORM!  
WE'LL BE SAFE  
THERE!

I HOPE SO,  
KANE! PEOPLE  
PUSH AS CLOSE  
AS FEAS ON  
A HIGHLAND  
EWE!

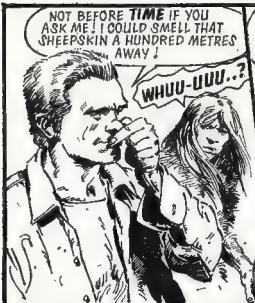
MOMENTS LATER...

ANDREW KANE! I'VE  
ENTERED THIS LAD FOR  
THE 1500 METRES!

NO MISTAKING SOMEONE LIKE THE  
MOUNTAIN BOY, MR. KANE! TAKE THESE  
AND STORM WILL BE CALLED WHEN  
THE RACE COMES UP!

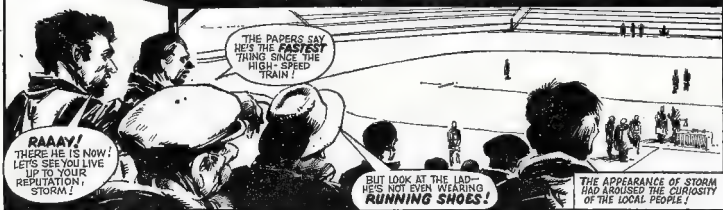
NUMBERS?  
WHAT ARE THEY  
FOR, SHEPHERD?

TO WEAR ON YOUR RUNNING  
VEST DURING THE RACE! YOU'LL  
HAVE TO CHANGE OUT OF YOUR  
EVERYDAY GEAR!



# STORM

**STORM**—THE WILD MOUNTAIN BOY WHO WAS BEING TRAINED AS AN ATHLETE BY EX-SHEPHERD **ANDREW KANE**—WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PART IN HIS FIRST COMPETITIVE EVENT—THE **1500 METRES** OPEN INVITATION RACE AT THE SMALL HIGHLAND TOWN OF **ABERGOWAN**...



BY S. GOODALL & S. KENNEDY

IT'S THE MOUNTAIN BOY - HE'S DOWN!



WE CAME TO SEE HIM - BUT HE CANNOT EVEN STAND UP!

BUT... YOU'VE BEEN SPIKED, STORM! ANY IDEA HOW IT HAPPENED?



TOO MANY RUNNERS BUNCHED TOGETHER, SHEPHERD. STORM SAW NOTHING - JUST FELT THE PAIN!

IT'S LOUSY LUCK... BUT YOUR FIRST RACE IS OVER BEFORE IT'S BEGUN!

NO! MANY PEOPLE CAME TO SEE STORM RUN...



...SO PAIN OR NO PAIN - **STORM WILL RUN!**

HOW ABOUT THAT FOR A DISPLAY OF GUTS? THE KID'S BACK IN THE RACE!



THERE'S NO WAY HE'LL CATCH THE REST OF THE FIELD! THEY'RE HALF A LAP AHEAD!

BUT STORM HAD NOT GIVEN UP HOPE...

THE BOY'S GOING LIKE HE WAS RUNNING A **SHORT SPRINT!** HE'LL BURN HIMSELF OUT!



LAP THREE CAME AND WENT... AND THEN, AS THE BELL CLANGED...

**LAST LAP, STORM!** IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING LEFT, **GIVE IT NOW! EVERY LAST OUNCE OF EFFORT!**





OUT IN THE LEAD,  
BRIAN COX THOUGHT  
HE HAD BEEN COASTING  
HOME... HE GLANCED  
BACK IN DISBELIEF...

TH-THAT LONG-HAIRED LITTLE CREEP  
ISN'T HUMAN! BUT I'M NOT BEATEN YET..  
NOT BY A LONG CHALK!



BADLY WINDED, STORM LOST GROUND AND  
STAGGERED SIDWAYS...

THERE! IT'S  
HAPPENED! HE'S  
BURNT HIMSELF  
OUT—BLOWN  
UP!

IT WAS  
(INEVITABLE!)  
**NOBODY**  
COULD HAVE  
KEPT UP A  
KILLING  
PACE LIKE  
THAT!



SECONDS  
LATER...

BRIAN COX  
WINS!



IT WAS A FANTASTIC ACHIEVEMENT JUST TO **FINISH!**  
YOU WERE GOING LIKE A **GREYHOUND** TIL YOU BLEW UP!

STORM DID  
NOT BLOW UP!  
HE WAS  
HIT!



AND WHEN STORM IS HIT,  
HE HITS BACK!



**STORM**, THE WILD MOUNTAIN BOY BEING TRAINED AS AN ATHLETE BY EX-SHEPHERD **ANDREW KANE**, HAD TAKEN PART IN HIS FIRST COMPETITIVE EVENT... A 1500 METRES OPEN INVITATION RACE AT THE ABERDEEN ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS. BUT AFTER FINISHING FOURTH IN THE RACE, STORM SUDDENLY ATTACKED THE WINNER, BRIAN COX:

THIS FIST IS FOR YOU, SNAKE! THE ONLY JUSTICE THAT STORM KNOWS IS TO GIVE YOU ROUGH JUSTICE.

AAAH, HELP! SOME-BOY GET 'IM OFF ME!



**ANDREW KANE** AND AN OFFICIAL MADE A WILD DESPERATE LUNGE...

**SHAMMER DOWN, STORM!** WHAT THE BLAZES IS WRONG?



BY S. GOODALL & S. KENNEDY

# STORM

YOU BLEW UP ON THE LAST LAP—THAT'S NO REASON TO GO HANDING OUT **KNUCKLE SANDWICHES** TO THE WINNER!

**RRRRHH!** I BEAT YOU FAIR AND SQUARE, CAVEMAN!

THAT'S RIGHT, LAD! WE WERE ALL WATCHING THE RACE... AND NOT ONE OF US SAW BRIAN COX DO ANYTHING WRONG!

THE ASSOCIATION WILL TAKE A SERIOUS VIEW OF THIS INCIDENT, MR. KANE! IF STORM CAN'T LOSE A RACE WITHOUT SWINGING PUNCHES, HE **SHOULDN'T** BE IN ATHLETICS!

STORM DID NOT BLOW UP! STORM WAS HIT IN THE STOMACH... **BY HIM!**

I HAVEN'T FINISHED WITH YOU EITHER, PAL! I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE AND PRESS CHARGES OF **ASSAULT!**



SHOCKED BY STORM'S OUTBURST, EVEN THE CROWD HAD TURNED AGAINST HIM!

BOO! LONG-HAired, TEARAWAY! GET 'IM OUT OF OUR SIGHT!

YEAH, SHOVE 'IM BACK IN A MOUNTAIN CAVE WHERE HE BELONGS!

AS THE CLAMOUR OF INSULTS SWELLED TO A ROAR, STORM SUDDENLY TENSED!

MEN IN UNIFORM, KANE... THEY ARE COMING FOR ME!

RELAX, THE POLICE ONLY WANT TO ASK YOU FEELINGS—FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! THEY WON'T HOLD YOU FOR LONG!

THEY WILL NOT HOLD ME AT ALL! STORM IS INNOCENT... AND STORM WILL NOT BE CAGED!

MAO WFF!

BUT...

HEY, WHAT?!

IDiot! COME BACK! RUNNING AWAY WILL ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE!

CLOSE IN, MEN, HE WON'T GET FAR!

CORNER HIM BY THE LOUDSPEAKER VAN!

STORM TOOK A SHORT, SHARP RUN, DUG THE POLE INTO THE TURF—AND...

HAA-NWFF!

SHEESH! LOOK AT THAT! A FIFTEEN-FOOT POLE-VAULT OVER THE TANNY VAN!

WAY OUT

NOW HE'S RUNNING LIKE A GREYHOUND FOR THE EXIT GATE!

WITHOUT BREAKING STRIDE, THE MOUNTAIN BOY SPRING-HEELED UPWARDS...

OVER AND OUT WITH THE GRACE OF A GAZELLE! OH MAN, HAVE WE GOT SOME BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TODAY!

PICTURES... THAT'S IT!

HAVE YOU PRESS BOYS BEEN HERE ALL AFTERNOON? DID YOU TAKE ANY PHOTOS OF THE RACE ITSELF?

SURE WE DID, THAT GYPSY KID IS HOT NEWS RIGHT NOW! WHY?

JAD

BECAUSE STORM IS CONVINCED THAT BRIAN COX BELTED HIM AS THEY CAME OUT OF THE FINAL BEND! NOW IF WE CAN PROVE THAT WITH A PHOTOGRAPH!

SAY NO MORE, KANE. LET'S GET A DARKROOM! I CAN SMELL AN EVEN HOTTER STORY THAN THE ONE WE'VE GOT ALREADY!

COX, YOU'RE COMING, TOO... AND THESE RACE OFFICIALS! IF STORM WAS PROPOSED INTO DOING WHAT HE DID, I WANT IT OUT IN THE OPEN!

MR. KANE, THE WHOLE THING IS RIDICULOUS!

YEAH, AN ABSOLUTE WASTE OF TIME!

BUT ANDREW KANE INSISTED... AND AN HOUR LATER, AT THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER OFFICES...

WAIT... I'VE GOT IT! HAVE A LOOK AT THIS!

COX'S ELBOW—RAMMING HARD INTO STORM'S RIBS! SO THE GYPSY KID WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!

THE PRINTS ARE COMING UP NOW... THEY'RE LOOKING GOOD!

YEAH, BUT THERE'S NOTHING CONCLUSIVE, SO—

N-NEVER! IF... IF I DON'T COLLIDE WITH HIM, IT WAS PURELY ACCIDENTAL!

THERE'S NOTHING ACCIDENTAL ABOUT THIS, COX: THE PHOTO PROVES YOU DELIBERATELY WENT FOR STORM TO PREVENT HIM FROM WINNING.

AND, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, KANE, I'M SURE THIS PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE WILL BE ENOUGH TO CLEAR STORM'S NAME!

YES, IF I CAN FIND HIM... AND IF I CAN PERSUADE HIM EVER TO RUN AT CHAMPIONSHIP LEVEL AGAIN!

next week: WHERE IS STORM?





# STORM INNOCENT!

MOUNTAIN BOY CLEARED OF ASSAULT CHARGE



DRAMATIC EVENTS took place yesterday during the annual athletics championship in Abergowan. After coming in fourth in the 1500 metres event, Storm — the wild mountain boy being trained as an athlete by ex-shepherd Andrew Kane — lashed out at the winner, Brian Cox.

Storm claimed that Cox had elbowed him in the stomach during the final run-in, and these pictures give dramatic proof that the mountain boy was speaking the truth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Storm — who fled the scene after the incident — has now been cleared of an assault charge brought by Cox, and



BY S. GOODALL & S. KENNEDY

ANDREW KANE READ THE NEWSPAPER WITH ONE OF THE RACING OFFICIALS...



I'M GLAD STORM'S NAME HAS BEEN CLEARED, KANE! THAT LAD HAS A GREAT FUTURE IN FRONT OF HIM!

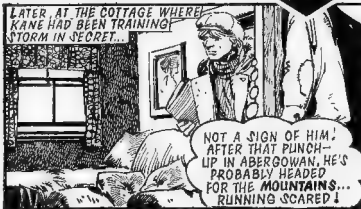
YES-IF I CAN FIND HIM AND PERSUADE HIM TO RUN AGAIN! STORM IS NO ORDINARY KID, HE'S A LAW UNTO HIMSELF!

# STORM

BUT SUDDENLY...



LATER, AT THE COTTAGE WHERE KANE HAD BEEN TRAINING STORM IN SECRET...



NOT A SIGN OF HIM! AFTER THAT PUNCH-UP IN ABERGOWAN, HE'S PROBABLY HEADED FOR THE MOUNTAINS... RUNNING SCARED!

SO STORM WILL PROBABLY TRY AND PICK HIM UP-AND WHEN HE DOES I'LL BE WAITING!

DARKNESS FELL. HOURS PASSED... BUT ANDREW KANE WAS ALERT AND READY!

SHADOW MOVING BY THE STREAM—IT'S HIM!



STORM RETURNED ONLY FOR SKARR! HE WILL NOT BE TAKEN BACK TO THE CITY POLICEMEN!

BEFORE YOU GO ANY FURTHER... READ THIS!



KANE HAD DECIDED THAT STORM SHOULD COMPETE IN ONLY ONE SHORT RACE—THE 800 METRES! AND WHEN THE DAY CAME...

TWO LAPS OF THE TRACK, STORM! NO ONE DOWN HERE HAS HEARD OF YOU AT ALL... SO GET OUT THERE AND WIN!



FOR YOU, I WILL TRY HARD, KANE!

HALTINGLY—LIKE A CHILD—STORM SPOKE THE PRINTED WORDS ALOUD...

SO! DOES THIS MEAN NO MORE TROUBLE? NO MORE PURSUIT BY MEN OF THE LAW?



FOR A TRAINED HUNTER, STORM, YOU'RE GETTING CARELESS!

GRAAGH!

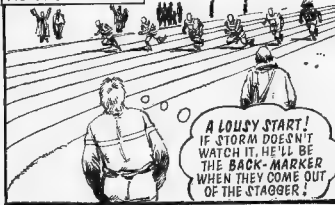


YOU'VE GOT IT, STORM! YOU'RE FREE TO COMPETE AGAIN! TO PROVE TO THE WHOLE WORLD HOW GREAT AN ATHLETE YOU ARE!

THE FIRST TIME IT DID NOT GO WELL, SHEPHERD! MANY PEOPLE TURNED AGAINST STORM!

THIS TIME IT'LL BE DIFFERENT! NO PUBLICITY! I'LL ENTER YOU QUIETLY FOR A ONE-DAY LOCAL MEETING IN EDINBURGH!

BUT AS THE STARTING PISTOL CRACKED...



A LOUSY START! IF STORM DOESN'T WATCH IT, HE'LL BE THE BACK-MARKER WHEN THEY COME OUT OF THE STAGGER!

SURE ENOUGH, AS THE RUNNERS  
BROKE FROM THEIR LANES HALFWAY  
ROUND THE FIRST LAP...

YOU'RE TWELVE  
METRES BEHIND  
AND LOSING  
GROUND! MOVE  
IT, STORM!

BUT THE MOUNTAIN BOY  
TOOK NOT THE SLIGHTEST  
NOTICE! AND SOON...



THE BELL FOR THE LAST LAP!  
STORM'S CLIP-CLOPPING ALONG  
LIKE A DONKEY! NO HOPE  
NOW, THAT'S FOR SURE!

SUDDENLY, WITH  
THREE-QUARTERS  
OF A LAP TO GO...  
THE GYPSY BOY  
EXPLODED INTO  
LIFE!

HARR-NNNN!

HEY, LOOK AT THAT  
LONG-HAIRED KID AT  
THE BACK! HE'S  
MOVING UP!

BUT TOO LATE  
TO REACH THE  
LEADERS!



YET, INCREDIBLY...

STRENGTH, I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT! HE'S  
UP WITH THE  
FIRST FEW!

NO! HE'S  
ACTUALLY OUT  
IN FRONT!



ANDREW KANE HAD NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT  
EITHER!

FANTASTIC  
STORM! BUT WHY  
THE BLAZES DID  
YOU LEAVE IT SO  
LATE?

STORM  
LEARNS  
QUICKLY,  
SHEPHERD...



HALF A LAP BEHIND  
AND NOW HE'S COMIN'  
HOME LIKE RED RUM!

AYE, ON TWO  
LEGS INSTEAD  
OF FOUR! A  
SUREFIRE  
WINNER!



MANY PEOPLE SHOUT AND  
WAVE, SHEPHERD! WHY IS  
THAT?

THEY'RE CHEERING  
YOU! AND THIS IS ONLY  
THE BEGINNING!

...LAST TIME HE  
TRIED TO REACH  
FRONT TOO  
QUICKLY, STORM  
WAS SPIKED IN  
FOOT!

THIS TIME, HE  
DECIDED TO  
STAY AT BACK...  
UNTIL OTHER  
RUNNERS WERE  
TIRED!



FROM NOW ON... THE WORLD'S  
AT YOUR FEET!

JOIN STORM AGAIN IN TWO WEEKS' TIME.

BACK THIS WEEK! THE ADVENTURES OF THE WILD BOY CALLED...

# STORM

BY S. COODALL  
& S. KENNEDY

**STORM** WAS WILD... **STORM** WAS **UNTAMED**! A GYPSY BOY FOUND LIVING ALONE IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, HE WAS NOW BEING TRAINED AS AN ATHLETE BY EX-SHEPHERD **ANDREW KANE**. AFTER WINNING HIS FIRST RACE AT A LOCAL MEETING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF EDINBURGH, **STORM** HAD BEEN TAKEN BY KANE INTO THE CITY ITSELF!

MUCH NOISE... MANY PEOPLE... NO HEATHER UNDERFOOT! **STORM** DOES NOT LIKE THIS PLACE, SHEPHERD!

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET **USED** TO THE CITY, **STORM**. IF YOU **ARE** GOING TO BE A TOP ATHLETE THEN YOU MUST JOIN ONE OF THE BIG ATHLETIC CLUBS!



FIRST, WE NEED SOMEWHERE TO LIVE! LET'S CATCH THAT BUS!

**STORM'S UNUSUAL APPEARANCE** DID NOT GO UNNOTICED...

B-BUS?

HA, HA, WATCH OUT, MAGGIE! WE'RE SHARIN' A BUS W/ THE SON O' THE **INCREDIBLE HULK**!

NA, HE'S JUST ONE O' THEY **PUNK ROCKERS** YE READ ABOUT!

DOES IT.

... BUT IF IT WILL MAKE YOU **HAPPY**!

HERE'S A **NAPPY PIN** FOR YE, LADDIE! STICK IT THROUGH YER EAR-LOBE!

**MICKEY?** WHO IS HE, SHEPHERD?

**STORM, NO!** THEY'RE JUST TAKING THE **MICKEY**!

NEVER MIND, I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

JUST HAND THAT PIN BACK AND IGNORE EVERYBODY!

A **STRANGE** REQUEST, WOMAN...



HALF AN HOUR LATER ...

TALL BUILDINGS SHUT  
OUT THE SKY ... AND  
**STINK IS BAD!**  
WHERE ARE WE NOW,  
SHEPHERD?

KANE SOON FOUND THE ADDRESS  
FROM THE ADVERT

MRS MACFADDEN?  
MY NAME IS ANDREW  
KANE. I PHONED  
EARLIER ...

AYE, ABOUT THE ROOMS:  
IT'S A SELF-CONTAINED BED-  
SITTER W/ KITCHEN, SHARED  
BATHROOM UP THE STAIRS!

A PLACE CALLED  
**STRACHAN CLOSE!**  
THERE WAS AN ADVERT  
IN THE PAPER OFFERING  
FURNISHED ROOMS  
TO RENT!

KANE LOOKS  
WORRIED: DID  
THE FAT WOMAN  
WITH METAL  
SPIKES IN HEAD  
**UPSET** HIM?

I LIKE MY TENANTS TAE  
BE CLEAN AND QUIET; RENT  
IS PAID **IN ADVANCE**,  
AND I NEED A DEPOSIT!

ROBBERY FOR A **DUMP**  
LIKE THIS ... BUT RIGHT  
NOW, I CAN'T AFFORD ANY-  
THING BETTER!

**MONEY?  
WHAT IS  
MONEY?**

**THIS!** YOU NEED IT TO PAY  
FOR THINGS ... LIKE ACCOMMO-  
DATION, CLOTHES, FOOD! I ONLY  
WISH I HAD **MORE OF IT!**  
YOUR TRAINING'S NOT GOING  
TO BE CHEAP!

SUDDENLY...

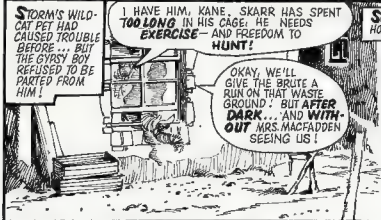
**SKRAAAH!**

OH, NO! THAT  
DAMNED WILDCAT!

IT WAS STORM'S PET,  
**SKARR THE WILDCAT!**

HE'S LEAPING FOR THE  
WINDOW! **STOP HIM!**

HERE,  
SKARR!  
**TO ME!**



**MOUNTAIN BOY STORM** HAD MOVED TO EDINBURGH TO CONTINUE HIS TRAINING AS AN ATHLETE WITH EX-SHEPHERD **ANDREW KANE**. BUT FUNDS WERE SHORT AND ONE NIGHT WHILE HUNTING WITH **SKARR** THE WILD-CAT, STORM SAW SOMETHING THAT HE THOUGHT MIGHT HELP HIS FRIEND KANE!



# STORM



BY S. GOODALL & S. KENNEDY



BUT INSIDE THE SHOP...

PRESS THAT **ALARM** BUTTON, PA! I'M GOIN' TAE CATCH THAT COCKY LITTLE MUGGER.

15

AS THE BELL CLANGED AND SHOUTS ECHOED IN THE DARKNESS, ANDREW KANE RACED FROM HIS RENTED ROOMS...

STORM, WHAT'S GOING ON?

NO TROUBLE, SHEPHERD! STORM VISITED SHOP... FOUND SOME PAPER **MONEY**-STUFF YOU WANTED!

WHAAAT? YOU CAN'T JUST GO AROUND GRABBING HANDFULS OF POUND NOTES! IT'S **WRONG**... IT'S CALLED **STEALING**!

THEN STORM IS SORRY, STORM DID NOT KNOW!

FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO YOU **NOW**! THE SHOPKEEPER'S ON YOUR TRAIL WITH HALF A DOZEN OF HIS NEIGHBOURS!

SPREAD OOT, LADS! EYES PEELED! HE COULDN'A HAVE GOT FAR!

GIVE ME THAT **MONEY**, STORM! RUN LIKE **BLAZES** UP THE ALLEY AND HIDE SOMEWHERE! LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

IF... IF YOU SAY SO, SHEPHERD!

THE WILD BOY EXPLODED INTO A RACING SPRINT, AND NEXT MOMENT...

GAAAGH... OVER HERE! HELP ME!

SOMEBODY ELSE IN TROUBLE BY THE SOUND O' IT! WHAT HAPPENED, MISTER?

I-I SAW THE THIEF AND TACKLED HIM FOR YOU! MANAGED TO GET THE MONEY BACK... BUT THE PERISHER GOT CLEAN AWAY!

AYE, THERE HE IS! BELTIN' UP THE ALLEY LIKE A GALE FORCE WIND!



GOOD,  
THREE MORE  
O' MA MATES  
ARE WAITIN'  
DOON THERE!  
WE'LL HAE  
HIM  
TRAPPED!

BLAST  
OUT OF THE  
FRYING PAN  
INTO THE FIRE!  
STORM'S HAD  
IT!

BUT THE MOUNTAIN BOY  
KNEW DANGER WHEN HE  
SAW IT! LOWERING HIS  
HEAD, HE CHARGED LIKE  
A CORNERED STAG!

HY-AAAAH!

GNNNGH! UUUUUFF!

S-STOP HIM!  
STOP THAT  
BOY!

MANY PEOPLE BLOCK STORM'S  
WAY! ONLY ONE PLACE NOW,  
WHERE HE CAN RUN FAST  
AND FREE!

UP HERE...  
ON TOP OF FOUR-  
WHEELED METAL  
BOXES!

LEG MUSCLES RIPPLING, FEET  
POUNDED, STORM ACCELERATED  
DOWN THE LINE OF CAR ROOFS  
WITH UNBELIEVABLE SPEED!

WAAAH,  
WHIT'S GOIN'  
ON?

STORM HAD NO  
INTENTION OF GETTING  
CAUGHT! REACHING  
THE END OF THE TRAFFIC  
JAM, HE RACED ON...

BRIDGE  
AHEAD, RIVER BELOW!  
WILL JUMP OVER  
AND SWIM TO SAFETY!

THE ONLY BRIDGES  
STORM KNEW WERE  
THOSE ABOVE HIGHLAND  
STREAMS. UP  
AND OVER, THE GYPSY  
BOY SOARED... AND  
REALISED HIS  
MISTAKE JUST A  
SECOND TOO LATE!

UU-UUH! NUUUUH!

BELOW THE BRIDGE THERE WAS  
NO RIVER... JUST THE HARD,  
STEELY GULF OF THE MAIN  
EDINBURGH TO GLASGOW  
RAILWAY LINE!

NEXT WEEK: EXPRESS TRAIN TERROR!

NOT WATER,  
BUT SOLID GROUND!  
RIBBONS OF STEEL RUN  
FOR AS FAR AS THE EYE  
CAN SEE!

# STORM

**STORM** WAS A WILD, UNTAMED MOUNTAIN BOY WHO WAS BEING TRAINED AS AN **ATHLETE** BY EX-SHEPHERD **ANDREW KANE**. IGNORANT OF MODERN WAYS, **STORM** TRIED TO HELP KANE BY SNATCHING A HANDFUL OF MONEY FROM AN EDINBURGH SHOP A CHASE DEVELOPED. **STORM** RAN FREE AND DIVED OFF A BRIDGE TOWARDS WHAT HE **THOUGHT** WAS A FAST-FLOWING RIVER BELOW.

**SUPERB** ATHLETE THAT HE WAS, **STORM** CHANGED DIRECTION WITH A FAST, SPINE-JERKING SOMERSAULT...

GRAAAGH!

BY TURNING OVER IN SPACE THE WILD BOY MANAGED TO SLOW DOWN THE SPEED AT WHICH HE WAS FALLING...

TEN FEET AWAY **SKARR** THE WILDCAT<sup>TM</sup> HAD LANDED UNSCATHED. HE KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG BECAUSE **STORM** WAS HIS FRIEND, AND **SKARR** WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE WAYS OF **STORM**!

BUT IT  
WAS NOT  
ENOUGH!

THRUMP!



THE NIGHT WAS YOUNG.  
IT WAS TOO EARLY FOR  
HIS FRIEND TO SLEEP.  
AND THE AIR WAS HEAVY  
WITH THE STENCH OF  
DANGER!

A DEEP, PRIMEVAL INSTINCT TOLD SKARR  
THAT STORM NEEDED HELP SO SKARR  
TURNED... AND SKARR RAN!



ANDREW KANE, MEANWHILE, WAS AT  
THE END OF THE ALLEY WHERE THE  
CHASE HAD STARTED...



ANY SIGN O' THE WEE  
CREEP? DID SOMEBODY  
MANAGE TAE BRING  
HIM DOON?

NA, HE  
VANISHED  
AT THE TOP O'  
THE STREET!  
HE'S AWAY AN  
CLEAR WITHOUT  
A DOOT!

THANKS FOR GETTIN' MA MONEY  
BACK, MISTER! HAVE YE ONY IDEA  
WHUAIR THAT MUGGER CAME  
FROM?



NONE!  
HE-ER-DOESN'T  
LIVE LOCALLY, I'M  
PRETTY SURE  
OF THAT!



AYE,  
THEN IT'S  
A WASTE O'  
TIME TELLIN'  
THE POLICE!  
THAT LAD WINNA  
SHOW HIS FACE  
ROOM HERE  
AGAIN IN A  
HURRY!

PHEW  
I THINK WE'VE  
GOT AWAY  
WITH IT! THE  
SHOPKEEPER'S  
GOT HIS MONEY  
BACK, SO HE  
WON'T TAKE  
THINGS ANY  
FURTHER



ALL I CAN DO NOW IS GO  
BACK TO OUR DIGS AND WAIT  
FOR STORM TO TURN  
UP!



BUT THIRTY MINUTES  
WENT BY... AN HOUR...

WHERE THE BLAZES HAS  
THE LAD GOT TO? I TOLD HIM  
TO FIND A HIDING PLACE THEN  
DOUBLE BACK HERE WHEN  
IT WAS SAFE!

SUDDENLY...

WAAEEEEEE!

THAT'S  
A WOMAN  
SCREAMING!  
SOUNDS LIKE  
MRS. MACFADDEN!

THE RULES O' MA HOOSE SAY  
QUITE CLEARLY NAE PETS! IS THAT  
STINKIN' MOGGY YOURS,  
MISTER KANE?

N-NO, I GUESS IT'S A  
HALF-WILD STRAY, MRS. MACFADDEN.  
I'LL GET RID OF IT!

INTRIGUED, ANDREW KANE BROKE INTO A RUN

HE'S AWAY LIKE AN  
ARROW—HEADING WEST!  
THIS CAN ONLY HAVE SOME-  
THING TO DO WITH  
STORM!

WHAT THE  
BLAZES HAPPENED,  
I DON'T KNOW! BUT  
I MUST GET TO HIM.  
**FAST!**

KANE'S FAT, SLEAZY LANDLADY WAS  
SPRAWLED AT THE FOOT OF THE  
STAIRS LIKE A BABY WHALE...

HELP ME,  
FOR LORDY'S  
SAKE! GET THAT  
SPITTIN' BRUTE  
OFF ME!

I—I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT...  
**SKARR!**

**SKRAAAA!**

STRANGE... I'VE NEVER  
SEEN SKARR BEHAVE LIKE THIS  
BEFORE! IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE  
WANTS ME TO FOLLOW HIM!

**RARZZZZT!**

BEFORE LONG

**SKRAAA...ZZT!**

GOOD GRIEF! THE MAIN  
GLASGOW TO EDINBURGH  
RAILWAY LINE! STORM'S  
HURT!

AT THE TOP OF THE FENCE, KANE  
FROZE AS A HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE  
SPLIT THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT!

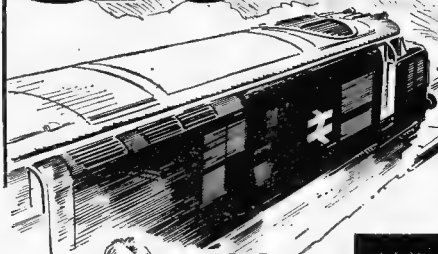
AN INTER-CITY EXPRESS!  
THERE'S NO WAY I CAN  
REACH STORM IN TIME!  
**NO WAY AT ALL!**

**NEXT WEEK: WHEELS OF DEATH!**



# STORM

BY S. GODDALL & S. KENNEDY



THAT EXPRESS MUST  
BE DOING NINETY- PLUS!  
NO HOPE OF DRAGGING STORM  
CLEAR IN TIME - NO HOPE  
AT ALL!

THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF A SUMMER  
NIGHT, AN INTER-CITY TRAIN HURTLING  
ALONG THE MAIN GLASGOW TO  
EDINBURGH RAILWAY LINE. LYING  
SENSELESS ON THE TRACKS, WAS THE  
MOUNTAIN BOY CALLED STORM.  
WALDOE ONLY SALVATION NOW, LAY IN  
THE SPEED AND DETERMINATION OF  
HIS FRIEND ANDREW KANE!



WHICH LEAVES  
ME JUST ONE  
ALTERNATIVE!  
HAUL HIS LEGS  
ROUND...



...FLATTEN  
OUT AND STAY WITH  
HIM!

MOMENTS LATER,  
AFTER THE TRAIN HAD  
HURTLING OVER THEM...



DUUUH..  
SHEPHERD!  
WHERE ARE  
WE?

TRESPASSING IN  
A MIGHTY UNHEALTHY  
SPOT! CAN YOU MAKE IT  
TO THE BANK?



JUST ABOUT!  
HOW, HOW DID  
YOU FIND ME?

SKARR  
CAME!

NEARBY, STORM'S  
PET WILDCAT  
GAVE A DEEP  
SILENT SNARL...

HE ARRIVED AT OUR LODGINGS!  
SANK HIS TEETH INTO MY  
TROUSER LEG AND FORCED  
ME TO FOLLOW HIM!

STORM THANKS  
YOU, SKARR! IT WAS  
A GOOD THING  
TO DO!

LATER, IN THEIR  
RENTED ROOMS...

THAT'S A NASTY GASH!  
LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S PUT PAID  
TO MY PLANS FOR TOMORROW!

WHAT PLANS,  
SHEPHERD?

TO ENROL YOU  
AS A MEMBER OF THE  
GLENDROGAN SPORTS  
CLUB AND START YOUR  
ATHLETICS TRAINING IN  
EARNEST! BUT NOT WITH  
A WOUND LIKE  
THAT!

ON WASTE GROUND AT THE  
BACK OF THE TENEMENT,  
THE MOUNTAIN BOY  
ROOTED ABOUT IN THE  
DARKNESS...

AND SOON...

YEE-UK, THAT  
STENCH! IT SMELLS  
LIKE A SEWAGE  
FARM IN HERE!

MAKES PLENTY  
GOOD FOULTICE  
TO HEAL WOUNDS  
QUICKLY!

STORM CAN HEAL  
HIS HURT WITH MUCH  
SPEED, KANE! WAIT  
HERE!

GAH... SOUNDS  
LIKE AN OLD WIVES'  
TALE TO ME!

BUT INCREDIBLY, NEXT MORNING...

NO SWELLING... AND SCAR  
TISSUE IS FORMING ALREADY!  
YOU'RE ALMOST AS GOOD  
AS NEW!

STORM IS MIXING  
JUICE OF  
WILD PLANTS  
WITH TWO  
HANDFULS OF  
ROTTED  
COMPOST, AN  
OLD HIGHLAND  
REMEDY  
SHEPHERD!

PAIN HAS GONE  
TOO! NOW STORM CAN START  
RUNNING AS PLANNED!

**A PRIVATELY-OWNED CONCERN, GLENDROGAN SPORTS CLUB WAS ONE OF THE MOST MODERN IN THE COUNTRY, ...**

MUCH LAND HAS BEEN SWALLOWED TO BUILD THIS PLACE, SHEPHERD. IT IS **SO BIG!**

THAT'S WHY I CHOSE IT STORM! IF YOU'RE TO DEVELOP AS A WORLD-CLASS ATHLETE, YOU'LL NEED MODERN, UP-TO-DATE TRAINING FACILITIES!

**KANE HAD ARRANGED AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE CLUB PRESIDENT, SIR NEIL FRASER.**

YOU REALISE KANE, THAT GLENDROGAN HAS A LONG HISTORY AND TRADITION TO LIVE UP TO? WE DON'T JUST ACCEPT ANYONE IN THE CLUB!

STORM IS DIFFERENT, SIR NEIL. I'LL GRANT YOU THAT! BUT HE'S PERFECTLY PREPARED TO SHOW YOU WHAT HE CAN DO IN A TRIAL RACE!

**JEREMY CAPTAINWRIGHT IS THE CLUB CAPTAIN! DASHED FINE MIDDLE-DISTANCE RUNNER!**

**AND MOMENTS LATER, AS THE ATHLETES PREPARED FOR THE TRIAL 3,000 METRES STEEPCHASE. . .**

HA, HA, HA! JOLLY GOOD IDEA, JEREMY!

TOP-HOLE! LET'S DO JUST THAT!

AND A SNOB, TOO! THE PERISHER IS LOOKING AT STORM AS THOUGH HE'D JUST CRAWLED OUT OF A SEWER!

STRIKES ME THE WHOLE BUNCH OF THEM ARE GANGING UP ON STORM!

I SHOULD HOPE SO! SOME OF MY ATHLETES ARE ALREADY STANDING BY FOR A PRACTICE THREE THOUSAND METRES STEEPCHASE!

OUTSIDE...

I SAY, JEREMY! COME AND MEET OUR NEW PROSPECTIVE CLUB MEMBER! HIS NAME IS STORM!

GOOD HEAVENS! REALLY?

AND IF HE SENSES THEIR HOSTILITY IT CAN ONLY LEAD TO ONE THING!

TROUBLE!

**NEXT WEEK: THE RACE.**

**STORM** - THE HALF-WILD GYPSY BOY BEING TRAINED AS AN ATHLETE BY SHEPHERD **ANDREW KANE** WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PART IN A TRIAL RACE AT THE GLENDROGAN SPORTS CLUB IN EDINBURGH...

IT'S A THREE THOUSAND METRES STEEPLECHASE, **STORM**! YOU **MUST** DO WELL IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE ACCEPTED AS A FULL MEMBER OF THE CLUB!

# STORM

BY S GOODALL & S KENNEDY



**STORM FEELS GOOD, SHEPHERD! HE IS READY!**

**SIR NEIL FRASER... ARISTOCRATIC PRESIDENT OF THE CLUB!**

**STORM CAN'T TAKE PART IN A TRIAL RACE DRESSED LIKE THAT! WE DO HAVE STANDARDS TO KEEP!**

**ATHLETIC CAPTAIN JEREMY CARTWRIGHT HAD DISLIKED STORM FROM THE BEGINNING!**

**BUT MOMENTS LATER...**

**MISTER KANE, THIS IS JOLLY BAD FORM! A WORD, IF YOU PLEASE!**

**HUU-UUH...?**



**I AGREE ABSOLUTELY, SIR NEIL!**

**THERE'S A DISTINCT SMELL OF DEAD SHEEP COMING FROM THIS ABOMINATION OF A JACKET!**

**YES, MIXED WITH THE STENCH OF UNWASHED FEET! IT'S DISGUSTING!**

**BRISTLING WITH RAGE, THE WILD BOY WHIRLED...**

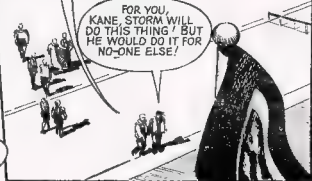


**MORE INSULTS, SHEPHERD! SHALL STORM SMASH HIS FIST INTO THOSE SNEERING FACES?**

**NO, FOR PETE'S SAKE! YOUR WHOLE FUTURE IS RIDING ON THIS RACE!**

**THIS IS A POSH CLUB, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO OBEY THE RULES! BORROW SOME RUNNING KIT AND GET CHANGED!**

**FOR YOU, KANE, STORM WILL DO THIS THING! BUT HE WOULD DO IT FOR NO-ONE ELSE!**





THE LAD'S RIGHT, THEY'RE A BUNCH OF SNOBS, BUT THIS CLUB HAS THE BEST TRAINING FACILITIES IN THE COUNTRY—WHICH MEANS A LOT!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, THE STARTING PISTOL CRACKED.



AND AS THE RUNNERS REACHED THE FIRST HURDLE...

STORM IS USING HIS HEAD—HANGING WELL BACK UNTIL HE GETS THE FEEL OF THE OPPOSITION!



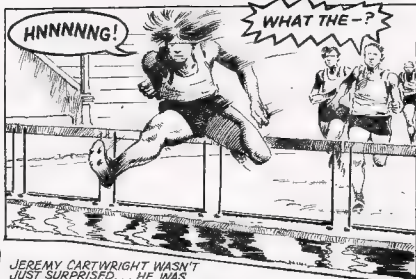
WITH TWO LAPS GONE, THE MOUNTAIN BOY MOVED UP. THEN...

WATER—JUMP AHEAD! NOW STORM WILL SNATCH THE LEAD WITH SPEED AND SURPRISE!



HNNNNNG!

WHAT THE—?



BY JOVE, I'VE NEVER SEEN TACTICS LIKE THAT BEFORE, KANE! YOUR LAD HAS GAINED A CLEAR TEN-YARD LEAD!

I TOLD YOU HE HAD THE MAKINGS OF A WORLD BEATER, SIR NEIL! EVEN YOUR CLUB CAPTAIN WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE!



JEREMY CARTWRIGHT WASN'T JUST SURPRISED... HE WAS FURIOUS!

STEP UP THE PACE, ROGER! I'M DAMNED IF THAT GREASY-HAired SWINE IS GOING TO MAKE ME LOOK A FOOL!



NO PROBLEM, JEREMY... WE CAN TAKE HIM! REMEMBER OUR PLAN?

FOR THREE MORE CIRCUITS, THE WILD BOY MAINTAINED HIS SLENDER LEAD! THEN...

OKAY... **NOW!**  
PASS HIM ON THE  
OUTSIDE!

WITH  
YOU!

YOU BET! WE'LL  
SLIPSTREAM STORM  
UNTIL THE SIXTH LAP.  
THEN MAKE OUR  
MOVE!

THAT'S FUNNY! CARTWRIGHT AND SIMS ARE MAKING A  
SUDDEN BURST! I WONDER WHAT THEIR TACTICS ARE NOW?

SO DO I! SOMETHING  
TELLS ME THOSE TWO CHINLESS  
WONDERS ARE UP TO NO GOOD!

AS THE WATER-JUMP  
LOOMED ONCE AGAIN,  
THE TWO LEADERS  
SUDDENLY SLOWED  
THEIR PACE...

LINE ABREAST, THE THREE  
RUNNERS SOARED FOR THE  
HURDLE. THEN...

YES-- DISH OUT A SPOT  
OF THE OLD **SANDWICH**  
TREATMENT!

LET HIM CATCH  
US AT THE  
HURDLE,  
ROGER...  
THEN YOU  
KNOW  
WHAT TO  
DO!

**THROUGH!**

**GNNH**, A DIRTY  
MOVE! STORM IS BEING  
**SQUASHED!** HE IS  
GOING TO --

**GRAAAGH!**

HE'S **DOWN**, BY GAD!  
THE YOUNG ASS MUST  
HAVE **LOST HIS**  
**BALANCE!**

I DOUBT IT... BUT  
EVEN IF CARTWRIGHT AND  
SIMS NOBBLED HIM, NO-ONE  
WILL EVER KNOW ABOUT  
IT!

NO-ONE EXCEPT THE  
WILD BOY HIMSELF!  
**STORM** KNEW  
WHAT HAD  
HAPPENED...

...AND STORM WAS ABOUT  
TO LOSE HIS TEMPER!

RUNNING IN A TRIAL 3000 METRES STEEPLECHASE AT THE GLENDROGAN SPORTS CLUB IN EDINBURGH, WILD BOY STORM HAD BEEN SANDWICHED AT THE WATER-JUMP BY TWO OTHER RUNNERS CALLED CARTWRIGHT AND SIMS.

# STORM

BY S. GOODALL & S. KENNEDY

STORM HAD TAKEN ENOUGH!  
STORM WAS LOSING HIS  
TEMPER!

ARDECOILE  
GREGALLO, GAJAS...  
STORM COMES!

GRAAAARRH!

NEARBY, WERE CLUB PRESIDENT SIR NEIL FRASER, AND STORM'S COACH, ANDREW KANE.

IS THE LAD OUT  
OF HIS MIND?  
HE'S BABBLING IN  
A STRANGE  
LANGUAGE LIKE  
SOME KIND OF  
JUNGLE  
SAVAGE!

FIFTY METRES AHEAD, CART-  
WRIGHT AND SIMS GLANCED  
BACK IN DISBELIEF...

THE LITTLE SWINE IS  
GAINING WITH EVERY STRIDE!  
CAN WE HOLD HIM OFF?

INTO A RACING SPRINT  
AND GO FOR THE TAPE!

THAT'S HIS GYPSY  
BACKGROUND COMING THROUGH,  
SIR NEIL! **NOTHING** CAN STOP  
STORM NOW!

WE'VE  
GOT TO! GIVE  
IT EVERYTHING  
YOU'VE GOT!

HNNFF...  
LET'S HOPE THE  
WILD BOY CRACKS  
BEFORE **WE**  
DO!

BUT STORM DIDN'T **CRACK**! HE SWIFT  
DOWN THE HOME STRAIGHT IN A POUNDING  
BLUR OF SPEED, AND...

STORM  
WINS! THE  
RACE OF A  
LIFETIME.  
SIR NEIL—  
AM I  
RIGHT?

I DON'T QUITE  
SHARE YOUR ENTHUSIASM,  
KANE! IT'S TRUE THE BOY  
RECOVERED WELL...

... BUT HERE AT GLENDROGAN  
WE LIKE OUR ATHLETES TO  
HAVE THE RIGHT **TEMPERA-  
MENT** AS WELL AS ABILITY,  
AND STORM IS **EXCITABLE**, TO  
SAY THE LEAST!

ONLY BECAUSE PEOPLE  
RUB HIM UP THE WRONG  
WAY! I MUST FIND OUT  
WHAT WENT **WRONG**  
DURING THE RACE!

SECONDS LATER...

WHAT HAPPENED  
AT THE WATER-JUMP, STORM?  
I HAD A FEELING YOU WERE  
**DELIBERATELY NOBBLED!**

YES,  
SHEPHERD—CRUSHED  
BETWEEN CARTWRIGHT AND  
SIMS! BUT IF NO ONE SAW,  
NO ONE WILL BELIEVE! IS  
THAT TRUE?

CHAN

IS THAT A FACT? WELL, SIMS  
AND I **DO** HAVE SOMETHING  
TO SAY!

YEH! WE'RE GOING TO  
**GET YOU** FOR BEATING US TODAY,  
CAVEAMAN! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE  
SURE YOU **NEVER RUN AT  
GLENDOGAN AGAIN!**

BUT SUDDENLY, AS KANE  
EMERGED FROM THE  
NEWSAGENT'S...

BIKE—ACCELERATING  
FAST AND HEADING STRAIGHT  
FOR STORM!

VRRROOOOM!

I'M AFRAID  
SO! BUT YOU RAN  
THOSE TWO RIGHT INTO  
THE GROUND! WITH  
ANY LUCK, THEY'LL  
LEAVE YOU ALONE  
FROM NOW ON!

KANE WAS WRONG!  
MINUTES LATER, IN  
THE DRESSING-ROOM...

HELLO, GUTTERSNIPE!  
FEELING **PLEASED**  
WITH YOURSELF?

GO AWAY, CARTWRIGHT!  
STORM HAS NOTHING TO  
SAY!

IT WAS AN ANGRY, WORRIED STORM WHO LEFT THE  
STADIUM HALF AN HOUR LATER WITH ANDREW KANE.

THIS CLUB IS  
NO GOOD, SHEPHERD!  
STORM MUST GO SOME—  
WHERE ELSE TO LEARN  
HIS RUNNING!

GLENDOGAN HAS THE  
FINEST FACILITIES IN THE  
COUNTRY, LAD! LET ME BUY  
A PAPER AND WE'LL TALK  
ON THE WAY HOME!

**GRAB  
THIS!**  
POLE-VAULT  
CLEAR BEFORE  
YOU'RE  
FLATTENED!



THE MOUNTAIN BOY TOOK TWO SHORT, SHARP PACES FORWARD, THEN...

POW! POW!



IMBECILES! YOU CAME WITHIN AN INCH OF COOL, CALCULATED MURDER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE POLICE ARE GOING TO SAY, BUT I KNOW THIS...

STORM... MISTER KANE, I REALISE NOW HOW WRONG I'VE BEEN! IT WILL BE AN HONOUR TO WELCOME THE MOUNTAIN BOY AS A MEMBER OF MY CLUB!



YOU TWO WILL NEVER CROSS THE PORTALS OF GLENDROGAN SPORTS CLUB AGAIN!

...BUT WITH YOUR HELP AND MINE, WE'LL TURN HIM INTO THE FINEST ATHLETE THIS COUNTRY HAS EVER SEEN! THAT OKAY BY YOU, STORM?



The End.

# SUPERKING

WEMBLEY STADIUM - ENGLAND SCHOOLBOYS  
VERSUS SCOTLAND SCHOOLBOYS... AND FOR THE  
BOYS SELECTED IT IS A MARVELLOUS HONOUR.  
MANY OF THEM WILL GO ON TO ACHIEVE MUCH MORE  
SUCCESS AT PROFESSIONAL LEVEL, SOME WILL FADE  
INTO OBSCURITY, BUT FOR LITTLE TERRY KING  
NOTHING SEEMS LIKELY TO STOP HIM MAKING IT  
RIGHT TO THE TOP... EXCEPT MAYBE, FOR THAT VITAL  
INGREDIENT EVERYONE NEEDS IN LIFE... LUCK!

MAGIC, LAD... MAGIC!  
ENGLAND'S LITTLE LEFT-WINGER  
IS TEARING THE SCOTTISH  
DEFENCE APART!

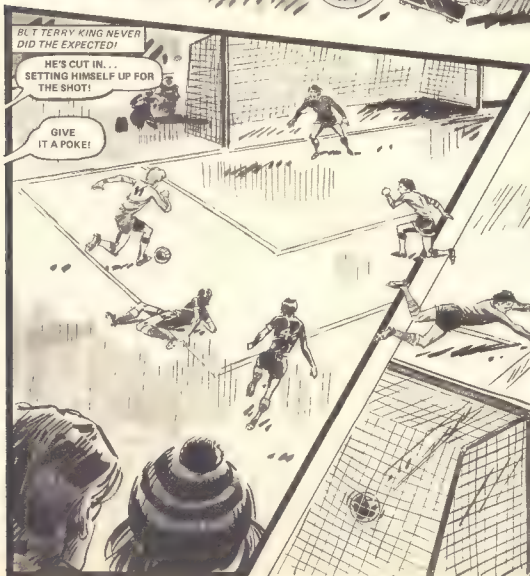
IF HE CENTRES NOW,  
ENGLAND MUST OPEN THE  
SCORING!



BUT TERRY KING NEVER  
DID THE EXPECTED!

HE'S CUT IN...  
SETTING HIMSELF UP FOR  
THE SHOT!

GIVE  
IT A POKE!



IT'S THERE!  
WHAT A FANTASTIC  
GOAL!

WHO IS THAT  
LAD? HE'S  
BRILLIANT!



AND MAKING MORE NOISE THAN ANY OF THE CHEERING SCHOOLBOYS IN THE CROWD WAS THE REVEREND VICTOR KENDALL. HE AND THE BOYS OF THE MAYFLOWER BOYS' CLUB HE RAN IN THE HEART OF LONDON'S DOCKLAND, WERE THERE AS TERRY'S SPECIAL GUESTS...



TERRY WENT ON TO SCORE A MEMORABLE HAT-TRICK IN A THRILLING GAME THE FINAL SCORE. ENGLAND SCHOOLBOYS 4 - SCOTLAND SCHOOLBOYS 2.



IN THE ENGLAND DRESSING-ROOM AFTER THE MATCH.



AND...



THE JOURNEY FROM WEST TO EAST LONDON DIDN'T TAKE LONG WITH THE VICAR DRIVING.



GREAT! THIS IS BETTER THAN ANY FANCY MEAL AT A HOTEL!



FOLLOWING THE WEMBLEY GAME, TERRY'S SOCCER CAREER MOVED QUICKLY. SEVERAL TOP CLUBS FOUGHT HARD TO GET HIM ON TO THEIR BOOKS WITH HIGHFIELD, THE MIGHTY FIRST-DIVISION LONDON TEAM, WINNING THE RACE

YOU'LL NEVER REGRET SIGNING FOR HIGHFIELD, LAD. I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

THANKS, MR. REID! AND I'LL ALWAYS DO MY BEST FOR THE CLUB!

TERRY WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD. AT SEVENTEEN, HE WAS PLAYING FOR HIGHFIELD'S RESERVE SIDE. . . MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF HIS MANAGER, JIMMY REID

BUT HE'S STILL A KID. BOSS! YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT PUSHING HIM ON TOO FAST?

YOU KNOW MY MOTTO, KEN. IF A LAD'S GOOD ENOUGH, HE'S OLD ENOUGH! TERRY KING MAKES HIS DEBUT FOR THE FIRST TEAM NEXT SATURDAY!

AND, WITH HIS MAGICAL LEFT-WING PLAY, TERRY PROVED HIS MANAGER RIGHT!

SUPERKING! SUPERKING! SUPERKING!

GO, TERRY. . . GO! LOOK AT HIM TAKE 'EM ON!

FOR TWO SEASONS HE WAS THE IDOL OF THE HIGHFIELD ROAD 'KOP' FANS. BUT THEN CAME THE FATEFUL LEAGUE GAME AGAINST NITON TOWN. . .

WHA-HAAAAA! BILL RHODES HASN'T SMELT TERRY THE WHOLE MATCH!

RHODES HAS BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME. . . BUT THE LAD'S MAKING HIM LOOK LIKE A NOVICE!

WHEN THE CORNER CAME OVER. . .

YOURS, TERRY!

ONLY RHODES IN THE WAY. . . AND I CAN BEAT HIM. . .

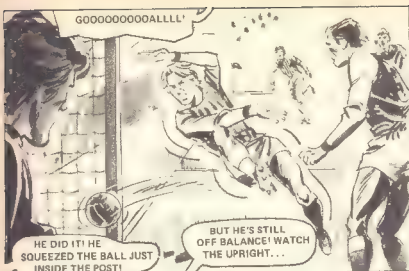
BUT THE BIG FULL BACK MADE NO ATTEMPT TO WIN THE BALL. AND . . .

AAAAAAAH!

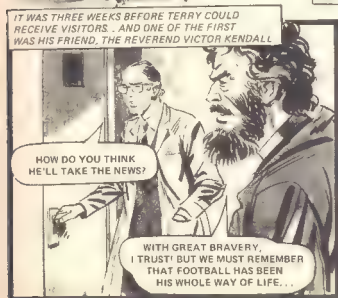
RHODES JUST STOOD THERE AND LET TERRY BOUNCE OFF OF HIM!

THE LAD'S STILL RUNNING. . . BUT HE'S OFF BALANCE!

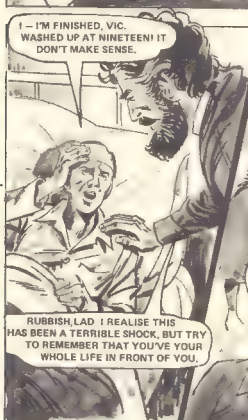
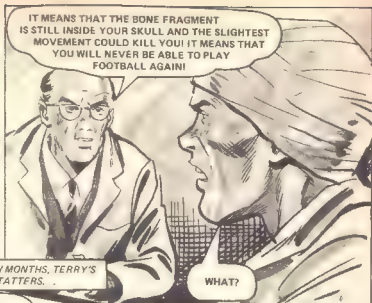
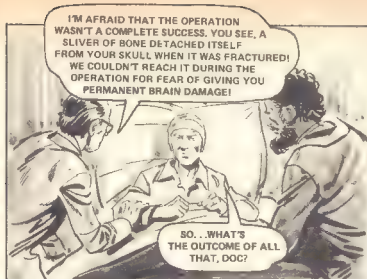




AFTER A HIGH-SPEED DASH TO THE LOCAL HOSPITAL...





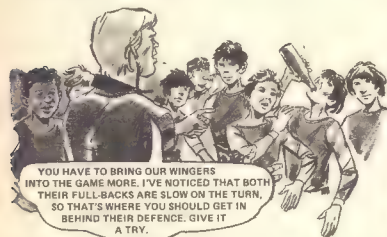


BUT FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, TERRY'S WHOLE WORLD LAY IN TATTERS.





BUT, AT HALF TIME, THE  
GAME WAS STILL GOAL-LESS...



AND, INSPIRED BY THAT FIRST GOAL, THE  
MAYFLOWER BOYS RAN OUT 4-0 WINNERS



NOW I THINK IT WOULD  
BE A GOOD IDEA IF A COUPLE OF  
YOU WENT TO SEE HOW  
VIC.KENDALL IS.

THERE'S NO  
NEED TO, TERRY.



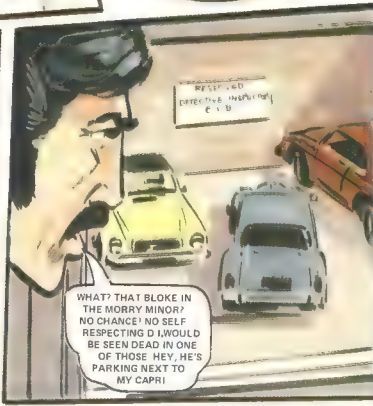
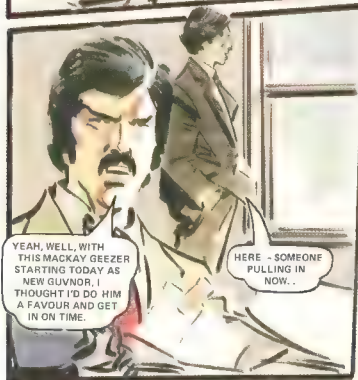
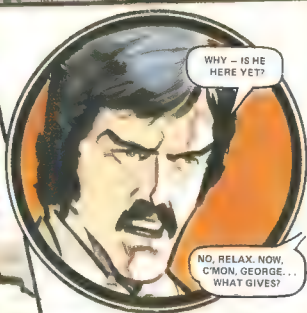
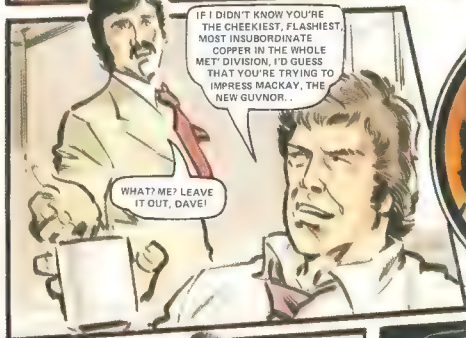
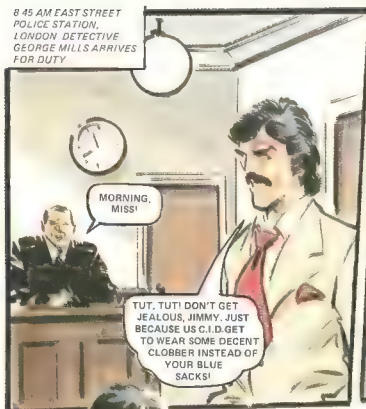
THE END

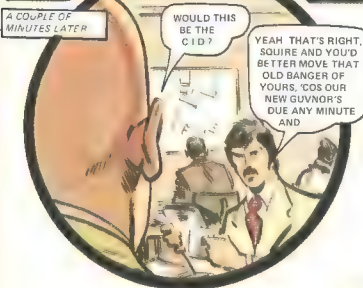
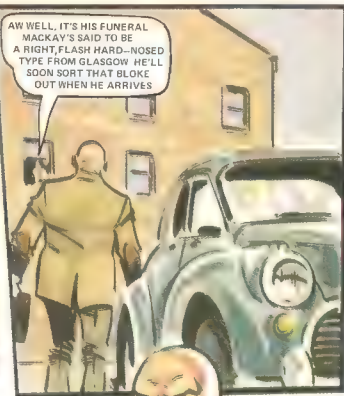


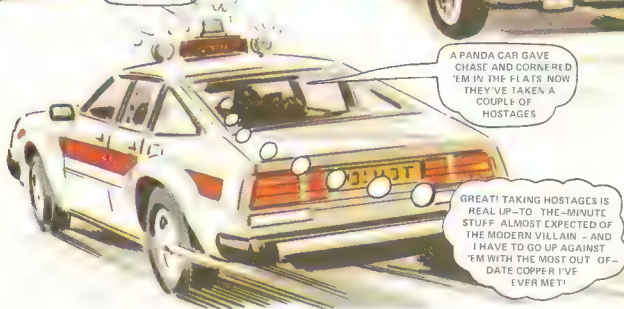
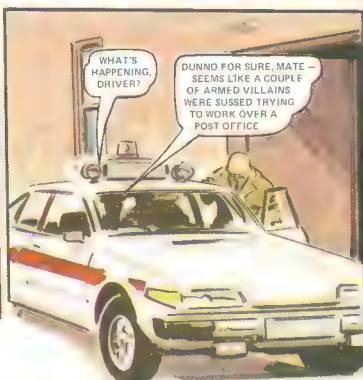
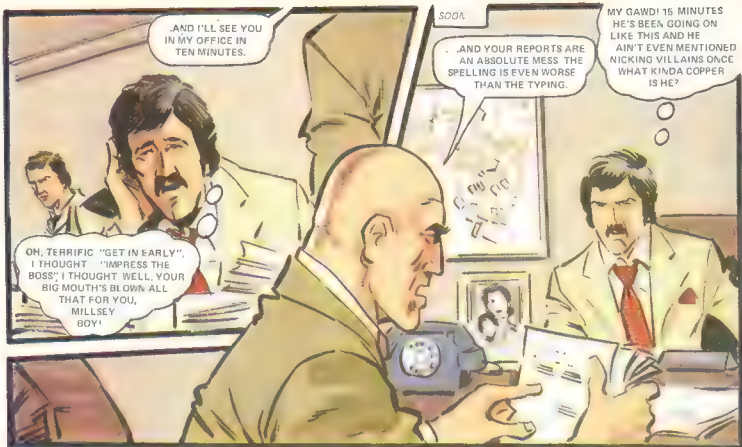




8.45 AM EAST STREET  
POLICE STATION,  
LONDON DETECTIVE  
GEORGE MILLS ARRIVES  
FOR DUTY









THEY'RE ASKING FOR A  
GUARANTEE OF SAFE  
PASSAGE AND A CAR FOR  
THEM AND THEIR  
HOSTAGES. WE'VE  
IDENTIFIED THEM AS  
LENNIE RUSSEL AND HARRY  
MCBANE.

OH, NO! RUSSEL'S BAD  
ENOUGH - A RIGHT,  
VICIOUS, LITTLE  
VILLAIN. BUT CRAZY  
HARRY...

WILL WE HELL, LADDIE. YOU  
CAN KEEP ALL YOUR  
FLASHY ELECTRO-WHATSIT  
GIZMOS WE'RE GOING  
IN.

WHAT CENTURY YOU  
LIVING IN, GUV? YOU  
GOTTA FIGHT MODERN  
VILLAINS WITH  
MODERN METHODS.

HE'S A NUT CASE  
GUV. BIT SIMPLE  
IN THE HEAD LIKE!  
BUT WHEN HE  
GETS RILED - HE'S  
A SIXTEEN STONE  
KILLING MACHINE.

WE'D BETTER GET THE CAR  
READY. WE CAN PUT  
AN ELECTRONIC TRACER  
IN THE BOOT!

YOU'VE A FLASH SUIT  
AND A FLASH MOUTH,  
MILLS! NOW WE'RE  
GONNA SEE IF YE CAN  
ACT FLASH AS WELL!  
IF YOU CAN,  
THOSE HOSTAGES HAVE  
NOTHING TO WORRY  
ABOUT. C'MON, LADDIE,  
FOLLOW ME.

EH?

MINUTES LATER, ONE FLOOR  
ABOVE WHERE THE HOSTAGES  
WERE BEING HELD.

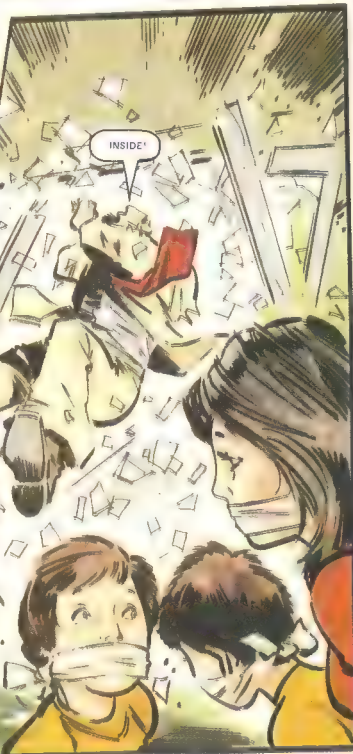
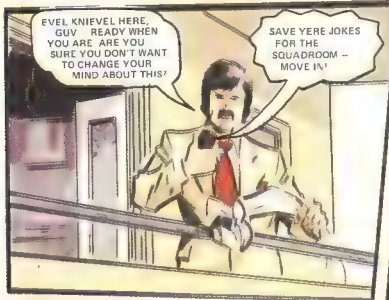
B-BUT, OFFICER WHY?  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
TO MY BED?

SORRY, LADY  
GUVNOR'S ORDERS.

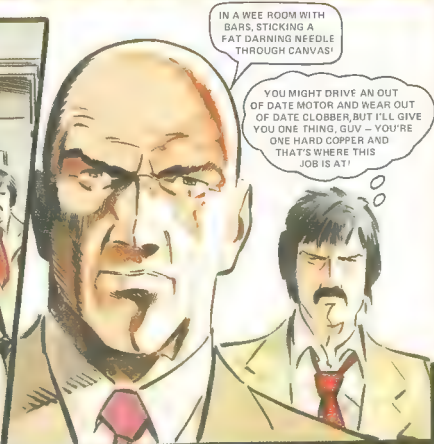
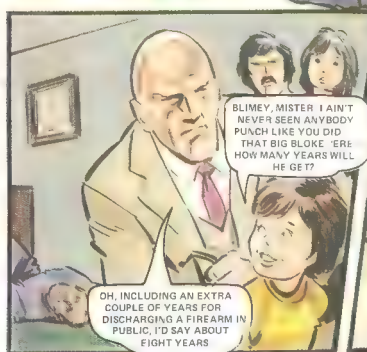
ORDERS?  
WHAT?

'BREAK THROUGH THE  
BALCONY WINDOW,  
LADDIE. I DINNAE CARE  
HOW, JUST DO IT!' HE'S  
SCOTCH, Y'SEE - TALKS  
FUNNY LIKE THAT.









THE BLAGE HAD BEEN PLANNED—WELL, PLANNED! I'D STUDIED THE ALARM SYSTEMS, CHECKED FOR GUARDS, EVEN DONE A DUMMY RUN OR TWO...



BUT WHEN I GOT THERE THAT NIGHT—I DUNNO—I GOT THIS FUNNY FEELING IN ME BIG TOE—SOMETHING WAS WRONG!

BUT IN MY JOB, SUCCESS DEPENDS A LOT ON LUCK—AND I FELT LUCKY, SO I STASHED THE WHEELS WELL AWAY FROM THE HOUSE AND WENT IN—FAST!



THE GAS RIFLE WORKED SWEET AND QUIET AS A WHISPER, THE GRAPPLE HELD, FIRST TIME!

HARD WORK, CLIMBING FOUR FLOORS UP THE OUTSIDE OF A BUILDING, BUT NOT IF YOU'RE FIT—AND, BOY, YOU'VE GOT TO BE FIT IN THIS JOB!



THE JOB, JUST IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED, IS VILLAINY, BLAGGING, THIEVERY—CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE! I'M A THIEF—A VERY GOOD THIEF, THE NAME'S JOHNNY LAWLESS. I'VE GOT THAT CERTAIN TOUCH, WHAT I LIKE TO CALL...



BY MITCHELL & K. COSNELL

# LAWLESS TOUCH

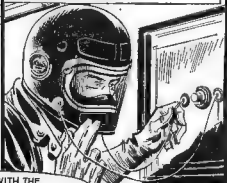


IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG  
TO FIND THE SAFE—IT WAS  
AN ACME FOUR-DIFFICULT  
BOX TO CRACK...

FOR AN ORDINARY  
VILLAIN, THAT IS!  
BUT, LIKE I SAID,  
I'M THE BEST...



AND THE BEST HAVE GOTTA HAVE THE BEST  
EQUIPMENT... LIKE AN AMPLIFIED  
STEREO STETHOSCOPE BUILT INTO YOUR  
HELMET... I COULD HAVE BLOWN THE  
BOX, OF COURSE, BUT I PREFER TO TRY IT  
THE NEAT WAY FIRST...



IT WAS THEN MY LUCK RAN OUT—  
I KNEW THAT ALL OF A SUDDEN THIS  
JOB HAD BECOME VERY UN-NEAT!

**FREEZE,  
MISTER!**

**HANDS ON HEAD  
AND WALK TO THE DOOR—  
MOVE!**



OKAY, I AMN'T ARGUING WITH THE  
BUSINESS END OF AN M-10 MACHINE PISTOL,  
PAL. HOW LONG THEY BEEN GIVING REAL GUNS  
TO YOU COPPERS, ANYWAY?

**NO QUESTIONS—  
MOVE!**



ALL RIGHT, KING KONG.  
I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME —  
I'M MOVING!

I KNEW I WAS IN  
TROUBLE—BIG  
TROUBLE! OLD  
BILL DOESN'T USE  
MURDEROUS  
WEAPONS LIKE  
THE M-10! NOW  
I DON'T USE  
VIOLENT METHODS  
NORMALLY, BUT IN  
THIS CASE I WAS  
PREPARED TO MAKE  
AN EXCEPTION...



**GLAAARG!  
MY FACE!**

**BRRRAATTTT BRRRAATTTT**

I BLOCKED THE DOOR AND  
CAME TO A QUICK, INSPIRED  
DECISION... RUN LIKE HELL!



I KNEW I HAD ABOUT TEN SECONDS BEFORE KING KONG AND GODZILLA RECOVERED FROM THEIR SHOCK AND WALKED THROUGH THE WALL. I USED THOSE SECONDS...

NO WAY ARE THESE GUYS COPPERS, THEY'RE PRO'S! AND MORE OF 'EM ARE WAITING FOR ME BELOW. GOTTA HEAD UPWARDS!



AS I REACHED THE ROOF I HEARD THE CRACKLE OF WALKIE-TALKIES BELOW

BLACK LEADER  
HE'S HEADING FOR THE  
ROOF!

I READ, BLACK TWO, HEAD  
HIM OFF—INFORM MOTHER WE  
HAVE HIM TRAPPED!

MIND YOU, I WAS GETTING WORRIED—  
THESE GUYS WERE GOOD. WHO WERE  
THEY? WHY DID THEY WANT ME SO  
BADLY? WHO WAS MOTHER?



THEY WERE ALMOST AS MECHANISED AS  
I WAS, BUT I STILL HAD ONE TRICK LEFT



THAT'S  
WHAT YOU THINK,  
PAL!

I'D NEVER USED THE 'BIG BIRD' IN ANGER BEFORE, BUT I'D  
BROUGHT IT ALONG, ON THIS JOB BECAUSE OF THE HEIGHT.  
I HOPED IT'D WORK



STOP HIM!

WELL, IT'S SIX FLOORS  
DOWN, THERE'S A GOOD UP-DRAGHT  
FROM THE SURROUNDING HILLS!  
SO HERE GOES...

GERONIMO!



A COLLAPSIBLE HANG GLIDER ISN'T EXACTLY A NEW IDEA, BUT IF YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY ONE, IT MAKES FOR A DIFFICULT TARGET!

HEY! WATCH IT, GUYS! THIS THING COST MONEY, Y'KNOW!

I GUESS I STILL HAD SOME LUCK LEFT—I MADE A PERFECT TWO-POINT LANDING RIGHT BY THE BIKE!

THAT'S THE GREAT THING ABOUT A BIKE—IT CAN GET YOU PLACES WHERE EVEN YOUR FLASHIEST RANGE ROVER WOULD SNARL UP...

WELL, YOU JUST GO—AND THE BIG BIKE CERTAINLY GOES

AND WHEN YOU GET TO THE OPEN ROAD...

THE PROBLEM IS, NO PETROL—NO GO!

I SOON FOUND THE TROUBLE OR AT LEAST I THOUGHT I DID!

SO IT WAS ALL DOWN TO THE MARK ONE THUMB TO GET ME BACK TO THE SMOKE!

THE WAY MY LUCK'S BEEN RUNNING, THE ONLY THING THAT'LL PICK ME UP IS A LORRY FULL OF OVER-RIPE FISH MANURE!

WHAAAT? FUEL GAUGE SHOWING EMPTY! BUT I JUST FILLED HER UP!

BLAST! MAIN FUEL FEED FRACTURED, MUST HAVE CRACKED IT OPEN OVER THE FIELDS!

THE WAY MY LUCK'S BEEN RUNNING, THE ONLY THING THAT'LL PICK ME UP IS A LORRY FULL OF OVER-RIPE FISH MANURE!

HOW WRONG CAN YOU GET?

GOING  
TO LONDON,  
MONSIEUR?

FOR A RIDE IN A ROLLS  
LIKE YOURS, I'D GO ANYWHERE,  
BUT LONDON'LL DO!



OKAY, LADY. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE THIS 'MOTHER'—  
WELL, MA—YOU WANT ME THAT BAD—YOU GOT  
ME! GO AHEAD LET ME  
ROT BEHIND BARS.  
SEE IF I CARE!

YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT,  
MONSIEUR. THE ORGANISATION  
I RUN DOES KNOW ME AS MOTHER.  
BUT YOU ARE WRONG IF YOU THINK  
I WANT YOU BEHIND BARS.

WELL, YOU WILL NOT HAVE  
HEARD OF US, YOUNG MAN, BUT WE  
MOST CERTAINLY ARE NOT VILLAINS.  
I WILL EXPLAIN... AS THE COMMON  
MARKET HAS GROWN LARGER, SO  
HAVE ITS PROBLEMS.

WE HAVE PROBLEMS OF  
SECURITY AND CRIME THROUGH ALL  
NINE MEMBER COUNTRIES.

WE HAVE MULTINATIONAL  
PROJECTS, SUCH AS THE TORNADO  
AIRCRAFT UNDER WAY IN MANY  
COUNTRIES AT ONCE.

THESE PROBLEMS  
CANNOT BE HANDLED BY  
ANY ONE NATION'S POLICE  
FORCES—THERE ARE TOO  
MANY DIFFERENCES.

SO WE HAVE BEEN FORMED—  
THE EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS—  
A GROUP OF ELITE SPECIALIST OPERATORS  
ABLE TO HANDLE ANY PROBLEM,  
ANYWHERE!

BUT WHY  
ME? I'M A  
VILLAIN!

OH, WE NEED MEN LIKE YOU,  
MONSIEUR. MEN WHO KNOW HOW TO  
BREAK THE RULES—SINCE OUR ORGANISATION  
DOES NOT OFFICIALLY EXIST WE HAVE TO  
OPERATE OUTSIDE THE LAW! SO EVERY TOP  
OPERATOR IS CHOSEN FROM THE RANKS OF  
EUROPE'S TOP CRIMINALS!



BUT TELL ME, WHAT'S A NICE  
FRENCH BIRD LIKE YOU DOING WITH  
A BRITISH TOP-PERSON'S MOTOR  
LIKE THIS?

QUITE SIMPLE,  
MONSIEUR. LAWLESS—I'M  
USING IT TO CATCH YOU! WHILE  
I KNEW YOU WOULD RESIST MY  
MEN AT THE HOUSE, IN THE TEST  
WE ARRANGED FOR YOU, I ALSO  
KNEW YOU WOULD NOT RESIST A  
VEHICLE LIKE THIS WHEN YOUR  
BIKE—ER—HAPPENED TO BREAK  
DOWN. FUEL PIPE WAS IT,  
NOT?

I WANT YOU TO  
REMAIN A FREE AGENT,  
BUT A VERY SECRET FREE  
AGENT. IF YOU GET MY  
MEANING.

OH, I GET IT! YOU'RE  
A BUNCH OF VILLAINS LIKE  
ME—BUT YOU STEAL SECRETS  
INSTEAD OF JEWELS. WELL  
INCLUDE ME OUT, BABY! SPYING  
AIN'T MY GAME!



SHE NATTERED ON ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE FLAT. IT WAS A NICE  
OFFER—BEING ABLE TO DO ALL THE THINGS I ENJOYED AND GET  
PAID FOR IT! BUT IT WASN'T REALLY MY SCENE.

WELL, THANKS A LOT,  
DARLIN', BUT I'M JUST NOT  
CUT OUT TO BE A BOY  
SCOUT.

VERY WELL, MONSIEUR. IT  
IS YOUR DECISION! BUT IF EVER  
WE MIGHT BE OF HELP TO YOU—  
PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE  
TO RECONSIDER?





I WAS STILL WONDERING WHAT SHE MEANT WHEN I ROUNDED THE CORNER. THEN I KNEW I'D BEEN SUCKERED. I THOUGHT WE'D TAKEN A LONG WAY ROUND IN THE ROLLER! IT HAD GIVEN HER BOYS TIME TO PLANT THE BIKE—AND MAKE A CALL TO THE LAW!



AH, THIS YOUR CYCLE, SUR? WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE IT WAS USED IN A ROBBERY. I MUST ASK YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE STATION...

MY FRIEND'S MOTOR CYCLE WAS STOLEN FROM OUTSIDE MY HOUSE ABOUT ONE O'CLOCK THIS MORNING. HE WAS WITH ME AT THE TIME OF THE CRIME. I'M SURE THAT EXPLAINS IT ALL, INSPECTOR.



THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION, MA'AM. WE WON'T BE BOTHERING YOU AGAIN.



SUCH A CHARMING MAN! I'M SURE HE WILL MAKE A VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE TEAM!

UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU CAN ACCOUNT FOR YOUR WHEREABOUTS BETWEEN THE HOURS OF TWO AND FOUR THIS MORNING...

UH, OH, YEAH. I GUESS I CAN DO THAT...

BUT I KNOW I CAN'T!—THOUGH I'M SURE DEAR MOTHER WILL BE ONLY TOO PLEASED TO ALIBI ME AT A PRICE!

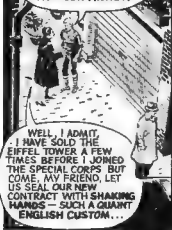


AH, BUT WITH A GUY'NOR AS ATTRACTIVE AS YOU, I PREFER TO SEAL IT WITH THE QUANT FRENCH CUSTOM OF A KISS ON THE CHEEK! C'MERE!



OOOH!

I THOUGHT I WAS GOOD BUT YOU'RE THE TOPS! YOU JUST BLACK MAILED AND CORNED ME INTO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS JOBS I EVER HEARD OF! YOU'RE AN ACE CON ARTIST!



WELL, I ADMIT. I HAVE SOLD THE EIFFEL TOWER A FEW TIMES BEFORE I JOINED THE SPECIAL CORPS. BUT COME, MY FRIEND, LET US SEAL OUR NEW CONTRACT WITH SHAKING HANDS—SUCH A QUANT ENGLISH CUSTOM...

THE EAR-RING WAS PROBABLY WORTH A BOMB—BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO FENCE IT—IT SORTA MEANT SOMETHING...



OKAY, LADY—YOU GOT ME INTO EUROPUZZ, FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE SO YOU GOTTA LEARN THAT NOBODY, BUT NOBODY, PUSHES ME AROUND AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!



NEXT WEEK: HOW TO HI-JACK A HYDROFOIL!

THE TROUBLE WITH LIFE TODAY IS THAT IT'S COMPLICATED. SOMETIMES THE BAD GUYS ARE SO BAD THAT EVEN THE GODDEST OF THE GOOD GUYS CAN'T STOP 'EM WITHOUT BECOMING A LITTLE BAD THEMSELVES. WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT EVERY NOW AND AGAIN YOU HAVE TO BREAK THE LAW TO KEEP THE LAW. A LAW-ENFORCEMENT JOB SOMETIMES NEEDS A LITTLE OF THE OLD...

# LAWLESS TOUCH

IN CASE YOU WEREN'T AROUND LAST TIME, ACE THIEF JOHNNY LAWLESS (THAT'S ME DOING ME WARD BIT HERE) HAS BEEN 'RECRUITED' INTO THE EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS — A SORT OF EUROPUZZ' SECRET SERVICE. I WASN'T TOO KEEN ON WORKING FOR THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER, BUT IT WAS EITHER THAT OR A LONG STRETCH IN BRIXTON. NO CHOICE REALLY.

ANYWAY, THE FLASH FRENCH BIRD WHO'D 'RECRUITED' ME ('BLACKMAILED' WOULD BE A BETTER WORD, I HADN'T SHOWED HER FACE FOR A WEEK AND I WAS HOPING I'D BEEN FORGOTTEN, BUT THEN I GOT THE CALL TO MEET HER IN THE EAST END...



YOU'RE TEN MINUTES LATE, MONSIEUR LAWLESS. WE LIKE OUR OPERATORS TO BE PUNCTUAL...

AH, WELL, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU ABOUT THAT...

ER — DO YOU REALLY WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS IDEA? I MEAN — I'M A VILLAIN, BORN-AND-BRED, I'M NOT GOING TO BE MUCH GOOD AT CATCHING OTHER VILLAINS! HONOUR AMONGST THIEVES!



OH, BUT YOU ARE GOING TO BE GOOD AT IT, MONSIEUR. IF YOU'RE NOT... WELL, THERE IS STILL THE QUESTION OF THAT BREAK-IN...

\* SEE LAST WEEK'S STORY — BIG E.

LOOK, I KEEP TELLING YOU — YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG SLORE. HOW CAN I SAY I'LL TAKE THE JOB? I DON'T EVEN KNOW.

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.



DRUGS IS WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT, MY FRIEND! DRUGS SMUGGLED IN FROM THE FAR EAST AND PUSHED TO THE ADDICTS OF EUROPE BY YOUR HONOURABLE COLLEAGUES...



THE MAN WAS JOSEF DRAKKEN, HE HAD A FLASH PAD IN HAMPSHIRE, THE PAD HAD A SAFE AND I HAD TO CRACK IT...



DRAKKEN SMUGGLED AND PUSHED DRUGS ALL THROUGH EUROPE. EVERY POLICE FORCE HAD TRIED TO BUST HIM AND FAILED!



BUT ORDINARY POLICE FORCES CAN'T BUST SAFES. AND THERE JUST MIGHT BE SOMETHING IN THIS GUY'S BOX WHICH WE COULD USE TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE.

THE PAD WAS EMPTY, THE ALARM SYSTEM WAS HARD TO BEAT BUT I AIN'T NO AMATEUR. AND THE SAFE—WELL, WE CALL IT IN THE TRADE A 'BUCKET PROUSE' JOB. DEAD SIMPLE!

HAAM, STICKS, SHARES, NOTHING MUCH HERE! INHATING HERE—HELLO, WHAT'S THIS TELEX?



THE TELEX SEEMED IMPORTANT, SO I BORROWED DRAKKEN'S PHONE TO TELL MOTHER.

YEAH, THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS—I RECKON 'ST. K' MUST MEAN ST. KATHERINE'S DOCK DOWN BY THE TOWER, AND I ALSO RECKON THAT'S WHERE DRAKKEN IS RIGHT NOW.

EXCELLENT! WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING A DROP IN BRITAIN AND THIS MUST BE IT! AND DRAKKEN IS THERE IN PERSON TO HAND OVER THE MONEY. I WILL GET A TASK FORCE TO THE SCENE IMMEDIATELY!



MAYBE I WAS JUST FEELING CURIOUS, MAYBE I JUST LIKE DISOBEYING ORDERS, OR MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE OLD LAWLESS TOUCH COMING OUT. WHATEVER—WHEN I GOT OUT OF THE PAD I DECIDED I WANTED TO BE IN ON THE KILL...



MOTHER MOVED FASTER THAN I EXPECTED. SHE AND THE TASK FORCE HAD BEATEN ME TO THE SCENE... BUT THEY WERE IN BIG TROUBLE...



...I'D SUSSED THAT SHE WAS A HYDROFOIL AND COULD MAKE 60 KNOTS... AND THERE AIN'T A BOAT THIS SIDE OF MOSCOW COULD CATCH HER!







BTOW

WHAAAAAT?

GO SHOOT  
SOME FISH,  
PEBRAIN!

ONE OF 'EM MADE  
IT ON BOARD, WASTE  
HIM!

YOU'LL HAVE  
TO MOVE FASTER  
THAN THAT,  
MATE!



OOOUUUUFF!

YOU'RE NOT DEALING  
WITH SOME HALF-  
ASLEEP AMATEUR,  
Y'KNOW



URRGH!

I RECOGNISED THE SLUG WHO STUCK  
HIS HEAD OUT OF THE WHEELHOUSE  
FROM THE PHOTO MOTHER HAD  
SHOWN ME...IT WAS DRANKEN!



WH-WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?



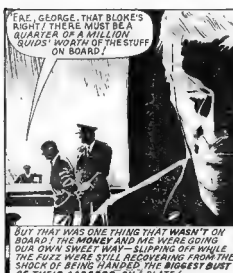
JUDGEMENT DAY'S HAPPENING,  
FATSO - HAPPENING TO YOU!

W-WAIT, THE  
SUITCASE THERE  
IT'S FULL OF MONEY.  
M-MORE MONEY THAT  
YOU'LL EVER NEED!  
TAKE IT... IT'S  
YOURS!



OH, I INTEND  
TAKING IT, SLUG.  
BUT I'M TAKING  
YOU AS WELL...

THE FOIL HAD GOT AS FAR DOWN RIVER  
AS WHARFING POLICE PIER. I SPUN  
THE HELM AND CUT THE THROATLES.



BUT THAT WAS ONE THING THAT WASN'T ON BOARD! THE MONEY AND WE WERE GOING OUR OWN SWEET WAY—SLIPPING OFF WHILE THE FUZZ WERE STILL RECOVERING FROM THE SHOCK OF BEING HANDED THE BIGGEST BUST OF THEIR CAREERS! ON A PLATE!

YEAH, JUST READING ABOUT IT. WHAT? COULDN'T I FIND THE MONEY? OH, SHAME! WELL, I RECKON YOU HAD THAT, LADY. WHO IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD HAND BACK A QUARTER OF A MILL!

NEXT WEEK: MEET DYING GEORGE!

SEND FOR YOUR ENTRY FORM FOR  
**BRITAINS' EXCITING NEW**

**Play Value**  
**Competition**

... and get a FREE catalogue showing Britains' scale models in full colour

**BOYS & GIRLS win £100**  
**plus MANY other cash prizes just for writing us a letter!**

This competition is open to all boys and girls under the age of 14 on 31st July 1979. All you have to do is write us a letter — a short account of how you make the most of enjoying Britains' realistic farming models. If you would like to add a photograph or sketch do so — but it isn't essential.

Here are examples of how you might play with your farming models. These points are only meant to help you — not to influence you unduly. It is your ideas on play we would like to hear about.

- 1 Meet up with other young collectors of Britains' farming toys. Is it a young would-be farmer's club? How do you play co-operatively with your friends?
- 2 Build a 'set' — perhaps use green cloth for fields, a doormat for hay, wet sand for a track. What other ideas have you?
- 3 Manoeuvre your vehicles and implements realistically. Can you reverse a Britains tractor with trailer attached and by skilful steering park the trailer where you want it? How do you steer backwards, how do you do a three point turn?
- 4 The range of Britains' implements is very big. How do you choose which ones to buy? And so on.

House Information Services Ltd, 1 Cresswell Park, London SE3 9RG.

To: House Information Services Ltd, 1 Cresswell Park, London SE3 9RG. Send me my entry form for the 'Play Value' competition and my FREE full colour catalogue.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
(You must be under 14 on 31.7.79)  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
(The competition closes 29th September, 1979)



HOW ONE BOY GETS FUN FROM HIS BRITAINS TOYS

**HURRY — WIN THOSE PRIZES!**

SINCE THE EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS 'SUGGESTED' I JOIN THEIR LITTLE PLAYGROUP, I'VE BEEN ON SOME PRETTY WEIRD CAPERS, BUT THIS ONE JUST ABOUT TOOK THE BISCUIT — I HAD TO STEAL A MAN! OH, YEAH, THE NAME'S LAWLESS — JOHNNY LAWLESS, ACE THIEF TURNED SECRET AGENT. SEEMS I'VE GOT THE TOUCH, SOME CALL IT **THE LAWLESS TOUCH.**



TELEX, TELEX, TELEX, TELEX, TELEX, TELEX  
 ADVISOR: MR. J. LAWLESS.  
 AGENT DUBOIS, LAST MISSION INTELLIGENCE  
 GATHERING ON VOLGAN ACTIVITIES IN  
 EUROPE. DISAPPEARED IN AUGUST.  
 BELIEVED BEING HELD AND TORTURED  
 IN VOLGAN EMBASSY, LONDON. DUBOIS  
 MUST BE FREED OR ESC NETWORK  
 THROUGHOUT EUROPE THREATENED.

BY K. GORNELL & B. MITCHELL

I HAD TO GET **INSIDE THE VOLGAN EMBASSY.** TROUBLE WAS, IT WAS LIKE TRYING TO NICK THE CROWN JEWELS — **IMPOSSIBLE!** AT LEAST, I COULDN'T DO IT ALONE!



**THE**

**LAWLESS TOUCH**



IT... IT WAS MY FAULT... I DIDN'T THINK... GOOD GRIEF, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

IF I'M AS GASP! STILL ALIVE WHEN THE AMBULANCE GETS HERE I'LL TELL 'EM I HAD A BURST TYRE, IF ONLY S'CHOKES — YOU CAN SEE YOUR WAY TO HELP THE WIFE PAY THE RENT AND BUY CLOTHES FOR THE KIDS...





**BLAST, YOU  
IDiot! CAN'T  
STOP IN  
TIME!**



**THE TWO SECURITY GUARDS IN THE  
EMBASSY COULDN'T SEE MUCH,  
BUT THEY CERTAINLY HEARD  
ENOUGH! THEIR IMAGINATIONS  
DID THE REST...**

**AIEEEEE!**

**OF COURSE, I HELPED THEIR  
IMAGINATION ALONG A BIT WITH  
THE USE OF MY ACTING ABILITY.**



**VLASTA: THE  
AMBASSADOR'S  
CAR, QUICK!**

**PLEASE!  
GET THE DRIVER  
OUT BEFORE IT  
BLOWS UP!**

**I'M DYING!  
I'M DYING!**

**AS DYING WENT INTO HIS ACT, I WENT  
INTO ACTION. I DITCHED THE RAINCOAT  
I'D USED TO HIDE MY HARDWARE, THEN...**



**FIREPLACE  
SHOULD BE IN  
THAT  
RECEPTION  
ROOM...**

**I KNEW I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO  
REACH THE CELLARS BY MOVING  
IN THE OPEN, BUT THE VULGAR  
EMBASSY WAS AN ANCIENT  
VICTORIAN BUILDING, HONEYCOMBED  
BY A SERIES OF CHIMNEY FLUES.**



**NEED THE  
LIGHT UNIT  
ON THE  
HELMET...**



**IF VICTORIAN CHIMNEY SWEEPS  
COULD MOVE AROUND IN 'EM, WHY  
NOT ME?**

**SHOULD BE  
A JUNCTION  
COMING UP  
SOON...**



I REACHED THE JUNCTION WHERE SEVERAL CHIMNEY FLUES CAME TOGETHER...

GOTCHA! NOW THIS FLUE SHOULD LEAD DOWN TO ONE OF THE BASEMENT ROOMS!

I QUICKLY DROVE A PITON INTO THE BRICKWORK...

I KNEW THE VOLGANS WOULD BE QUICK TO SUSS OUT THAT SOMETHING NAUGHTY WAS AFOOT, SO I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CLIMB DOWN. HAD TO USE THE ROPE—I WAS IN A HURRY!

ISN'T THERE A SAYING SOMEWHERE ABOUT PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES? WELL, PEOPLE IN VICTORIAN HOUSES SHOULDN'T DRIVE PITONS INTO THEIR BRICKS!

DAMMIT! BRICK'S CRUMBLING—CAN'T GET A GRIP, I'M FALLING!

THE GOOD NEWS WAS THAT I WAS STILL ALIVE. THE BAD NEWS WAS WATCHING ME SMOKING A CHEROOT...

THERE'S ALSO A SAYING ABOUT LOOKING BEFORE YOU LEAP—BUT THE CHIMNEY WAS TOO DARK FOR THAT...

OOF!

THWUMP!

WELCOME, MY FRIEND. WE WERE EXPECTING YOU TO ARRIVE, BUT NOT IN QUITE SO SPECTACULAR A FASHION!

PLEASE JOIN YOUR SOMEWHAT REPULSIVE FRIEND THERE—THE ONE WHO SEEMS TO LIKE 'DYING' SO MUCH.

WOICHA, MATE!

SORRY, JOHN-BOY, THEY DIDN'T FALL FOR IT!

AGENT DUBOIS, HERE, STUBBORNLY REFUSES TO SPEAK TO US. IT IS OBVIOUS THAT YOU HAVE COME HERE IN A PATHETIC ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HIM, BUT YOU ARE TOO LATE! DUBOIS IS BEING SENT TO OUR HOMELAND WHERE WE HAVE SOME VERY EFFICIENT METHODS OF EXTRACTING THE INFORMATION WE REQUIRE!

MEANWHILE, WE'LL JUST SEE WHAT EFFECT OUR MORE SIMPLE METHODS HAVE ON GETTING YOU TO TALK!

I'M DYING!  
I'M DYING!

FOR ONCE, MATE, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT—FOR BOTH OF US!

NEXT WEEK: AT THE HANDS OF THE VOLGANS!

THE SCENE, IN CASE YOU MISSED LAST WEEK, IS THE CELLAR OF THE VOLGAN EMBASSY IN LONDON. ACE THIEF TURNED SECRET AGENT JOHNNY LAWLESS THAT'S ME, CAUGHT TRYING TO SPRING CAPTURED EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS AGENT DUBOIS...

DUBOIS IS ABOUT TO BE SMUGGLED OUT OF THE COUNTRY WHILE VOLGAN COLONEL ZUKHOV IS ABOUT TO SEE IF ME AND MY MATE, 'DYING GEORGE,' WOULD TALK.

UNUSUAL? FRIGHTENING? DANGEROUS? WELL, SECRET AGENTS LEARN TO TAKE THIS SORT OF THING IN THEIR STRIDE. EXCEPT I WAS STILL LEARNING — AND, YES, I WAS ALSO PETRIFIED!



BY K. GOZNELL & B. MITCHELL

I'LL TALK!  
I'LL TALK!

HOW CO-OPERATIVE  
OF YOU, MY FRIEND.  
WHAT ARE YOU GOING  
TO SAY?

I'D LIKE TO  
SAY 'BREATHE  
IN GEORGE'!

THE

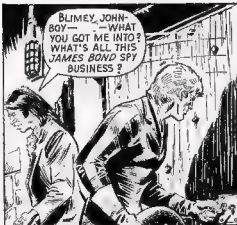
# LAWLESS TOUCH

THINGS MOVED FAST.

C'MON, GEORGE!  
GET OUT OF THIS  
ROOM!

SLAM

KLIK



BLIMEY, JOHN-BOY... WHAT YOU GOT ME INTO? WHAT'S ALL THIS JAMES BOND SPY BUSINESS?

DYING GEORGE WASN'T PART OF THE ESC., HE WAS JUST A GUY WHO'D AGREED TO REPAY ME A FAVOUR, BY DOING HIS FAMOUS 'DYING-IN-A-CAR CRASH' ACT AS A DIVERSION TO GET ME INTO THE EMBASSY.



I'VE GOT TO GET THAT BLOKE DUBOIS OUT OF HERE.

IF WE MEET ANY RESISTANCE, PULL THE PIN FROM ONE OF THESE, WUT YOUR EYES AND IGNORE THE NOISE...



WE MET RESISTANCE!

VLASTA! INTRUDERS! FUEGA! FUEGA!

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE A LANGUAGE PROFESSOR TO UNDERSTAND THAT WE WERE 'INTRUDERS' AND 'FUEGA' MEANT FIRE!



SO WE FIRED!

ZZIT

ZZIT

SKRA

EEEEEEEE

WHEN YOU'RE NOT EXPECTING 'EM, MY LIGHT AND NOISE GRENADES COMPLETELY PARALYSE YOUR BRAIN.



GEORGE AND I KEPT GOING, BUT...

HEY! LOOKA THAT! COVER ME A MINUTE, GEORGE. JUST GOTTA POP IN HERE!



HURRY UP, JOHNNY-BOY. WHAT YOU DOING?

POF

OKAY, OKAY... I'M COMING!



WHAT THE BLAZES DID YOU DO IN THERE?

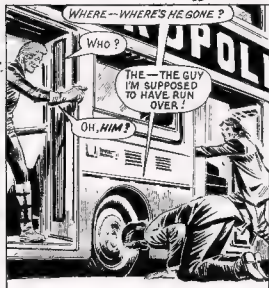
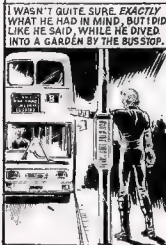
TELL YOU LATER, MATE!



WE MADE IT TO THE FRONT ENTRANCE, JUST TOO LATE!

THEY'VE GOT DUBOIS IN THAT TRUCK!

COUPLE OF YOUR TOYS SHOULD STOP ANYONE FOLLOWING!



I'LL SAY THIS FOR DYING GEORGE, HE MIGHT MAKE A LIVING WRECKING VEHICLES, BUT HE CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO DRIVE 'EM AS WELL!





COULD YOU MOVE TO THIS SIDE OF THE BUS, MADAM, MUCH SAFER, YOU KNOW!

ARE YOU HI-JACKING THIS BUS, YOUNG MAN? WILL WE BE HELD TO RANSOM?

NO, MADAM, WE'RE JUST **BORROWING** IT FOR A LITTLE WHILE, WE'LL GIVE IT BACK LATER...

WE SOON CAUGHT UP WITH THE VOLGAN TRUCK. AFTER ALL THE ACTION AT THE EMBASSY, THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTING TO BE FOLLOWED, BUT NOT BY 15 TONS OF LONDON BUS.

THEY DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE OVERTAKEN BY ONE AT 60 MPH EITHER!

THEY DIDN'T EXPECT TO PICK UP A PASSENGER!

OUT, SUNSHINE, FROM HERE ON, YOU WALK!

AAAAH!

DUBOIS WAS IN A BAD WAY BUT STILL CONSCIOUS. AND...

THANK YOU, MON AMI, THANK YOU A THOUSAND TIMES. I COULDN'T STAND THE THOUGHT OF REACHING THEIR HOMELAND!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, FRIEND, YOU'RE **SAFE** NOW.

HERE Y'ARE, DYING GEORGE. HERE'S YOUR THOUSAND!

ERE! YOU BEEN CARRYING THAT WAD ALL THROUGH THE JOB?

NO, PAL. ONLY SINCE I BLEW THE VOLGAN SAFE BACK AT THE EMBASSY.

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU DID IN THAT ROOM! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WAS HIRED TO SPRING THAT GUY. I BET THEY DIDN'T PAY YOU TO **DO THE SAFE!**

COURSE NOT. BUT YOUR CAR WAS WRECKED GOING IN, I LOST SOME OF MY HARDWARE BACK THERE—LET'S JUST PUT IT DOWN AS COLLECTING OUR EXPENSES. EH?

BESIDES, THE VOLGAN SECRET SERVICE CERTAINLY WON'T MISS IT!

next week: CIVIL WAR!



# THE LAWLESS TOUCH

BY R. TUFNELL & J. COOPER

ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF OLD MEWS FLATS IS THAT THEY'VE GOT BASEMENTS. BASEMENTS MAKE EXCELLENT WORKSHOPS. AND WHEN YOU'RE AN AGE-THIRTY TURNED SECRET AGENT, YOU CERTAINLY NEED A WORKSHOP. OUR TOOLS AREN'T ALL JEMMIES AND CROWBARS, YOU KNOW?

SOMETIMES YOU NEED SOME PRETTY SOPHISTICATED GEAR JUST TO MAKE 'EM! YOU ALSO NEED PRETTY INTENSE CONCENTRATION AS WELL. WHICH IS WHY, ALTHOUGH I HAD THE STEREO TUNED TO CAPITAL RADIO, I WASN'T REALLY LISTENING TO THE NEWS. IN THE LIGHT OF WHAT HAPPENED LATER, I CAME TO WISH THAT I HAD BEEN LISTENING.

THIS IS  
INDEPENDENT  
RADIO NEWS  
AT FIVE...

THIS LASER  
DRILL MIGHT  
HAVE COST A FEW  
QUID, BUT YOU  
CAN'T BEAT IT FOR  
ACCURACY...

## THE TORNADO part 1

AS I SLIPPED THE  
EXPLOSIVE CAPSULE  
INTO THE KEY, THE  
NEWSCASTER  
DRONE ON...

REVOLUTION  
HAS STRUCK THE  
MIDDLE-EASTERN  
STATE OF QURAIN...

THERE IS BITTER STREET  
FIGHTING AS THE EASTERN  
BACKED QURAIN LIBERATION  
FRONT ATTEMPT TO GAIN  
CONTROL OF THE CAPITAL  
AQABA...



THE GLF ARE SAID  
TO BE IN CONTROL OF  
AGABA AIRPORT AS GOVERN-  
MENT FORCES TRY TO PUSH  
THE GUERRILLAS BACK...



USING GREAT  
CONTRIVANCE THE BRITISH  
GOVERNMENT IS THE PANAVIA  
TORNADO AIRCRAFT WHICH  
WAS ON A SALES TOUR OF  
GUARIN AND HAS NOW BEEN  
SEIZED BY THE ANTI-BRITISH  
G.F. IT IS FEARED MAY  
FALL INTO EASTERN HANDS!



THAT WAS AS  
FAA AS THE  
SEWSCASTER  
GOT JUST  
THEN MRS.  
JACKSON, MY  
HOUSEKEEPER,  
TRUDLED  
DOWNSTAIRS.

ERE! THERE'S  
THIS BIRD ON  
THE PHONE FOR  
YOU, SONNY!  
SAYS SHE'S YOUR  
MOTHER. DON'T  
SOUND LIKE YER  
MUM TO ME

NO! SHE MUST  
HAVE A COLD  
OR SOMETHING.



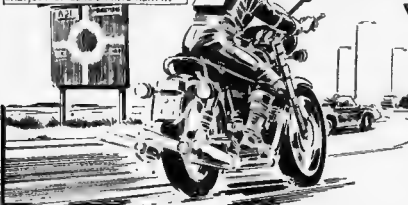
I COULDN'T TELL MRS. J. THAT 'MOTHER'  
WAS MY SECRET SERVICE BOSS OF THE  
EUROPEAN  
SPECIAL CORPS.  
SHE WOULDN'T  
HAVE BELIEVED  
ME ANYWAY...

WE NEED YOUR  
SERVICES AGAIN  
MR. LAWLESS.  
NOW! MEET ME  
AT THE THIRD  
BRIDGE FROM  
THE MAIDSTONE  
END OF THE UN  
OPENED A-25  
MOTORWAY IN  
TWO HOURS.

TWO HOURS!  
HAVEN'T HAD  
ME TEA YET.  
CAN'T IT WAIT?



HALF AN HOUR LATER, WAS HEADING  
EAST, OUT OF LONDON INTO KENT...



NO IT COULDN'T,  
SO...

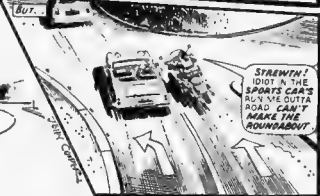
YOU WATCH HOW YOU GO,  
SONNY! YOU FALL OFF  
THAT BIKE AND BLEED -  
ALL OVER YOUR CARBETS,  
AND I AIN'T CLEANING  
IT UP!

SOMETIMES I  
WONDER WHY I  
KEEP MRS.  
JACKSON ON...  
MUST BE HER  
FRIENDLY,  
PLEASANT  
MANNER...



BUT...

STRENGTH!  
IDIOT IN THE  
SPORTS CAR'S  
RUN THE OUTTA  
ROAD CAN'T  
MAKE THE  
ROUNDABOUT





...SO I'LL  
HAVE TO GO  
OVER!

LEARN HOW TO RIDE THAT  
THING BEFORE YOU USE IT ON THE  
ROADS... YOU COULD HAVE KILLED  
SOMEONE BACK THERE!

AND YOU  
DAUGHT TO LEARN  
TO USE THE REAR  
VIEW MIRROR OF  
THAT MOTORISED  
ROLLER SKATE  
BEFORE YOU  
CARVE PEOPLE  
UP!



PEASANT  
BIKER!

TOFFEE-  
NOSED  
MEAT-  
HEAD!

I LEFT MR. BLUNDER  
BEHIND SO FAST HE  
MUST HAVE  
THOUGHT HE WAS  
IN REVERSE!  
THE END OF THE  
OPENED MOTOR  
WAY CAME UP  
PRETTY FAST  
AFTER THAT...

125  
INVERSION

WONDER WHY MA WANTS  
TO MEET ON AN UNOPENED  
MOTORWAY? PROBABLY  
WANTS ME TO STEAL THE  
HARD SHOULDER OR  
SOMETHING EQUALLY  
DIABOLICAL.



DIABOLICAL WAS THE  
RIGHT WORD. MOTHER  
WAS WAITING AT THE  
RENDEZVOUS POINT WITH  
A TOP BRASS A.A.F.  
OFFICER. HE EXPLAINED.

AS I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD, WE  
HAVE A TORNADO GROUNDED IN  
BURKIN. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF  
HOURS BEFORE THE RUSSIANS  
GET THEIR SCIENTISTS TO IT.

TORNADO WILL BE THE  
MAINSTAY OF OUR DEFENCE  
INTO THE NEXT CENTURY, SO  
WE MUST HAVE THAT PLANE  
BACK. WE'RE SENDING YOU  
IN WITH THE BEST PILOT  
WE'VE GOT. YOUR JOB'S  
EASY—JUST GET HIM TO  
THE PLANE AND HE'LL FLY  
YOU OUT.

YOU WANT ME  
TO PLAY WAR WITH A  
BUNCH OF TRIGGER-  
HAPPY GUERRILLAS AND  
RUSSIAN HEAVIES? I'M  
OUT OF MY DEPTH—  
WAY OUT!

OH COME A.D.A. LAY-LESS.  
SURELY THE THOUGHT OF HAVING  
TO STEAL £20 MILLION OF AERO-  
PLANE ALLOWS TO YOUR THIEF'S  
INSTINCTS? WHAT A CHALLENGE!  
BESIDES, THINK OF THE ALTERNATIVE.

THE ALTERNATIVE WAS A LONG  
STRETCH INSIDE PRISON—  
I DECIDED THAT IT WAS A CHALLENGE!



OHAY BUT  
WHY ALL THIS  
CLOAK AND  
DAGGER STUFF?  
WHY DO WE  
HAVE TO MEET  
OUT HERE...  
WHAAAT?

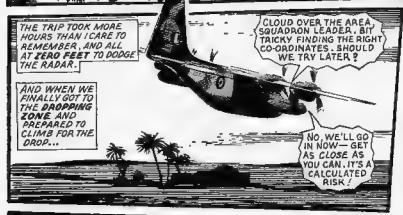
THERE'S YOUR REASON,  
LAWLESS. YOUR TRAN-  
SPORT HAS JUST ARRIVED!

THAT'S WHY WE HAVE BEEN CALLED IN.  
THIS MISSION IS COMPLETELY UNOFFICIAL.  
WE COULDN'T EVEN USE AN A.A.F. AIRFIELD.  
ONLY WE, YOUR PASSENGER AND THE  
HERCULES'S CREW KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

ALL THIS "CLOAK AND DAGGER" STUFF  
HAS BEEN ARRANGED BEFORE THE  
GOVERNMENT HAS TOTALLY FORBIDDEN ANY  
RESCUE MISSION. BUT I'M THE MAN  
CHARGED WITH DEFENDING THIS COUNTRY  
IN THE AIR, AND I DO NOT INTEND LETTING  
OUR BEST WEAPON FALL INTO ENEMY  
HANDS!



AH, AND HERE'S YOUR PASSENGER ARRIVING NOW. SQUADRON LEADER PETER DAVIS SMACK ON TIME!



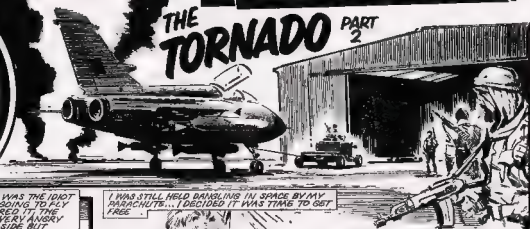
ME? I'M NOT INTO WAR AT ALL. I MEAN, YOU HEAR ABOUT IT ON THE RADIO AND BY THE TIME THE NEXT RECORD'S FINISHED YOU FORGET IT. TROUBLE WITH THE REVOLUTIONARY WAS IN BUREAU WAS THAT THE BAD GUYS HAD KNOCKED OFF ONE OF EUROPE'S TORNADO AIRCRAFT AND WERE INTENT ON GETTING THEIR WATERS CRAWL ALL OVER IT...

THE SECOND PROBLEM IS THAT WHEN YOU'RE AN AGE THEY RECRUITED TO WORK FOR THE EUROPEAN SECRET SERVICE, IT'S YOU THEY PICK TO GO IN AND NICK IT BACK AGAIN...



# THE LAWLESS TOUCH

## THE TORNADO PART 2



I HAD TWO OTHER PROBLEMS. ONE WAS THE IDIOT PILOT CALLED DAVIS WHO WAS GOING TO FLY THE PLANE OUT IF WE RECAPTURED IT. THE OTHER WAS A VERY LARGE, AND VERY ANGRY TANK - THE TANK WAS ON OUR SIDE BUT SOMEONE HAD FORGOTTEN TO TELL THAT TO THE CREW.

I WAS STILL HELD DANGLING IN SPACE BY MY PARACHUTE... I DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO GET FREE

JOHN COOPER





IT'LL  
MAKE YOU  
WARRIORS,  
LADS!

WHAT—WHAT  
HAVE YOU DONE?  
THOSE MEN WERE  
GOVERNMENT  
TROOPS!

WHUMP!

THEY DON'T  
KNOW WE ARE  
GOOD GUYS TOO,  
AND THEY WERE  
TRYING TO  
KILL US.

AND, BESIDES, THAT'S  
A KARAS BRIGADE—  
GUARANTEED TO BREAK THE ICE  
AT PARTIES, BUT **NOT** KILL  
ANYONE. IT'S JUST PUTTING  
GUYS OUT OF ACTION FOR  
A WHILE!

I RECKONED I'VE COULD DO WITH  
A BIT OF THE LOCAL GEAR, AND SO...

I'VE COME ACROSS  
SIMPLE LOCKS IN MY  
TIME—BUT THAT WAS  
PRIMITIVE! CALLS FOR  
PRIMITIVE  
METHODS!

YOU SEEM  
TO BE VERY  
FAMILIAR WITH  
LOCKS—YOU'VE  
DONE THIS  
BEFORE?

THE TANK, NOW OUT OF CONTROL,  
BULLDOZZED THROUGH A BUILDING.  
IT PROVIDED COVER FOR US TO  
ESCAPE.

WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT LOCKS  
WASN'T WORTH KNOWING, BUT I  
DON'T GO INTO DETAILS. MINUTES  
LATER.

WHAT'S UP, DAVIS?  
NOT THE STYLE OF YOUR  
USUAL TAILOR, EH?

WE'VE GOT TO  
GET TO THE AIRPORT  
BEFORE WE CAN  
LOCATE THE TORNADO.  
LAWLESS!

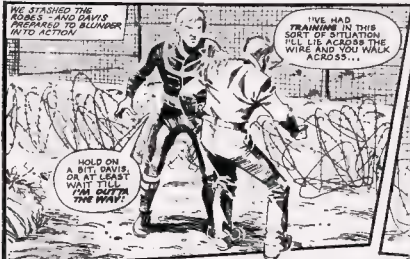
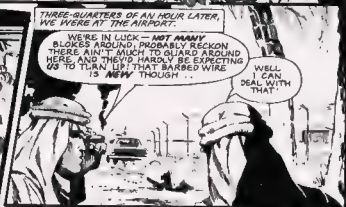
THAT'S  
SMART, DAVIS.  
YOU BEEN TAKING  
A CRASH COURSE  
IN LOGIC?

C'MON, ABDUL CAN  
GET US SOME  
WHEELS!

QURAIN  
NATIONAL

NO, SO SORRY,  
IS TOO DANGEROUS—  
BANG, BANG EVERYWHERE!  
EVERYONE COULD  
MIGHT LOSE CAR!

LISTEN, MATE  
CAN YOU DO US A  
FAVOUR, AND GET  
US TO THE AIRPORT,  
PRONTO?



WHEN WE GOT INSIDE  
WE RAN!

WHERE  
ARE WE  
HEADING  
FOR?

ANYWHERE  
THAT'S OUT OF  
THE WAY OF  
TROUBLE!

ONLY  
ONE HANGAR  
THAT'S LOCKED.  
LAWLESS

SO  
THAT'S  
OUR  
TARGET!

NO ONE ELSE  
IN THE IMMEDIATE  
VICINITY—WE CAN  
MOVE IN!

IT WAS A MEATY LOCK—  
BETTER THAN ANY OTHER  
I'VE SEEN SO FAR

CAN'T PICK  
THIS BABY—AND  
WITH A CASEUM  
STEEL BOLT YOU  
CAN'T FORCE  
IT EITHER!

BUT I'VE GOT A LITTLE NUMBER FOR SITUATIONS LIKE THIS—  
DESIGNED AND BUILT THE LAWLESS WAY...

THEN... IT'S GUARANTEED TO...

YOU FOOL!  
YOU'VE BROKEN IT  
OFF! IT'S LOCKED—IT'LL  
NEVER BE ABLE TO...

MOVE  
AWAY FROM  
THE  
DOORS!

I'D HAD A LITTLE FEELING  
IT HAD BEEN TOO GOOD  
TO BE TRUE UP TO NOW.  
I GOT THE FEELING THE  
BAD TIMES WERE  
ABOUT TO BEGIN.

YOU WERE SENT TO  
GET THE PLANE, NOT TOO  
BAD THE PENALTY FOR  
SPYING AGAINST THE NEW  
PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF GURAIN  
IS DEATH—AND HERE, WE  
CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE  
IMMEDIATELY!

THAT'S WHAT  
I LIKE ABOUT  
WORKING WITH YOU,  
LAWLESS. YOU'RE SUCH  
A PROFESSIONAL!

NEXT  
WEEK: EXECUTION?

WHEN A **TORNADO** FIGHTER ON A **SALES** MISSION GOT CAPTURED BY **GUERRILLAS** FIGHTING A CIVIL WAR IN **OURAIN** IT CAUSED A BIT OF A **PANIC** BACK HOME TO PUT IT **MILDLY** SOMEONE WAS NEEDED TO **STEAL THE PLANE BACK...** THAT'S WHERE **YOURS TRULY** COMES IN!



# THE LAWLESS TOUCH

BY K. TUFNELL & J. COOPER

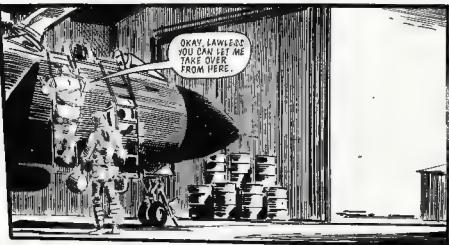
FM ACE THIEF **JOHNNY LAWLESS!** THE EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS HAD CALLED ME IN. THEY'D ALSO SENT OVER THIS TOFFEE-NOSED PILOT NAMED DAVIS. OUR LUCK HAD JUST RUN OUT...

...HO PUT AN **EXPLOSIVE KEY** WITH A **TEN SECOND FUSE** IN THE LOCK ON THE HANGAR DOOR.

...TEN!  
C'MON, DAVIS -  
MOVE!









I MADE IT INTO THE FRONT SEAT, AND IF THE SHOCKS OF THE LAST FIVE MINUTES HADN'T BEEN ENOUGH, I HAD A WORSE ONE COMING...

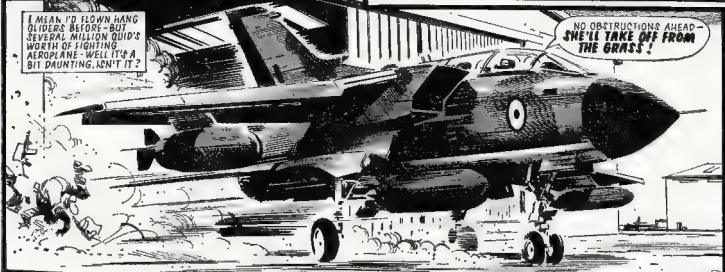


RIGHT! DO EVERYTHING I TELL YOU PRECISELY AS I DESCRIBE IT. DO NOT TOUCH ANY CONTROLS UNLESS I ORDER YOU TO. ON YOUR LEFT HAND CONSOLE IS A KEY MARKED 'APU' - PRESS IT!

NOT ANY MORE. LAWLESS MY LEGS ARE USELESS AND I CAN ONLY JUST MOVE MY ARMS SO I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHICH BUTTONS TO PRESS AND YOU ARE GOING TO PLAY DRIVER!

EH? WHO'S FLYING THIS THING? I'M MEANT TO BE THE PASSENGER!

I MEAN I'D FLOWN HANG GLIDERS BEFORE - BUT SEVERAL MILLION QUID'S WORTH OF FIGHTING AEROPLANE - WELL IT'S A BIT DAUNTING, ISN'T IT?



NO OBSTRUCTIONS AHEAD - WE'LL TAKE OFF FROM THE GRASS!

I SAY THIS FOR DAVIS - BADLY INJURED AS HE WAS - HE STILL STAYED AS COOL AS ICE...



I THOUGHT YOU SAID THERE WERE NO OBSTRUCTIONS...

MISSED IT BY A MILE LAWLESS! NOW PULL THE STICK RIGHT BACK AND HOLD THERE FOR TWO SECONDS...



AT 45,000  
FEET.

I'M CUTTING IN  
THE **INERTIAL  
GUIDANCE SYSTEM**—  
THE PRE-PROGRAMMED  
TAPES WILL FLY HER  
HOME FOR YOU, SO  
**DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!**

ALRIGHT, YOU'RE DOING  
FINE. WHEN YOUR WHEELS  
TOUCH THE RUNWAY, **PULL  
BACK THE THROTTLE**  
FAIRLY RAPIDLY...

ANYTHING  
YOU SAY, **BUSTER**...

WHOOOPS!  
THAT'S PLEASE  
THE **RAE!**

I WAS MET BY AIR MARSHAL SIR DAVID  
WILLIS, AND **MOTHER**, THE HEAD  
OF THE **EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS**. AT  
LEAST THEY SEEMED PLEASED TO SEE ME.

SORRY ABOUT YOUR  
**PLANE**, SIR DAVID. BUT  
WE'VE SNITCHED A  
MISSILE. — **AWL** OR  
SOMETHING. SHOULD  
BE ENOUGH LEFT TO  
KEEP YOUR BOYS 'APRY  
FOR A BIT.

THE **AWL!** GOOD  
GRIEF, ME BOY, WE'LL  
DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
THE PLANE, IT WAS  
WORTH IT.

A FEW DAYS LATER,  
I GOT A VISIT FROM  
'**MOTHER**'...

SIR DAVID ASKED ME TO  
PERSONALLY CONGRATULATE  
YOU ON YOUR SKILL AND  
BRAVERY, MONSIEUR. THE  
MISSILE YOU LET US SAY  
BORROWED IS YIELDING  
SOME **VERY USEFUL**  
INFORMATION, BUT I AM  
KEEPING YOU, NO?

DON'T MENTION IT!  
JUST DO US A FAVOUR  
AND KEEP IT **SIMPLE**  
IN FUTURE, WE'LL VER!

I THOUGHT I'D  
POP ALONG AND  
CHEEK THE  
SQUADRON  
LEADER UP  
WHILE HE  
RECOVERED.

WELL—I BEEN  
**THINKING** ABOUT  
THAT, BUT I GOT A  
**BETTER** IDEA...

REALLY?  
TELL ME

RECKON I HAD YOU  
**WRONG** MATE.  
YOU'VE GOT WHAT  
IT TAKES WHEN  
THE CHIPS ARE DOWN,  
AND **NO MISTAKE!**

I SHOULD BE  
APOLOGISING TO YOU —  
AFTER YOU SAVED MY LIFE  
**TWICE** — LET ALONE THE  
MISSION! YOU'RE A GOOD  
MAN, LAWLESS. WHY DON'T  
YOU WORK FOR THE FORCES  
OF LAW AND ORDER FULL TIME!

YEAH YOU AND ME  
COULD MAKE A **GREAT  
LITTLE TEAM**, RESCUING  
PLANES FROM STICKY  
SITUATIONS AND  
CLAIMING THE **SALVAGE  
MONEY!**

YOU'RE A ROGUE  
LAWLESS, YOU  
**REALLY ARE  
A ROGUE!**

NEXT WEEK:  
**UNCLE  
SID!**

# THE LAWLESS TOUCH

BY K. GORNEIL & R. MITCHELL

WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS! I MEAN, I KNOW I'VE BEEN CONFINED - I MEAN RECRUITED - INTO THE EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS SECRET SERVICE, BUT THIS IS THE SORT OF JOB THEY GIVE ME!



NOW, EVERYONE'S GOT TO LEARN HIS TRADE - ACCOUNTANTS ARE TAUGHT HOW TO ACCOUNT, PLUMBERS HOW TO PLUMB, EVEN AN ACE THIEF HAS TO LEARN HIS THIEVERY FROM SOMEONE AND I WAS TAUGHT BY THE MASTER - ME UNCLE SID!

COURSE, SID'S RETIRED NOW, DONE INTO A LEGITIMATE, HONEST BUSINESS WELL, SORT OF...

HONEST SID'S  
USED CAR EMPORIUM

1200B SIDNEY J AVE

I'M ROBBING MYSELF, SON I REALLY AM. I KNOW THE LITTLE OLD LADY WHO OWNED THIS CAR PERSONALLY. ONLY USED IT ONCE A WEEK TO COLLECT HER PENSION...



YEAH WELL, IT'S A BIT FLASH FOR AN OLD GIRL AIN'T IT? SIDEWINDERS, FLAMES, FAT TYRES, TWIN CARS...

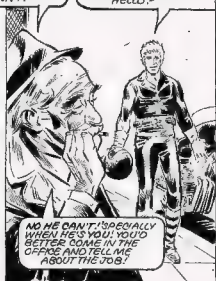
SHE WAS A BIT ECCENTRIC, SEE? GREAT FAN OF JAMES HUNT SHE HAD HIS PICTURES EVERYWHERE...

I TELL YOU - YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A BARGAIN YOU'RE TURNING DOWN!

BUSINESS BAD \$171, SID?

WELL, WELL THE PROOBAL NEARHEW RETURNS! WHAT DO YOU WANT, JOHNNY?

STRENGTH, UNCLE SID! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GOOD OLD FAMILY LOVE AND DEVOTION? CAN'T A BLOKE JUST NIP ROUND TO SAY HELLO?



TOLD HIM ABOUT THE JOB.  
HE WAS NOT IMPRESSED...

A 38 TON JUGGLY-NAUT  
TRAVELLING AT 70 M.P.H.  
AND WE GOT TO STOP IT?  
DON'T WANT MUCH DO YOU?

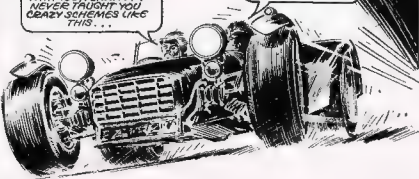
I KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE THINKING,  
BOB, AND IT'LL  
NEVER WORK!

WELL, I THOUGHT  
WITH THAT  
LOTUS SEVEN YOU  
GOT OUT THERE...

WHEN UNCLE SID SAYS 'NEVER', HE REALLY  
MEANS, 'MAYBE'. ANYWAY, THAT NIGHT...

WHERE DID I GO WRONG  
WITH YOU, JOHNNY? I  
NEVER TAUGHT YOU  
CRAZY SCHEMES LIKE  
THIS...

COME OFF IT, SID!  
WHAT ABOUT THE  
LEAD FROM THE  
CHURCH ROOF AND  
THE FIRE ENGINE?



THAT WAS  
DIFFERENT,  
ANYWAY...

TELL ME LATER, SID,  
THAT'S OUR TARGET!  
LET HIM GET ABOUT  
A QUARTER OF A  
MILE IN FRONT!

THE LOTUS SEVEN'S ONE OF THE  
FASTEST CARS OF ALL TIME!  
GOES LIKE A ROCKET!



KILL THE LIGHTS,  
HIT THE HARD  
SHOULDER AND  
GUN IT!



SIT OF A  
TIGHT FIT,  
BUT IT'LL  
DO...

OKAY, SID, I'LL BE  
CLEAR IN TWO  
SECONDS. GET  
READY TO TAKE  
OFF...





I WAS GRATEFUL THAT THE DRIVER WAS A GOOD ONE, WHEN HE LOST ALL ELECTRICAL POWER HE JUST CRUISED TO A HALT IN THE HAZ SHOULDER COOL AS ANYTHING...



THEN I GIVE YOU THE SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE!

OI! STOP!

NOW I KNOW MY ORDERS SAID TO LEAVE THE CARGO ALONE, BUT, WELL I CAN'T HELP BEING CURIOUS, CAN I?



AFTER THAT IT WAS LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A KID



ANYWAY A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER IN UNCLE SID'S GARAGE AT THE BACK OF THE CAR EMPORIUM



YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS BOY, I DON'T EVEN THINK I BELIEVE IT

NOW, WE'RE NEITHER OF US GREEDY BUCKERS, BUT I FIGURED THAT SINCE THE E.S.C WAS AN UNOFFICIAL ORGANISATION...



WE GOT MONEY! TO SAY ABOUT A BILLION GUIN! EVERY ONE OF THESE CARBONS IS CHOC-FULL OF TWENTY-NICKER NOTES!

WHAART?

AND SINCE MOTHER WAS PROBABLY NICKING THIS LOT FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT SO SHE COULD PAY THE COEP'S BILLS... WELL SHE WOULDN'T MISS A MILLION OR TWO, WOULD SHE?



WE DELIVERED THE REST OF THE CARGO AND ARRANGED THE NEXT MORNING. UNCLE SID DROVE THE BIG WAGON AND GAVE ME A HAND TO UNLOAD...

WELL THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM. AH, HERE'S THE GUY NOR ASKING.

AND HERE'S UNCLE SID DEFINITELY. DUNNO WHO YOUR GUY NOR IS, BUT I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE ME.

I COULD UNDERSTAND SID BEING CAREFUL. HE HASN'T GOT THE MOST HONEST FACE IN THE WORLD.

AH, MONSIEUR LAWLESS! YOU DELIVER THE GOODS, GET AWAY! HOW MUCH I WONDER, HAVE YOU LEFT FOR YOURSELF?

WHO, ME? NOW I ASK YOU, WOULD I DISOBEY YOUR ORDERS?

TRY TO SPEND EVEN ONE OF THEM AND YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN!

I KNEW A RIGHT! TROUBLE WAS, NOW WAS I GOING TO TELL UNCLE SID THAT OUR NIGHT'S WORK HAD EARNED US PRECISELY ZERO!

THE FOLLOWING LUNCHTIME...

SEE, WE GOT PROBLEMS, UNCLE SID.

IT'S ALL COUNTERFEIT, YEAH, I KNOW. I GOT BENNY THE PRINTER TO HAVE A LOOK AT OUR CASH NOTES AND HE LAUGHED LIKE A DRAIN!

NOW CONSIDERING THAT I'D JUST TOLD HIM THAT HE HADN'T EARNED A MILION DOLLARS IN A NIGHT, SID WAS REMARKABLY CHEERFUL...

I SOON FOUND OUT WHY.

YES YOU WOULD! BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD THIS TIME. THERE'RE ALL COUNTERFEIT—WORTHLESS! I PRINTED IN A CERTAIN EASTERN COUNTRY, THEY WERE TO BE PUT INTO CIRCULATION HERE TO CAUSE FINANCIAL CHAOS!

MIND OUT THE WAY, SON! I GOT A LOAD TO DELIVER. BUSINESS IS BOOMING. I'M BRANCHING OUT INTO THE REMOVAL BUSINESS!

**HONEST SID'S REMOVAL CO**  
We take anything! anywhere! anytime!  
Tel. 705 2211

THE SMUGGLER'S WAGON MUST HAVE BEEN WORTH AT LEAST 25 GRAND IN ITSELF AND THEY COULDN'T REPORT IT MISSING. SO SID WAS PUTTING IT TO GOOD USE AFTER A GUIDE SPRAY JOB. SO I SUPPOSE HE GOT SOMETHING OUT OF THE JOB AFTER ALL.

ME? WHAT DID I GET...?

GOT A LIGHT, CHIEF?

SURE, PAL!

C'MON MATE, YOU WANT THIS LIGHT OR NOT?

I SUPPOSE I GOT A FEW LAUGHS!

NEXT WEEK: THE CAR CHASE!

WHAT HAS A SOUTH LONDON FORGER, AND A GANG OF MOBSTERS GOT TO DO WITH ME GETTING SHOT AT, SPEEDING ALONG AT A COOL TON? STICK AROUND AND I'LL TELL YOU!

MY NAME'S JOHNNY LAWLESS. I'M AN AGE THIEF WORKING ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER, IN THE SHAPE OF THE E.S.C. (EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS).



# THE LAWLESS TOUCH

BY R.TUFNELL & J.RICHARDSON

THE JOB SEEMED TO BE A SIMPLE ONE, JUST PICK UP A CAR I WAS TOLD, I GATHERED SOME EQUIPMENT AND WENT TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN ...

WELL, THAT LOCK WAS A FIVE-SECOND JOB ...



WONDER WHY THE E.S.C. WANT THIS CAR? STILL THAT'S NOT MY CONCERN, I SUPPOSE!

AH-HA! THAT'S A BIT MORE OF A CHALLENGE! WHOEVER OWNS THE WHEELS WANTS TO HANG ON TO THEM! THAT CAR IS WELL AND TRULY LOCKED!



LIKE THE HIGHWAY CODE SAYS, ALWAYS CHECK YOUR MIRRORS!

UUNNNNGGG!

SAW YOU COMIN' PAL!

ALL I HAD BEEN TOLD WAS TO GET THE CAR!  
NO-ONE HAD TOLD ME ABOUT THE GOON WITH THE  
SPANNER... AND, IN TRUTH, I DIDN'T WANT  
TO KNOW ABOUT HIM...



I HAD THE CAR,  
SO I WAS OFF!



SHE'S A BEAUT, I'LL SAY  
THAT... HELLO-- THAT  
MERC'S TAILING ME...

SO LET'S SEE WHAT  
THIS BABY CAN DO--  
HERE GOES!



BUT MY TAIL HAD NO  
INTENTION OF LETTING  
ME GET AWAY!



RIGHT...  
GRIEF! WHAT AM  
I SITTING ON  
THE RUDDY CROWN  
JEWELS?

THE GUY BEHIND DIDN'T  
BELIEVE I WAS GOING TO SWING  
INTO A LEFT-HAND TURN AT  
100 M.P.H....



KRAASH!!  
CREEAK

...MIND YOU, I WASN'T TOO  
SURE ABOUT IT MYSELF!

THE TWO WHEELS BIT ROUND  
THE CORNER HAD MADE A  
HIDDEN PANEL IN THE  
DOOR DROP OPEN...



OWWWCCHH!  
WHAT'S THIS THEN?

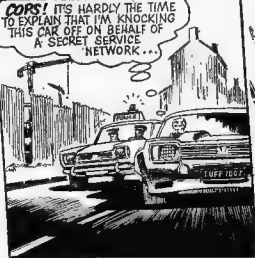
I HAD COMPANY AGAIN...

COPS! IT'S HARDLY THE TIME  
TO EXPLAIN THAT I'M KNOCKING  
THIS CAR OFF ON BEHALF OF  
A SECRET SERVICE  
NETWORK...



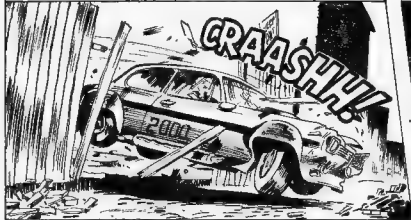
SO THAT'S THE CAPER, EH?  
IT WASN'T THE CAR THAT WAS  
WANTED, IT WAS THE GOODS  
INSIDE!

THESE  
ARE FORGER'S  
PLATES!



IT'S TIME  
TO DITCH THE  
THING!





I JUMPED FROM THE CAR  
AND DOUBLED BACK PAST  
THE COPPERS—

I'VE GOT THE GOODS AND BY RIGHTS I SHOULD  
HAVE GONE HOME FOR A CUPPA... BUT I WAS **CURIOS!**

WE'VE  
GOT 'IM  
NOW!

I WANTED TO KNOW WHO **OWNED** THE CAR...



THE ADDRESS WAS LOCAL,  
SO I PAID A VISIT...

FRANK MASON?

YEAH!

THE NAME'S  
JOHNNY LAWLESS,  
CAN I HAVE A  
WORD?

I KNEW FRANK'S OLD MAN — A  
**MASTER FORGER**. I DECIDED YOUNG  
FRANK DESERVED A CHANCE TO GET  
OUT OF THE MESS HE WAS IN.

MY OLD MAN  
ALWAYS SPEAKS  
WELL OF YOU,  
JOHNNY.

LET'S GET TO  
**BUSINESS**, FRANK.  
THE GAME ABOUT  
YOUR FORGED PLATES  
IS BLOWN.

B-BOSS,  
HE'S GOT THE  
DROP ON US...

MEATHEAD  
DECIDED TO  
TURN NASTY...

I'VE GOT THE PLATES HERE, FRANKIE...

SHALL I...?

LET  
HIM GO,  
OSCAR!

THAT BROUGHT  
ME A TEMPORARY  
RELIEVE...

FORGED PLATES  
FOR FIVE POUND  
NOTES WERE STORED  
IN YOUR CAR. NO  
DOUBT YOU WERE  
GOING TO PASS THEM  
ON TO YOUR CONTACT.  
SOME LOCAL THUGS  
WITH GUNS ARE  
TRYING TO MUSCLE  
IN, BUT THEY'RE  
JUST CHICKEN  
FEED...

I'VE GOT THE PLATES.  
THE COPPERS HAVE GOT  
THE CAR, AND ANOTHER  
ORGANISATION, THAT  
MAKES THE MAFIA LOOK  
LIKE THE WOMEN'S  
INSTITUTE, WILL BE  
MOVING IN SOON—

WHAT'S IT TO  
BE, FRANKIE  
BOY? GOING  
TO GET OUT  
BEFORE IT  
GETS TOO  
HOT?

NO WAY, MASON...!  
I'M NOT LETTING  
A FORTUNE SLIP  
AWAY!

Y-YEAH, YOU  
WOULDN'T FOOL  
ME NONE, JOHNNY...  
KEEP THE PLATES.  
I NEVER SAW  
'EM BEFORE!

MEATHEAD GRABBED THE PLATES FROM MY GRASP...

IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE  
THE DEAL... I CAN!

JOHNNY, YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

S-SURE.  
FRANKIE.  
JUST MOVE  
OUT THE BACK  
WAY, QUICK!



# IT'S YOUR TURN

FINAL WEEK

## ★ GREAT ★ ★ WRITING ★ Competition!

This is the sixth – and last – IT'S YOUR TURN. So if you want to see your very own story printed in **TORNADO**, and you want to win some handy cash, you better hurry! All you have to do is write the story to accompany our cover picture. Let your imaginations run riot and come up with a space story of galactic greenness and interplanetary ingenuity.

Stories must be no more than 350 words in length, and they must clearly relate to the cover picture, but – apart from that – the rest is up to you! When you have finished your tale complete the entry coupon – attach it to your story and post to: **TORNADO/IT'S YOUR TURN No. 6, 55, EWER STREET, LONDON SE9 6YP.** Closing date is Friday, August 10th, 1973.

# ★ £20

FIRST PRIZE

PLUS FIVE £2 runner-up prizes!



## IT'S YOUR TURN

### ENTRY COUPON ⑥

Post to: Tornado/IT'S YOUR TURN No. 6  
55, EWER STREET,  
LONDON SE9 6YP.

Name .....

Address .....

..... Age .....

I certify that this is the entrant's own  
unaltered work .....

(Signature. Parent/Guardian.)

Closing date: Fri., August 10th, 1973

### RULES.

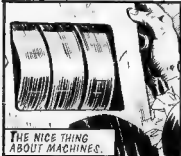
Stories may be typed or clearly written in pen, ink or biro and must be written on one side of the paper only. Each entry must be accompanied by a fully completed entry form. Stories must be the unaltered work of the entrant and must be their own original work.

The first prize will be awarded for what the Editor considers to be the story which most aptly relates to the cover picture; remaining prizes will go to senders of next best entries. The first prizewinning story will be published in **TORNADO** and the Editor reserves the right to amend this for the purposes of publication.

The competition is open to readers in the United Kingdom and Eire, except children of employees of IPC Magazines Ltd. and the printers of **TORNADO**.

The Editor's decision will be final. Prizewinners will be notified of their success by post. It is regretted that stories cannot be returned.





THE NICE THING  
ABOUT MACHINES.



IS THAT ONCE YOU  
KNOW HOW THEY WORK



YOU CAN START MAKING  
THEM WORK FOR YOU



PROVIDING YOU'VE GOT  
THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT



MON DIEU! FIVE MACHINES  
EMPTIED AND NOW A SIXTH!  
EVERY TIME YOU VISIT US  
YOU WIN, M'SIEU JOHNNY!

JUST THAT **MAGIC  
TOUCH**, JACQUES! BUT  
YOU CAN STOP MOPPING  
YOUR BROW—RECKON  
I'VE GOT ENOUGH TO PAY  
MY HOTEL BILL NOW!

AH, M'SIEU JOHNNY  
WILL HAVE HIS LITTLE  
JOKE, HA, HA, HA!

YEAH, AND HERE'S  
ANOTHER—I'M REALLY  
A BRITISH THIEF  
WORKING FOR THE  
E.S.C.

SO LONG, JACQUES.  
HAVE MY WINNINGS  
SENT OVER TO MY  
HOTEL!

THAT'S OLD JACQUES DOESN'T REALISE I **REALLY AM**  
WORKING FOR THE E.S.C. (EUROPEAN SPECIAL CORPS),  
AN UNOFFICIAL LAW-KEEPING BODY.

# THE AWLESS TOUCH

BY J. ROGAN & M. WHITE



WELL, I WAS BORED, WASN'T I? MOTHER—THAT'S MY  
BOSS—HAD SENT ME TO MONTE CARLO TO AWAIT  
FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS, BUT AFTER FOUR DAYS OF  
COOLING MY HEELS AND NO WORD I COULDN'T HELP  
BUT TRY OUT MY **NEW TOY** TO FIX JACQUES' GAMING  
MACHINES...



EITHER MOTHER  
CONTACTS ME SOON  
OR I'M OFF HOME ON  
MY BIKE... ALL THE  
WAY!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? -  
**ROTTEN PARKING TICKET!**

**JACO PRI**

IT WAS A VERY SPECIAL PARKING TICKET! MOTHER **HADN'T FORGOTTEN** ME AT ALL.

MARCEL DUMAS, TOP ASSASSIN, BELIEVED HE WAS GOING TOWARDS YOUR AREA FOR MEETING. NEXT CONTRACT. SUSPECT HIS TARGET COULD BE A MAJOR E.E.C. FIGURE. KEEP DUMAS UNDER SURVEILLANCE AND FIND OUT EXACT DETAILS. MOTHER.

YEAH, I KNOW HIM FROM THE CROW BROTHERS GANG WAR IN CAMBERWELL IN '74. A NASTIER LITTLE RAT YOU COULDN'T COME ACROSS... AND HE'S GOT THE ROOM NEXT TO MINE AT THE HOTEL!

DUMAS WAS IN THE ROOM NEXT TO MINE. IT WAS NO COINCIDENCE!

HAD I KNOWN FROM THE START THAT I WAS MEANT TO BE KEEPING TABS ON DUMAS I WOULD HAVE PROBABLY MADE IT **SO OBVIOUS** AND **BLOWN THE GAFF.**

THIS WAY DUMAS HAD BEEN GIVEN TIME TO GET OVER THE 'SUSPICIOUS STAGE'.

I KEPT MY EYE ON HIM. LATER THAT EVENING HE GOT A CALL...

AND HE WAS OFF VISITING.

A SEA TRIP OUT TO THAT **BIG YACHT**. HUH? JOHNNY-BOY, IT'S TIME YOU TOOK A SWIM...

FIVE MINUTES AFTER THAT I WAS SUCKERING MY WAY ON BOARD. WELL, CLIMBING UP THE ANCHOR CHAIN IS OLD HAT, RIGHT?

WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES WAS PISCES AND ON HIS TRAIL

A GUY LIKE ME TAKES MORE THAN A PAIR OF BATHING TRUNKS WHEN HE GOES FOR A DIP!

FIFTEEN MORE AND I WAS NEARING THE YACHT.

SO FAR SO GOOD, BUT WHERE'S THE PARTY?

I FOUND THE PARTY BUT  
COULDN'T HEAR THE ACTION



DUMAS TALKING  
TO HIS CONTACT.  
LOOKS LIKE THE  
OWNER CAN'T GET  
ANY CLOSER, SO IT'LL  
HAVE TO BE A BIT OF  
EARWIGGING—  
**LAWLESS STYLE!**

...YES, DUMAS THERE'S  
NOTHING LIKE BETTER  
THAN A FINE WINE... BUT  
NOW, DOWN TO BUSINESS.  
THE JOB PAYS FOUR  
HUNDRED THOUSAND  
FRANCS... HALF NOW, THE  
REST ON COMPLETION!



IT'S A GOOD  
OFFER, KOLIN...  
BUT **WHO'S**  
THE TARGET—  
AND WHEN?

FIRST, THE MONEY.  
THE SUITCASE IN FRONT  
OF YOU CONTAINS  
THE DOWNPAYMENT.  
NOW YOUR TARGET...



I WANT YOU  
TO KILL THE HEAD  
OF THE **LURMANSTEIN**  
STATE AND HIS  
FAMILY!

WHAT?  
I DIDN'T KNOW WE  
WERE DISCUSSING—ER—  
ROYALTY. THAT COMES A  
LOT MORE **EXPENSIVE!**



I SEE YOU ARE  
A MAN WHO KNOWS  
THE **VALUE** OF HIS  
SKILL. THE CONTRACT  
IS DOUBLED TO  
**EIGHT HUNDRED  
THOUSAND  
FRANCS!**

THEN...

COMRADE! AN  
INTRUDER FOUND  
LURKING  
OUTSIDE THE  
DOOR!



EASY DUMAS.  
MY FRIEND, MERELY  
FALSE BRAVADO.  
NO-ONE BUT US  
KNOWS OF OUR  
PLAN!

YOU'LL  
NEVER SUCCEED!  
HIS HIGHNESS KNOWS  
ALL ABOUT YOUR  
PLAN TO KILL HIM!

SEARCH THE SHIP! OUR  
LITTLE PATRIOT MAY  
NOT BE ALONE!



I WAS RIGHT.

STOP, OR  
I SHOOT!

I'M DOING THE  
SHOOTING ROUND  
HERE, IVAN!



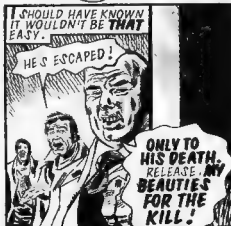
STAVA! THERE  
IS ANOTHER  
ONE!



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WASN'T  
THE **ONLY ONE** ONTO THE JOB.  
BUT ONE THING WAS CERTAIN.  
MY FELLOW THIEF WAS AN  
**AMATEUR** AND NOW I COULD  
WELL BE IN FOR **TROUBLE.**



YEEEAH!!!



**NEXT WEEK:  
JAWS THREE!**

EUROPE'S SUPER-THIEF, JOHNNY LAWLESS, FACES THE DOGS OF DEATH!

GRAAAGHHH!

I'D FOLLOWED A NASTY  
LITTLE YACHT NAMED  
DUMAS TO A YACHT  
MOORED OUTSIDE  
MONACO. HARBOR  
AND DISCOVERED A  
PLOT INVOLVING  
ASSASSINATION OF A  
ROYAL FAMILY.  
BEFORE I COULD SWIM  
ASHORE WITH THE  
BAD TIDINGS, THE JOBS  
SUEW UP IN MY FACE  
AND THEY SET THE  
DOGS ON ME!

DORMERMAN  
PINSCHERS!  
THEY'RE  
GOING TO  
TEAR ME  
APART!

BY I. ROGAN & M. WHITE

# THE LAWLESS TOUCH

AAAGH!

THE DOGS CLOSED  
IN FOR THE KILL!

I GRABBED THE LISTENING DEVICE I'D USED TO 'OVER  
HEAR' DUMAS.

AND THEN  
THESE  
KILLERS OFF!

ALL DOGS HATE  
VERY LOW  
SOUNDWAVES -  
SERIES HIGH  
RUNNING SO  
COME ON BABY,  
SWITCH ON...

TRANSMIT

RECEIVE



IT WOULD BE A DREAM  
THE DOGS FEEL.



A... MADE THE WATER WAS BLUE  
RE. ON THE SURFACE WITH A  
"CHARGED ON" AND MORE IT  
WOULD BE TAKEN AS MY  
DEATH RATTLE.

I PULLED MY HELMET  
OFF MY BEEL-  
PICK AND, BEFORE  
YOU COULD SAY  
TADPOLES ROOSTER, I  
WAS DIVING.



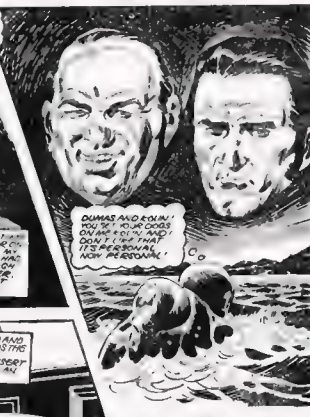
WATERPROOF HELMET  
WITH OXYGEN SUPPLY  
CAN LET ME DISAPPEAR  
UNDERWATER.



M-MADE THE BEACH,  
G-GOT TO REACH MY  
NOTE... RINGS AND  
RAISE THE ALARM!

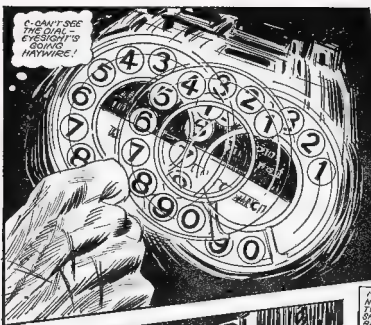
WAS SURVIVOR  
AS MY HELM COVERED  
EACH US THERE BY  
MYSELF. I... I... I... I...  
WATER, ON THE LOW  
SALVAGE HUNTER,  
BUT ONE THOUGHT  
KEEP ME GOING.

DUMAS AND ROBIN!  
YOU SEE, YOUR DOGS  
ON ME EYES AND I  
DON'T LIKE THAT  
IT'S PERSONAL  
NOW PERSONAL!



I REACHED MY ROOM AND  
STAGED TO HURDLES THE  
PHONE. LIKE A HAIL  
STORM IN THE DESERT  
STAGNANT ON ACHS AN  
GAS.





C-CAN'T SEE  
THE DIAL—  
EYESIGHT'S  
GOING  
HAYWIRE!

I GOT IT RIGHT IN THE END, BUT AS  
I WAITED FOR AN ANSWER...



UHH! WHO'S  
THAT?  
REVOLVING  
OUT-GOT  
TO STEADY  
MY...



QUI, QUI?  
'ALLO, 'ALLO?  
GENE, GENE?  
TO...

THEN EVERYTHING CLEARED  
AND I SAW THE BOSS OF MY  
QUANTITY!

I'D PASSED OUT. THE  
NEXT THING I KNEW  
TWO MONSTRIOUS  
SHAPES WERE  
BENDING OVER ME.



HOW BAD IS  
HE, DOCTOR?

FLESH WOUNDS  
AREN'T  
NEED TWO  
WEEKS IN BED  
AT LEAST!



MOTHER!

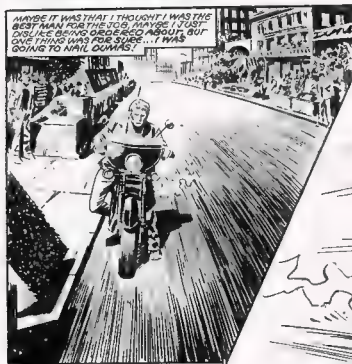
WHO'D YOU EXPECT?  
SEND YOU DOWN  
HERE TO KEEP AN  
EYE ON DINNARS. YET  
FIND I NEED TO KEEP  
AN EYE ON YOU!



THEN EVERYTHING  
CAME BACK TO ME.

WHAT TH?

EOLIN! THE  
YACHT! MOVE  
OVER, OOC—  
FAST!



NEXT WEEK: RACE AGAINST TIME.

IT WAS THE MONACO GRAND PRIX, SEVENTY TWO. SANITARY SCREAMING SPECTATORS LINED THE STREETS, TWENTY TOP DRIVERS AVERAGED 80 M.P.H. ROUND THE TWENTY-TWO MILE CIRCUIT, AND I, YOUR OLD FRIEND JOHNNY LAWLESS, WAS 280 M.P.H. TO JOIN IN!

# THE LAWLESS TOUCH

GET OFF THE TRACK, YOU FOOL! YOU'LL CAUSE A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!

THERE'LL BE AN EVEN WORSE ACCIDENT IF I DON'T REACH THE MAIN GRANDSTAND AND GET THE ROYAL FAMILY UNDER COVER.

EUROPE'S DEADLIEST ASSASSIN IS GOING TO KILL THEM ALL.

81 • ROGAN G. M. WHITE

THE HITMAN'S NAME WAS DUMAS AND HE'D BEEN GIVEN THE CONTRACT BY RUSSIAN AGENT OLAG KOLIN.

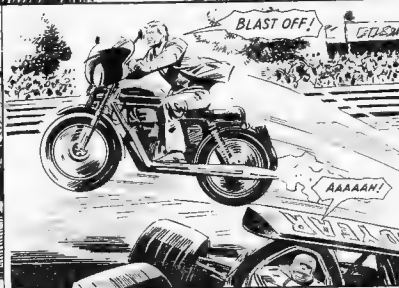
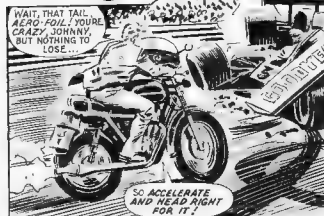
WHAT TH—? SOMEONE ON A MOTORBIKE!

THE FACT THAT MY BOSS, MOTHER, HAD TAKEN ME OFF THE CASE, AND I WAS DISOBEYING ORDERS, DIDN'T BOTHER ME ONE BIT.

FRANCE

MOVE OVER, JAMES— I'M IN A HURRY!

KOLIN AND DUMAS DAMN NEARLY KILLED ME WITH THOSE DOBERMAN PINSCHERS, AND NOW IT'S PERSONAL— WHATEVER, MOTHER SAYS.



I LANDED INTACT, APART FROM MY STOMACH WHICH WAS SOMEWHERE BEHIND ME!



BUT I KNEW THE MAIN STAND WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER AND I WAS GOING TO MAKE IT!

THE ROYAL BOX AND THEY'RE STILL ALIVE! NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS. I'LL JUST HAVE TO GET THEM OUT OF THERE BY FORCE!



SUDDENLY...

GET HIM DOWN ON THE GROUND! HANDCUFFS SOMEONE, HANDCUFFS!

I'LL BATON HIM, THAT'LL QUIETEN HIM DOWN!





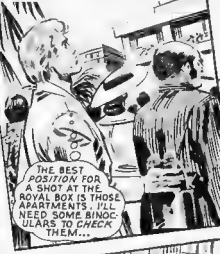
A SNIPER'S GOING TO WIPE OUT THE ROYAL FAMILY! YOU'VE GOT TO CLEAR THE ROYAL BOX!



I LET THEM TAKE ME TO A POLICE VAN AT THE BACK OF THE ROYAL BOX. AT ONE OF THEM OPENED THE DOOR. I STRUCK!



I KNEW THE RACE WOULD NEARLY BE OVER AND THAT DUMAS WOULD STRIKE ANY MINUTE. BUT IF I SHOWED MY FACE AT THE ROYAL BOX AGAIN I'D GET COLLARED. THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO.



I'D ROBBED THE RICH TO SAVE THE ROYALS, BUT ALL I COULD SEE WAS THE SMILING FACES OF THE SPECTATORS...



WAS ON THE POINT OF "HUCKING IT" WHEN I SAW HIM.



THE FACE WITHOUT A SMILE... THE ONE SPECTATOR WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET TO THE HOTEL AND THAT WAS ACROSS THE TRACK.



CRAZY IDIOT!

HE'S ON THE FIFTH FLOOR. FORGET THE PAIN, JOHNNY. THINK OF WHAT THOSE DOGS DID TO YOU... LET IT SPUR YOU ON!



I COULD IMAGINE THE FAMILY LAUGHING IN HIS CROSS HAIRS.



HIS FINGER TENSING ON THE TRIGGER...

DUMAS!

HUH?





The End

THE 1930S IN AMERICA: THE ERA OF PROHIBITION. ALL ALCOHOLIC DRINKS HAD BEEN MADE ILLEGAL BUT A FLOURISHING INDUSTRY HAD BEEN SET UP, KNOWN AS BOOTLEGGING OR MOONSHINING. THIS PRODUCED ALCOHOL FOR SALE ON THE BLACK MARKET. THE MEN WHO BREWED THE ALCOHOL WERE CONSIDERED CRIMINALS AND CATCHING THEM WAS A FULL-TIME JOB FOR THE POLICE. ESPECIALLY WHEN THE STILLS USED TO MAKE THE STUFF WERE HIDDEN IN THE DEEP FORESTS OF SUCH PLACES AS NORTH CAROLINA.

# THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

STEP ON THE GAS, ARTIE! THE LAW IS CATCHIN' UP FAST!

GOT MY FOOT DOWN TO THE FLOORBOARDS ALREADY! THAT MOON IN THE BACK WEIGHS A TON!

\* MOON - ILLEGAL ALCOHOL

WHEN THE STILLS WERE GOING TOO FAST, MARSHALL WILLIAMS, ARTIE'S BROTHER, WOULD TAKE A HARD CASE. HE WOULD THEM IN NEED OF MORE, AND THIS WAS THE "MOONSHINE" WAY TO GET IT.

START OF THE "BURNING" MOONSHINE. THE BOSS, EDGAR, WOULD TAKE THE STILLS TO THE "BURNING" STILLS. THAT WAS A "BURNING" WITH THE LAW GOT THE WORK.

WATCH OUT! WE'RE SHOOTIN' OFF THE ROAD! AARRGH!

WE'RE NEARLY READY TO BOTTLE THE STUFF, MARSH. THERE'S ENOUGH BOOZE HERE TO FLOAT THE ENTIRE COUNTY.

THIS IS OUR LAST BATCH FOR A WHILE, BOADY. ARTIE AND DAVE CARLSON SHOT UP THE LAW LAST NIGHT... THE BULLS ARE SWARMIN' EVERYWHERE!

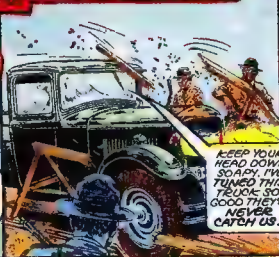
WILLIAMS HAD JUST GOT MARRIED. GETTING UP HOME IN THOSE DAYS WAS VERY TOUGH.



GIVE THIS UP FOR GOOD, MARSH. BEFORE THE POLICE CATCH YOU... PLEASE.

MY JOB ON THE RAILROAD JUST DON'T PAY ENOUGH, MAGGIE!

REFUSED TO TAKE MONEY ANY MORE. ALL HIS MOONSHINE. BUT HE ALWAYS LOVED CHAMP AND HE LOVED HIS WIFE MAGGIE.



KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, SOAPY. I'VE TUNED THIS TRUCK SO GOOD THEY'LL NEVER CATCH US!

MARSH LOVED THE COUNTRY LIFE. HE WAS A BEAK SHOT.



GOT 'IM! GO GET HIM TACK GOOD BOY!

BUT THERE WAS LITTLE MONEY AND FEW CRIMINALS AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE LAW FOUND OUT ABOUT WILLIAMS.



YOU'LL FIND HIS STILL TWO MILES EAST OF FEATHER CREEK, MALONEY.

THANKS SAM. HERE GO AN' BUY YOURSELF A SQUARE MEAT... YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU COULD USE IT.



16

NO TALKIN' NOW MEN. KEEP THOSE RIFLES AN' SHOTGUNS HANDY BUT DON'T GET TRIGGER HAPPY!



WILLIAMS, THIS IS THE POLICE! DROP THOSE GUNS AN' GET YOUR HANDS UP!

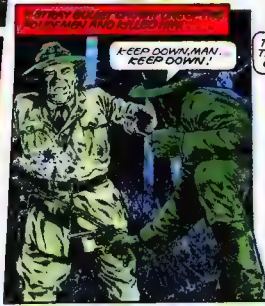
MARSH! IT'S THE LAW!

IN THE CONFUSION SOMEONE STARTED SHOOTING.



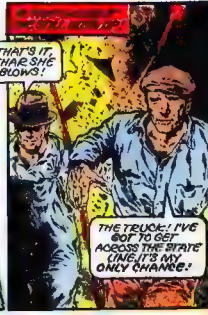
THERE'S A WHOLE ARMY OF 'EM. THEY'RE PUMPIN' THE STILL FULL OF HOLES!

IT'S GONNA BLOW! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE, FAST!



STAY DOWN, MAN. KEEP DOWN!

KEEP DOWN, MAN. KEEP DOWN!



THAT'S IT, THAR SHE BLOWS!

THE TRUCK! I'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS THE RATE (LINE, IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE.)

WILLIAMS THOUGHT HE MIGHT JUST MAKE IT...

NEARLY THERE...UH...  
A ROADBLOCK!  
THEY'VE SPOTTED  
ME!

IT'S ONE OF THOSE  
MOONSHINERS!  
HE'S NOT STOPPIN'  
LET HIM HAVE IT!

HE WAS LUCKY  
TO BE ALIVE...

WILLIAMS TRIED TO DRIVE ROUND THE AMBUSH  
BUT THE POLICE OPENED-UP, HE DIDN'T STAND  
A CHANCE.

UH... GOT MY FRONT  
TIRES... ONT' ADD  
THE ROAD.

AND SO WILLIAMS WENT TO TRIAL  
AND DECIDED TO PLEAD GUILTY.

YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST, WILLIAMS,  
FOR BOOTLEGGIN'  
AN' THE MURDER  
OF ONE OF OUR  
MEN BACK THERE!

YOU CAN PUT THE  
IRON AWAY. I  
AIN'T ABOUT TO  
PUT UP A FIGHT!

I AM YOUR HONOUR.  
MY PLEA IS  
MANSLAUGHTER  
AND I AM READY TO  
BE SENTENCED.

AS YOUR LAWYER,  
MAESHI, I THINK  
WE SHOULD  
FIGHT THE CASE!

I'M GONNA PLEAD  
MANSLAUGHTER.  
AT LEAST THEY  
CAN'T EXECUTE  
ME FOR THAT!

ARE YOU  
READY TO  
FIGHT?  
NOW,  
WILLIAMS?

IT WAS A HARSH SENTENCE EVEN IN THOSE  
FAR OFF DAYS AND WILLIAMS WAS A  
BITTER MAN.

SO BE IT. MARSHALL  
WILLIAMS YOU HAVE  
COMMITTED A  
SERIOUS CRIME. I  
HAVE NO  
ALTERNATIVE...

... YOU WILL GO TO THE NORTH  
CAROLIN STATE PRISON AND  
SERVE THIRTY YEARS HARD  
LABOUR. TAKE HIM AWAY!

HEY DUKE, I  
HEAR COUNTRY  
BOY HEAR GOT  
THIRTY YEARS  
FER SHOOTIN'  
A COP.

WELL HE WON'T BE  
DOIN' MUCH SHOOTIN'  
HERE, SLIM, JUST  
ROCK BREAKIN'  
FROM MORNIN' TILL  
NIGHT. HOW DOES  
THAT SURE YOU  
COUNTRY BOY?

TWO HARD CASES SHARED  
WILLIAMS'S PRISON VAN -  
DUKE MILLER AND SLIM  
DUNBAR. THEY NEEDED  
HIM ALL THE WAY.

OH YEAH  
WISE GUY.  
JUST TRY  
IT...

IF YOU CALL ME  
COUNTRY BOY  
AGAIN, GUNMOUTH,  
I'LL BE BREAKIN'  
YOUR NECK  
INSTEAD OF ROCK!

CUT IT OUT YOU  
TWO OR I'LL  
DEACK A FEW  
HEADS WITH  
THIS NIGHT  
STICK!

MY NAME IS CAPTAIN H.T.  
PEOPLES AND I RUN THIS  
PRISON. IF YOU MEN OB AS  
YOU'RE TOLD YOU'LL GET  
TEGATED CRIBLY. IF YOU  
DONT YOU'RE IN FOR A  
HARD TIME. WE EITHER  
MAKE DE BREAK YOUR  
KIND HERE.

IT'S GONNA  
TAKE MORE  
THAN THIS  
PLACE TO  
BREAK ME!

O.K. MISTER, IF YOU WANT  
TROUBLE YOU'VE COME TO THE  
RIGHT PLACE.

MISTER STINTON, PUT HIM ON  
A BREAD AND WATER DIE  
FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS AN' SEE  
IF THAT'LL COOL HIM DOWN!

NEXT WEEK: THE HOLE!



# THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

AMERICA IN THE 1940'S  
NORTH CAROLINA STATE  
PRISON IN ARS-HELL  
WILLIAMS RAILROAD  
WORKER AND PART-TIME  
BOOZ LOVER, HAD BEEN  
CAUGHT BY THE POLICE  
AFTER A RAID ON HIS  
ILLICIT STILL DURING  
WHICH A LAWMAN WAS  
KILLED. ALTHOUGH  
THERE WAS NO PROOF  
THAT HIS SHOT KILLED  
THE MAN, WILLIAMS, AGAINST  
ADVICE, PLEADED MAN-  
SLAUGHTER AND TO HIS  
SHOCK, RECEIVED  
30 YEARS  
HARD  
LABOUR.



THIRTY YEARS! I'LL BE IN THIS  
PLACE FOR THE REST OF MY  
LIFE! I'LL NEVER SEE MY  
WIFE, MAGGIE, AGAIN!



GET AWAY FROM  
THAT WATER, WILLIAMS!  
IT AIN'T TIME FOR  
YOU COME TO REST  
YET...

WORKING DIFFICULTY DURING  
THE 1940'S  
WILLIAMS FOR WHOM LIFE HAD  
BECOME A NIGHTMARE



GET BACK TO WORK  
OR... I'LL...  
UGH.

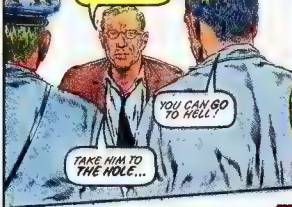
ONE LOUSY DRINK  
AN' YOU'RE ON MY BACK  
AGAIN! COOL YOURSELF  
OFF WITH MY  
COMPLIMENTS!



O.K. WILLIAMS,  
YOU ASKED  
FOR IT!

AAARRGGG!  
YOU WON'T  
BREAK ME,  
YOU LOUSY SCUM!

YOU'VE CAUSED NOTHING BUT TROUBLE SINCE YOU ARRIVED AND IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED ONCE AN' FOR ALL WHO'S RUNNIN' THIS PLACE!



YOU CAN GO TO HELL!

TAKE HIM TO THE HOLE...

HE WAS LED OUT TO THE PRISON YARD. WHEN YOU PROMISE TO IMPROVE YOUR CONDUCT, WILLIAMS, YOU CAN COME OUT!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL THROW THE KEY AWAY, PEOPLES. I AIN'T PROMISIN' ANYTHING!

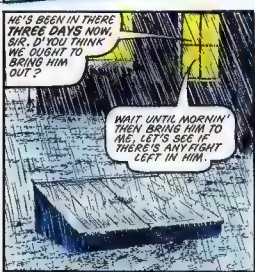
WE'LL SEE. GET IN THERE!

NO HEAT, NO LIGHT, NO MEAT, AND ONLY BREAD, WATER ONCE A DAY.



JUST YELL WHEN YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH. WE'LL BE LISTENIN' OUT FOR YOU.

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A LONG WAIT!



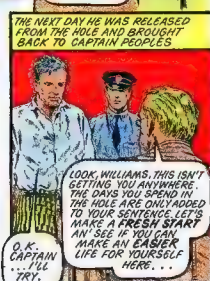
HE'S BEEN IN THERE THREE DAYS NOW, SIR. D'YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO BRING HIM OUT?

WAIT UNTIL MORNIN' THEN. BRING HIM TO ME, LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANY FIGHT LEFT IN HIM.



HE WENT HIS TIME WAKIN' ABOUTS. HUNTING, SAYS AND IN PARTICULAR HE FINDS ME!

SPORTIN' GUNS ARE TOO LONG. IF ONLY SOMEBODY COULD DESIGN A SHORT LIGHTWEIGHT AUTOMATIC RIFLE INSTEAD OF THOSE BIG CALIBRE GUNS.



THE NEXT DAY HE WAS RELEASED FROM THE HOLE AND BROUGHT BACK TO CAPTAIN PEOPLES.

LOOK, WILLIAMS. THIS ISN'T GETTING YOU ANYWHERE. THE DAYS YOU SPEND IN THE HOLE ARE ONLY ADDED TO YOUR SENTENCE. LET'S MAKE A FRESH START AN' SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE AN EASIER LIFE FOR YOURSELF HERE. . .

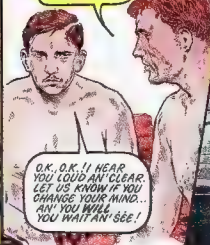
O.K. CAPTAIN... I'LL TRY.

LISTEN, WILLIAMS, WHY NOT MAKE THE BREAK WITH US? YOU KNOW THIS COUNTRY, WE'RE BIG CITY BOYS AN' WE NEED A GUIDE ONCE WE'RE OUT OF THE GATE.



YEAH, WHAT D'YA SAY? WE CAN BUST OUTTA THIS PLACE EASY!

LAY OFF, MILLER. I AIN'T INTERESTED. I'M NOT SPENDIN' ANYMORE TIME IN THE HOLE FOR ANYBODY. GOT IT?



O.K. O.K. I HEAR YOU LOUD AN' CLEAR. LET US KNOW IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND... AN' YOU WILL YOU WAIT AN' SEE!



AS SOON AS I'M IN CHARGE OF THE...

I KNOW I COULD DESIGN AND BUILD A SMALL RIFLE. I THINK I COULD DO IT HERE. I'VE GOT THE TOOLS AN' MOST OF THE MATERIALS.

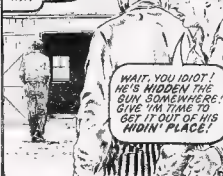
SO WILLIAMS DECIDED TO BUILD A PROTOTYPE OF THE SMALL RIFLE. HE HAD NO INTENTION OF USING IT FOR AN ESCAPE ATTEMPT, HE JUST WANTED TO PROVE HIS THEORY COULD WORK. HE HID IT IN THE WALL OF THE GARAGE AND WORKED ON IT WHENEVER HE COULD.



ALL AUTOMATIC RIFLES USE LARGE MECHANISMS, IF I CAN CONDENSE THE MECHANISMS INTO A LIGHT-WEIGHT UNIT...

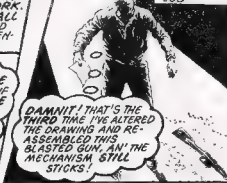
THE NEXT MORNING DUNBAR AND MILLER DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO MAKE THEIR BREAK.

RIGHT, DUKE, LET'S GET IN THERE AFTER 'IM!



WAIT, YOU IDIOT! HE'S HIDDEN THE GUN SOMEWHERE! GIVE 'IM TIME TO GET IT OUT OF HIS HIDIN' PLACE!

BUT WITHOUT THE SPECIALISED TOOLS OF A GUNSMITH IT WAS A FRUSTRATING AND PAINSTAKING JOB.



DAMNIT! THAT'S THE THIRD TIME I'VE ALTERED THE DRAWING AND RE-ASSEMBLED THIS BLASTED GUN, AN' THE MECHANISM STILL STICKS!

MINUTES LATER



WHAT THE..?

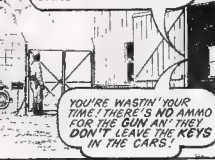
RELAX, COUNTRY BOY! WE'RE YOUR PALS, REMEMBER? NOW BACK AWAY FROM THE RIFLE!

WILLIAMS HAD BEEN TRUSTED TO WORK ON HIS OWN FOR SO LONG THAT HE EVENTUALLY BECAME CARELESS AND DIDN'T WATCH OUT FOR INTRUDERS.



SO THAT'S WHAT WILLIAMS IS UP TO! NO WONDER HE SPENDS HOURS IN THIS GARAGE ALONE! WAIT TILL DUKE HEARS ABOUT THIS!

WE AN' DUKE ARE BUSTIN' OUT AN' YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US! THAT RIFLE WILL BE REAL HANDY! SO WILL ALL THESE NICE POLICE CARS YOU'VE GOT HERE!



YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TIME! THERE'S NO AMMO IN THE GUN AN' THEY DON'T LEAVE THE KEYS IN THE CARS!

YEAH, I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY THAT! GRAB HIS GUNS AN' THE KEYS TO THE GATE, SLIM!...



IT DOESN'T MATTER, WE CAN BLUFF OUR WAY OUT OF THE MAIN GATE. IT'S SUNDAY AN' THERE'S ONLY ONE GUARD, REMEMBER?

HEY, YOU THREE! WHERE IN TARNATION DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'... ON A PICNIC?



WE'RE IN LUCK, DUKE! THERE'S A NICE BIG POLICE CAR OUT THERE AN' IT'S EMPTY! WE'RE ON OUR WAY... AND YOU'RE WITH US WILLIAMS!

NEXT WEEK: THE RIFLE MAKES HISTORY!

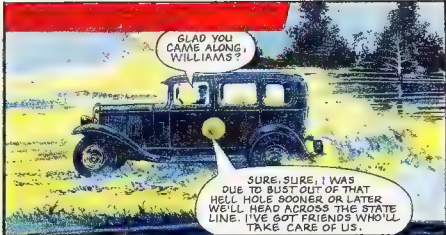






CAPTAIN PEOPLES:  
THERE'S BEEN A **BREAK**!  
WE GOT DUNBAR BUT  
MILLER AND WILLIAMS  
GOT AWAY IN ONE OF  
THE CARS.

GET THE  
OTHER CARS,  
ARM THE MEN,  
SET UP ROAD-  
BLOCKS...



GLAD YOU  
CAME ALONG,  
WILLIAMS?

SURE, SURE, I WAS  
DUE TO BUST OUT OF THAT  
HELL HOLE SOONER OR LATER.  
WE'LL HEAD ACROSS THE STATE  
LINE. I'VE GOT FRIENDS WHO'LL  
TAKE CARE OF US.



SOON...

HEY,  
**WHAT'S  
THE IDEA?**  
WHY ARE WE  
STOPPING?

THE COPS  
WILL HAVE SET  
UP ROAD-BLOCKS.  
WE'LL BE SAFER  
GOING ON FOOT  
ACROSS  
COUNTRY.

GOOD IDEA,  
YOU LEAD ON—  
BUT KEEP NEAR. THIS  
COUNTRY GIVES ME  
THE CREEPS.



DON'T  
WORRY. I KNOW  
THIS TERRITORY  
BLINDFOLDED!

HIS MEN  
SOON FOUND  
ABANDONED  
CAR.



I CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND IT,  
SIR. THEY'VE LEFT  
THE CAR, BUT  
THEY'RE MILES  
FROM THE  
STATE LINE.

I CAN  
FIGURE. T  
WILLIAMS  
KNOWS THIS  
COUNTRY. HE'S  
TRYING TO  
MILLER DOWN.  
THE **BREAK**  
WASN'T HIS  
IDEA!



ONE BURST  
FROM THIS AN'  
IT'LL CUT 'EM  
INTO SHREDS...  
**ARRGH!**

NOT IF  
I CAN HELP  
IT, MILLER.  
THIS IS WHERE  
WE **STOP**  
**RUNNIN'!**

MILLER FELL  
BACKWARDS  
INTO...

QUICKSAND!  
WILLIAMS,  
HELP ME, I'M  
**SINKIN'**  
**FAST!**



KEEP  
STILL, MAN!  
REACH OUT  
AND GRAB MY  
HAND.

WAIT!  
I CAN HEAR  
SOME BODY  
COMIN'. IT'S  
THE LAW!  
THEY'VE  
CAUGHT UP  
WITH US.

GOT TO  
STOP HIM  
USING THAT  
CHOPPER  
ON PEOPLE  
AND HIS MEN.



HOLD IT  
WILLIAMS, GET  
YOUR HANDS IN  
THE AIR.

AT LAST,  
I THOUGHT YOU'D  
**NEVER** GET HERE!  
GIMME A HAND TO  
GET MILLER OUT OF  
THIS MESS!

WHY—YOU  
**DOUBLE-CROSSIN'**  
**TYWISTER!**



YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO BELIEVE THIS CAPTAIN, BUT I HAD **NOTHIN' TO DO** WITH THE BREAKOUT.

WHICH JUST LEAVES US WITH THIS WEAPON.

DID YOU MAKE IT?

I KNOW! DUNBAR'S DEAD, BUT BEFORE HE DIED HE TOLD US YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE ESCAPE.

YES, IT'S A NEW DESIGN FOR A SHORT AUTOMATIC RIFLE. I DIDN'T INTEND TO USE IT TO ESCAPE WITH—I JUST **HAD** TO SEE IF MY IDEA WORKED!

WILLIAMS WORKED HARD ON HIS GUN. ALL HIS FREE TIME WENT INTO PERFECTING IT.

HOW'S IT COMIN' ALONG?

I THINK I GOT THE PROBLEM LICKED. THE EXTRACTOR NEEDED SLIGHT ADJUSTMENT ... IT KEEPS STICKING.

I TOLD YOU IT **WOULD WORK**, CAPTAIN. AN I SAID I WOULDN'T LET YOU DOWN.

I KNOW WHEN TO BET ON A SURE THING, MARSH. BY THE WAY, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE IN PRISON FOR MUCH LONGER.

WE'RE GOING TO APPLY FOR A **PARDON**, MARSH. WE THINK YOU'LL GET IT.

I THINK YOU'RE TELLING THE **TRUTH**, WILLIAMS. I'M GOING TO STICK MY NECK OUT AND LET YOU **CONTINUE** TO WORK ON IT... IN YOUR OWN TIME, UNDER ARMED GUARD. BUT IF YOU **DOUBLE-CROSS** ME...

I WON'T CAPTAIN, AN! YOU WON'T REGRET IT... I **PROMISE**.

PEOPLES WAS SO IMPRESSED WITH THE RIFLE THAT HE ARRANGED FOR SOME **IMPORTANT PEOPLE** IN THE **GUN BUSINESS** TO COME TO THE PRISON FOR A DEMONSTRATION.

THAT'S RIGHT, STEVE. I'VE HAD A **HARD TIME** CONVINCING THE TOP PRISON AUTHORITIES I'M DOIN' THE **RIGHT THING**. BUT I **KNOW** I'LL BE PROVED RIGHT. SEE YOU TOMORROW...

IN 1950 MARSHALL WILLIAMS WAS GRANTED AN **OFFICIAL PARDON**. WHEN HE LEFT PRISON, GUN INVENTION HAD DESIGN BECAME HIS LIFE'S WORK AND HE CONTRIBUTED MUCH TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF BOTH SPORTING AND MILITARY WEAPONS.

HIS GREATEST INNOVATIONS WENT INTO THE PRODUCTION OF THE FAMOUS **M1 CARBINE**, OF WHICH OVER 6 MILLION WERE MADE FOR U.S. FORCES. THIS SMALL RIFLE EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME **CARBINE WILLIAMS**.

BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, SIR. BUT YOU MUST BE **CRAZY** LETTIN' A CON MAKE A RIFLE IN THE PRISON!

I'LL **TAKE** THAT CHANCE, STINTON.

NEXT DAY...

JUST LOOK AT THE WAY THAT GUN PUNCHES HOLES IN THE TARGET!

WILLIAMS HAS REALLY GOT SOMETHING THERE, I'M INTERESTED.

The End

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH




**COLossal BRAIN-POWER** IS NOT EXCLUSIVE TO ADULTS... EVEN AS A CHILD, **LEONARDO DA VINCI...** THE LEGENDARY ITALIAN SCIENTIST AND PAINTER... HAD A PROFOUND KNOWLEDGE OF MATHEMATICS...

AT THE TENDER AGE OF 7, THE AUSTRIAN COMPOSER, **MOZART**, WENT ON A MUSICAL TOUR, PLAYING MINUETS THAT HE HAD WRITTEN HIMSELF...



AND BY THE TIME HE WAS NINE YEARS OLD, BRIGHTEST **PATRICK SMITH**, OF NO. 11, MARSON STREET, HUNTERTON, COULD MAKE A PEPPER-ROOT MOVA JUST BY THINKING ABOUT IT!



BY TOM TULLY & VANO



OOOOPS!

WULIAARGH!  
YOU STUPID WOMAN!  
IT'S GONE ALL OVER  
ME FLAMIN' LAP!



BUT THE PEPPER-  
POT WASN'T THERE  
JUST NOW! YER  
JUST  
MOVED IT!

NO HE DIDN'T  
MUM... I DID! AN!  
I DIDN'T EVEN  
TOUCH IT!

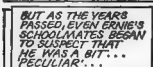
WH-WHY,  
YOU...



CRAZY LITTLE  
BESGAR!

NOW...  
GET OFF  
TO SCHOOL  
BEFORE I  
THRASH THE  
HIDE OFF  
YER!

AAAOWWISH!



BUT AS THE YEARS  
PASSED, EVEN ERNIE'S  
SCHOOLMATES BEGAN  
TO SUSPECT THAT  
HE WAS A BIT...  
PECULIAR...



HEY, SMITHY...  
SOME OF THE KIDS  
RECKON YOU'VE  
GOT A RAY EYE!  
THEY RECKON YOU  
CAN TELL ME  
WHAT'S INSIDE  
THIS CASE, JUST  
BY TOUCHING  
IT?

SO WHAT,  
TOWLER?



SO I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT! I BET  
YOU TWENTY PENCE  
YOU CAN'T DO  
IT TO ME!

OKAY, IT'S  
A DEAL! LET'S  
HAVE THE CASE,  
THEN!

MAKE SURE  
IT'S LOCKED,  
TOWLER...



TO ERNIE, IT WAS JUST ANOTHER 'TRICK'  
THAT HE HAD FOUND HE COULD DO - A MEANS  
OF EARNING SOME POCKET MONEY!

... TWO BIRDS: A... MATHS  
TEXT BOOK; THREE EGG-AND-  
BACON SANDWICHES... AND  
A LOVE-LETTER FROM  
KAREN GREAVES!

UUUH?



WHEN THE CASE WAS UNLOCKED... I WOV! HE'S GOT IT DEAD RIGHT... INCLUDING THE LOVE-LETTER FROM GREAVEBY!

THAT'S TWENTY PENCE YOU OWE ME, TOWLER!



... PROWLs AROUND LIKE A RUDDY WOLF. HE DOES! HE'S GOT THE EYES OF A WOLF, ANYWAY!

YEAH! SORT OF... PIERCING... 'WOLFIE' EYES!



B-BUT... HOW DID HE KNOW? I HAVEN'T OPENED THAT CASE SINCE I PUT MY STUFF IN THERE, LAST NIGHT!

SMITHY'S A WEIRDO, YOU CAN'T EVEN HEAR HIM COOKING, SOMETIMES...

THAT WAS HOW ERNIE 'WOLFIE' SMITH GOT HIS NICK-NAME. IN FACT, MOST PEOPLE FORGOT HIS REAL NAME AS HE GREW OLDER... AND HIS STRANGE POWERS GREW STRONGER!



BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE FINISHED THE EXAM, SMITH - NOT IN TEN MINUTES! HERE, LET ME SEE THOSE ANSWER PAPERS...



GREAT SCOTT, HE... HE HAS FINISHED! AND EVERY ANSWER IS PERFECTLY CORRECT... AS IF HE'D COPIED THEM OUT OF A TEXT BOOK!

CAN I GO NOW, SIR?



YES, LAD... TO THE HEAD-MASTER!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU COULD HAVE COMPLETED A TWO-HOUR EXAM IN TEN MINUTES... AND THAT'S BY CHEATING!

BUT, SIR...

THE TEACHERS COULDN'T FIND ANY EVIDENCE THAT WOLFIE HAD BEEN CHEATING... BUT HE WAS SENT HOME IN DISGRACE...

VENNER, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THAT YOUNG SMITH MIGHT BE...  
A GENIUS?

WITH HIS UPBRINGING, I'M AFRAID NOT, HEAD-MASTER!

BUT IT'S HIGH TIME THAT I HAD ANOTHER CHAT WITH HIS PARENTS...

LATER THAT DAY, A LONE FIGURE FOUNDED UP THE LOCAL LIBRARY STEPS...

...IT'S NO USE TRYING TO TELL 'EM THAT I CAN REMEMBER SOMETHING... ~~WORD-FOR-WORD~~... JUST BY READING IT... ~~ONCE~~!

THAT'S HOW I SWOTTED UP FOR THE EXAM! BUT... NOW DO I DO IT? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME...

MIND OVER MATTER

ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY BRAIN! MAYBE IF I LOOK THROUGH ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT "PSYCHIC PHENOMENA"...!

WOLFIE KEPT THE LIBRARIAN BUSY. BY NOW, HIS MIND COULD DEVOUR THE CONTENTS OF A BOOK WITH THE SPEED OF A COMPUTER...

...SO THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE LIKE ME! PEOPLE WHO CAN MAKE THINGS MOVE THROUGH SHEER WILL-POWER...!

...PEOPLE WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORIES...!

...AND ACCORDING TO THESE BOOKS, I'VE BEEN BORN WITH SOMETHING CALLED E.S.P....

...EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION!

EEELK!

JUST WAIT 'TIL I TELL MUM AND DAD! NOW I CAN MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND THAT I'M NOT SOME KIND OF FREAK! THAT I WAS JUST BORN WITH A SUPER-POWERFUL BRAIN!

THEY... THEY'LL BE PROUD OF ME...!



BUT AS THE EXCITED WOLFIE  
RUSHED INDOORS...

MR. VENNER!  
WHAT'S HE  
DOING HERE?

YOU'VE DONE IT  
THIS TIME, YOU 'AVE!  
YOU'VE **REALLY** GONE AN!  
SHOWN US UP! **CREATING**  
**AT EXAMS...**

...AN' NOW **THIS**!  
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN  
FLASHING A **MIRROR**  
AT THE CAMERA!  
OR SOMETHING!

IT'S THE **CLASS**  
**PHOTOGRAPH**, SMITH: IT  
ARRIVED BACK FROM THE  
DEVELOPERS JUST AFTER  
YOU HAD BEEN SENT  
HOME!

AND IT'S **FLAMIN'**  
**RUINED!** YOU'RE THE  
ONLY ONE THAT'S  
COME OUT!

THE... THE  
**AURA**! MY **PSYCHIC**  
**AURA**...!

THE CAMERA  
MUST HAVE PICKED  
IT UP, DAD!

WHAAAAAAT?

Y'SEE,  
PEOPLE  
WITH **S.S.P.**  
ARE SUPPOSED  
TO HAVE AN  
INVISIBLE  
FIELD OF  
A **MENTAL**  
ENERGY, AND ..

THERE'S **NOTHING**  
TO WORRY ABOUT WE JUST  
WANT YOU TO GO AWAY FOR  
A FEW DAYS! UNDERGO  
A FEW TESTS -!

**TESTS?** GO  
AWAY? WHERE TO,  
MR. VENNER...?

AN **INSTITUTION**... IS  
THAT WHAT YOU MEAN?

OF COURSE  
NOT, LAD! :-!

YOU JUST WON'T  
LET ME **EXPLAIN**,  
WILL YOU? YOU WON'T  
EVEN **TRY** TO  
UNDERSTAND...!



# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH








# THRU-UUUUNCH!







BY THE TIME AN AMBULANCE ARRIVED, THE OLD MAN HAD RECOVERED...



ALMOST UNCONSCIOUSLY, WOLFIE PROBED THE OTHER MAN'S THOUGHTS...





I WOULDN'T LIKE TO GET ON THE WRONG SIDE OF HIM.

THIS IS MISTER 'WOLFIE' SMITH: BENSON: HE'LL BE COMING **HOME** WITH US!

AS YOU *WISH*, MR. STRATFIELD...



SOON...

I'VE GOT A LITTLE PLACE ABOUT THREE MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN, WOLFIE: NOW ABOUT THIS JOB... HAVE YOU ANY EXPERIENCE WITH **HORSES?**

HORSES, CATS, DOGS... YOU NAME IT, MR. STRATFIELD! PEOPLE RECKON I'VE GOT A **WAY** WITH ANIMALS!



**GOOD!** PERHAPS WE'LL PUT YOU TO WORK IN THE STABLES, THEN! HERE'S MY LITTLE PLACE!

HOUUUUH...?



MY GRIEF... IT'S A **RUDY DEAR ESTATE!** OLD CORNELIUS MUST BE ONE OF THOSE **ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRES!** I'VE HIT THE JACKPOT AFTER ALL...

YOU'RE IN **CLOVER**, WOLFIE! A LIFE OF **LUXURY** FROM NOW ON...

THEN WOLFIE'S BRAIN SEEMED TO EXPLODE! A SUDDEN 'AURA' OF RAGE AND BAFLED FURY VIBRATED THROUGH THE CAR...



GROTTY LITTLE CREEP! WHY THE HELL DID HE HAVE TO SHOW UP...?

...I HAD IT ALL PLANNED...!

IT... IT'S COMING FROM THE FRONT OF THE CAR...



... BENSON? FOR SOME REASON, THAT GEEZER HATES ME SO MUCH... HE'S **WISHING** THAT I WAS DEAD!

NEXT WEEK:  
**The SET-UP!**

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH



BORN WITH THE INCREDIBLE GIFT OF E.S.P. (EXTRA-SENSORY-PERCEPTION), RUNAWAY ERNIE "WOLFIE" SMITH, HAS USED THE POWER OF HIS AMAZING MIND TO SAVE THE LIFE OF CORNELIUS STRATFIELD, WHO REWARDS WOLFIE WITH AN OFFER OF WORK.

BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT CORNELIUS' 'LITTLE PLACE'...

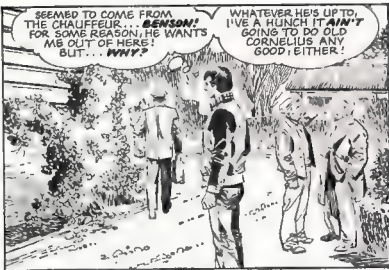
ROLL ME OVER!  
IT...IT'S LIKE A  
MINIATURE STRATFIELD  
HOME! OLD CORNELIUS  
MUST BE A  
MILLIONAIRE!

THE WOODWORK  
NEEDS A TOUCH OF  
PAINT, BUT THE BEDS ARE  
QUITE COMFY! I'M SURE  
YOU'LL BE VERY HAPPY  
HERE, WOLFIE!

THAT'S IF  
YOU'RE AROUND  
LONG ENOUGH TO  
ENJOY IT, CREEP!

UHHHHH...?

...A SUDDEN, HATE-FILLED HAMMERBLOW OF  
PSYCHIC ENERGY HAD INVADDED WOLFIE'S BRAIN!











WHAT THE DEVIL...? **SMITH**, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN I GET MY... LEG OUT OF THIS **FLAMIN' AGRICULTURAL HEDGEGOG...**



YOU **WERE** LUCKY... JUST A LEG-WOUND, BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THAT **REAR** BROKE LOOSE!

SOMEONE TRIED TO KNOCK ME OFF! LUV, **BUT IT WENT** YOU! I'D BE PICKING UP SOME **GUILT** VIBRATIONS FROM THAT PRETTY LITTLE HEAD OF YOURS, BY NOW...!



YOU'D BETTER REPORT TO MR. STRATFIELD! EXPECT HE'LL GIVE YOU A **NICE, SOFT JOB** IN THE HOUSE AFTER YOUR 'TERRIBLE' INJURY!

PHIEW! SHE'LL **KILL** VER WITH SYMPATHY! THAT ONE...!



WOLFIE FOUND CORNELIUS STRATFIELD IN THE GREEN-HOUSE...

... BUT MY DEAR BOY, **WHAT** EXPERIENCE! YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN **KILLED**!

IT'S JUST A **SCRATCH**, MR. STRATFIELD, HONEST! BUT, LISTEN... I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY...!



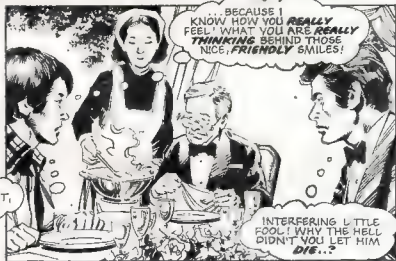
THAT'S ENOUGH, WOLFIE! YOUR PAST IS YOUR **OWN** CONCERN! I WANT YOU TO SETTLE DOWN HERE! GET TO KNOW THE REST OF THE FAMILY...!



THE THUD OF HOOF-BEATS INTERRUPTED CORNELIUS.

THERE'S MY NEPHEW... **RALPH**! AND **SHARON**, HIS WIFE! DELIGHTFUL GIRL! ISN'T SHE?

YEAH, A REGULAR MISS UNIVERSE...!



# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH



BY TOM TULLY & VAÑO

THE GLEEFUL THOUGHTS OF CORNELIUS STRATFIELD'S RELATIVES WERE FLOODING INTO WOLFIE'S BRAIN...



**B**ORN WITH THE INCREDIBLE GIFT OF E.S.P. (EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION), RUNAWAY WOLFIE SMITH USES HIS POWER TO SAVE THE LIFE OF ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE CORNELIUS STRATFIELD, WHO REWARDS HIM WITH AN OFFER OF WORK.









ALMOST UNCONSCIOUSLY,  
WOLFIE TOYED WITH A  
NEARBY TUMBLER...

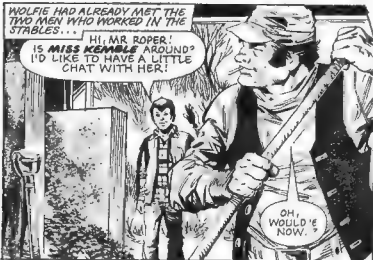


BUT IF I **DID** SPLIT,  
I'D ALWAYS BE WONDERING  
WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO OLD  
CORN: HE'S LIKE A BUNNY  
RABBIT IN A NEST  
OF **VIPERS!**

MAYBE I'LL HAVE  
A WORD WITH THAT **CHICK**  
WHO RUNS THE ESTATE...

WOLFIE HAD ALREADY MET THE  
TWO MEN WHO WORKED IN THE  
STABLES...

HI, MR. ROPER!  
IS **MISS KEMBLE** AROUND?  
I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE  
CHAT WITH HER!



OH,  
WOULD 'E  
NOW.



...GDS  
WE DON'T LIKE  
PEOPLE WHIN' MAKES  
FUN OF MISTER  
CORNELIUS!

WULLGH!

NEXT MORNING...

IT'S **BENSON**...  
CORNELIUS' CHAUFFEUR.  
NOW, WHAT WOULD HE BE  
DOING MOOCHING AROUND  
THE STABLE-BLOCK AT  
**THIS** HOUR OF THE  
MORNING...



WELL, I DON'T THINK  
**SHE** WANTS TO TALK TO  
**YOU**, LAD! YOU AIN'T GOING  
TO BE AROUND 'ERE MUCH  
LONGER, ANYWAY!



ER,  
WHY'S THAT  
MR. ROPER?

I KNOW  
WHAT **YOUR**  
GAME IS,  
YOUNG 'UN!



SHOULD HAVE  
REALISED HE WAS  
GOING TO SLUG ME!  
I JUST WASN'T  
**THINKING!**

BUT I'M  
THINKING  
CLEARLY  
**NOW...**



# THE MIND OF WOLFE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VANO

BORN WITH THE INCREDIBLE GIFT OF EXTRA-SENSORY-PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), RUNAWAY 'WOLFE' SMITH HAS DISCOVERED THAT THE RELATIVES OF CORNELIUS STRATFIELD ARE TRYING TO MURDER THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

WOLFE USES HIS POWER TO SAVE CORNELIUS' LIFE A SECOND TIME, BUT IS 'REWARDED' WITH A BEATING FROM TWO OF THE ESTATE WORKERS.

WE HEARD WHAT HAPPENED AT DINNER LAST NIGHT AND NOW YOU MADE FUN OF MISTER STRATFIELD!

BENSON SAID YOU USED A MAGNET TO MAKE HIS SPOON FLY OUT OF HIS HAND!

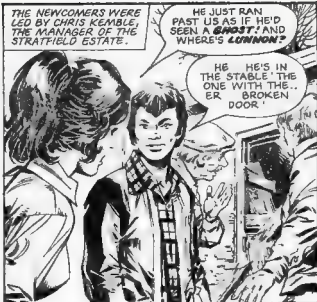
NO! W-WAIT A MINUTE...













BUT DO MR. CORNELIUS A FAVOUR, AND **HAVE A BATH BEFORE YOU SEE HIM** BECAUSE **YOU STINK!**



SHE'S BEGINNING TO NOTICE ME AT LAST, FOLKS!

AS WOLFIE APPROACHED THE HOUSE.



... AT LEAST WE CAN HAVE A QUIET CHAT WITHOUT ANY INTERFERENCE!

COME ON THEN, YOU LITTLE CREEP! YOU MAY HAVE SAVED CORNELIUS' LIFE **BUT THERE'LL BE NO ONE AROUND TO SAVE YOURS!**



Next Week **DEATH FALL!**

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VAÑO

IF YOU ARE BORN WITH E.S.P. ... LIKE RUNAWAY WOLFIE SMITH, YOU'LL HAVE ACCESS TO MANY PEOPLE'S SECRETS ... SUCH AS THE FACT THAT THE RELATIVES OF CORNELIUS STRATFIELD—AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE—ARE TRYING TO KILL HIM.

NOW, AS WOLFIE GOES TO WARN HIM IN HIS ROOF-TOP OBSERVATORY...



FAR AS YOU GO, YOUNG MAN! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE NEAR THAT OBSERVATORY.

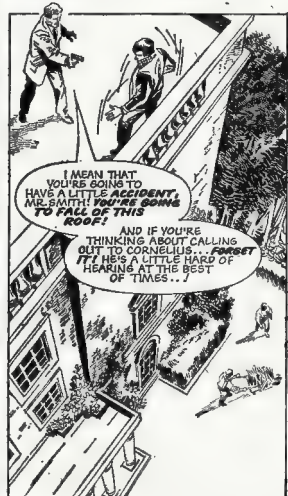
IT'S CORNELIUS' COUSIN... DENNIS STRATFIELD!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE, LAD... BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW...

...BECAUSE WHATEVER YOU'VE FOUND OUT, YOU'LL CARRY TO YOUR GRAVE!

WHAT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. STRATFIELD?



I MEAN THAT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE ACCIDENT, MR. SMITH! YOU'RE GOING TO FALL OFF THIS ROOF!

AND IF YOU'RE THINKING ABOUT CALLING OUT TO CORNELIUS... FORGET IT! HE'S A LITTLE HARD OF HEARING AT THE BEST OF TIMES...







AS DENNIS STAGGERED OUT OF WOLFIE'S VIEW FOR A MOMENT...





EVEN AS DENNIS STRATFIELD WENT PLUNGING INTO SPACE



WHAT ON EARTH...?  
**WOLFIE?** WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE CRY OUT!

IT WAS YOUR **COUSIN**, MR. STRATFIELD...

Y'SEE, WE WERE HAVING A BIT OF A ROW, LIKE, AND... AND SOMEONE PUSHED HIM TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE ROOF! WELL, IN ACTUAL FACT, IT WAS MORE OF A **PUNCH!**



YOU MEAN... HE **FELL** NO!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT...



DENNIS!



THE LIFT, WOLFIE! HELP ME TO THE...  
**LIFT!**

SO **THAT'S** HOW DENNIS GOT UP HERE SO QUICK! AND THE BLOKE WHO CLOBBERED HIM MUST HAVE GONE DOWN THE SAME WAY 'COS THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM NOW!



MOMENTS LATER...

CELIA! IS... IS HE...?

I'M AFRAID SO, CORNELIUS! POOR DENNIS IS NO LONGER WITH US!

AND WE **KNOW** WHO KILLED HIM...



...IT WAS **HIM**—THE TREACHEROUS LITTLE FIEND THAT YOU WEL-COMED INTO YOUR HOME!

WE ALL SAW HIM PUSH DENNIS OFF THE ROOF! **WOLFIE SMITH IS A MURDERER!**

NEXT WEEK:  
**TRAPPED!**

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VANO



THE WALL WAS TOO HIGH FOR AN ORDINARY HUMAN TO SCALE... BUT WOLFIE SMITH WAS NO ORDINARY HUMAN!

GOT TO CONTROL AND CONCENTRATE THE **STRENGTH** OF MY **MIND**! FORCE EVERY BIT OF **ENERGY** I'VE GOT... INTO MY **LESS**...







**NEXT WEEK** • THE TEETH OF THE DOG



# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VANO

BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), 16-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, WOLFIE SMITH, DISCOVERS THAT THE RELATIVES OF ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, CORNELIUS STRATFIELD, ARE TRYING TO KILL HIM. WHEN CORNELIUS' COUSIN FALLS FROM THE ROOF OF STRATFIELD HALL, WOLFIE IS BLAMED FOR THE MURDER, AND HIDES OUT IN AN OLD SHED ON CORNELIUS' ESTATE. A HIDEOUT WHICH BECOMES THE SETTING FOR A BIZARRE, AND HARROWING EXPERIENCE!



CORNELIUS, LOOK OUT! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU! I... I CAN'T SEE WHO IT IS...



... BUT HE'S GOT AN AXE! HE'S GOING TO...

NO, PLEASE! YOU CAN'T NOT OLD CORN...!



NEEAAACH!!

AS WOLFIE'S  
FEVERED BRAIN  
SLOWLY RETURNED  
TO THE **REALITY**  
OF HIS MUSTY  
SURROUNDINGS...



WHAT  
A DREAM!  
OR...OR  
WAS IT  
A DREAM?

EVERYTHING  
SEEMED SO...  
**REAL!** SO  
**VIVID...**

...LIKE IT WAS **REALLY** HAPPENING! OR...OR  
GOING TO HAPPEN! CRIPES, THAT'S IT! I'VE JUST  
HAD A **VISION OF SOMETHING THAT'S  
GOING TO HAPPEN IN THE FUTURE!**  
A...A VISION BROUGHT ON BY SOMETHING I WAS  
**TOUCHING...**



MAYBE THE FAMILY BRIBED  
HIM TO MAKE ONE LAST ATTEMPT  
ON CORNY'S LIFE! BUT **WHEN**  
FOR PETE'S SAKE... AND **WHERE?**  
OLD CORNELIUS SEEMED TO BE  
TRAPPED IN SOME KIND OF  
**JUNGLE!**



...SUCH AS THIS  
**COAT** I WAS USING  
AS A BLANKET! IT  
BELONGS TO **BENSON-**  
CORNELIUS' CHAUFFEUR!

WAS **HE** THE  
AXE-MAN IN  
THE VISION...



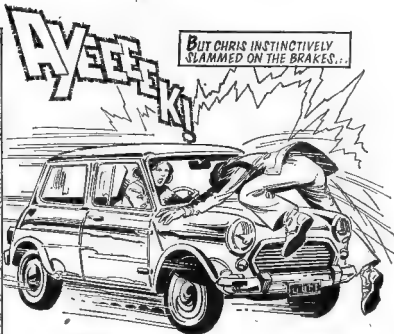
THEN, WOLFIE HEARD THE  
SOUND OF AN APPROACHING CAR...

**CHRIS KEMBLE...**  
THE BIRD THAT MANAGES  
THE ESTATE... GOT TO  
**STOP HER...**

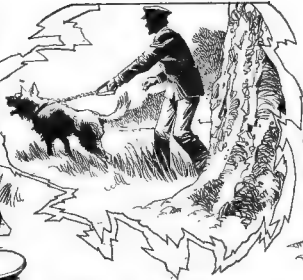


T-THAT FIGURE-  
IT'S **SMITH!**





YEAH! I'M BEGINNING  
TO... PICK HIM UP! BUT  
HE'S STILL A LONG WAY  
OFF...!



WHICH GIVES US  
TIME TO HIDE IN THAT  
**CORSE!**



THERE'S **NOWHERE**  
YOU CAN HIDE, SMITH! THAT  
DOG WILL SMELL YOU OUT  
LIKE THE RUBBISH THAT  
YOU ARE!

SOUNDS AS IF  
YOU HEARD  
SOMETHING.  
STRIKE! **GO**  
ON THEN, BOY...  
FLUSH HIM  
OUT!



**RRRAARGH!**



DARN THING'S  
COMING CLOSER...  
I-I SHOULD HAVE  
**REALISED...!**



ALL ANIMALS HAVE GOT  
A KIND OF... **E.S.P.**!  
MAYBE IT'S SORT OF...  
**TUNING IN TO MY**  
**PHYSIC AURA...!**



OH, CRIPES...  
**IT'S FOUND**  
**US!**

**NEXT WEEK!**  
**PERIL IN THE**  
**JUNGLE!**

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH



BY TOM TULLY & VANO

AFTER EXPERIENCING A VISION, IN WHICH HE SEES CORNELIUS STRATFIELD ABOUT TO BE ATTACKED BY A MYSTERIOUS AXE-MAN, WOLFIE SMITH AND CHRIS KEMBLE, THE MANAGER OF THE STRATFIELD ESTATE, TAKE COVER FROM A POLICE DOG... BUT!

I... I SHOULD HAVE REALISED THAT ALL ANIMALS HAVE A FORM OF E.S.P.! THE POLICE DOG MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE VIBRATIONS OF MY PSYCHIC AURA...

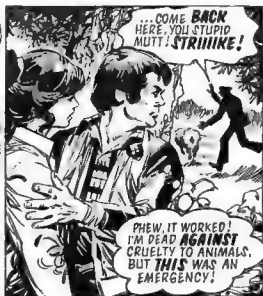
RRRRGGG!



STILL KEEPING A TIGHT HOLD ON CHRIS KEMBLE, WOLFIE BEGAN TO CONCENTRATE THE COLOSSAL POWER OF HIS AMAZING BRAIN!









...MR STRATFIELD'S  
**TROPICAL HOUSE!**  
IT'S A BIG, GLASS  
PAVILION, OVER BY THE  
ESTATE CEMETERY,  
WHERE CORNELIUS'  
ANCESTORS ARE  
BURIED...!



AND HE GOES  
THERE EVERY MORNING  
TO CHECK THE HEATING  
SYSTEM, DOESN'T HE?  
ROUND ABOUT **NOW?**

THAT'S RIGHT! B-BUT,  
HOW ON EARTH COULD  
**YOU KNOW THAT?**



...UNLESS YOU...  
**READ MY THOUGHTS!**  
SMITH! WHO **ARE** YOU?

JUST A KID WHO  
DOESN'T LIKE BEING  
PUSHED AROUND, LUV!  
AND THAT'S WHAT  
**THEY'RE** TRYING TO  
DO TO CORNELIUS!



SO C'MON, WOLFFIE...  
**MOVE IT!** IF YOU'RE  
TOO LATE, OLD CORNY  
MIGHT BE JOINING  
HIS ANCESTORS A BIT  
**QUICKER** THAN  
HE REALISES!



AND, SOON...

...THE **TROPICAL**  
**HOUSE!** AND THERE'S  
CORNELIUS! IF MY  
VISION WAS RIGHT, THAT  
AKE-MAN'S **WAITING**  
FOR HIM, RIGHT NOW...!

BUT BEFORE WOLFFIE  
COULD CRY OUT!

WHY, YOU...FILTHY  
LITTLE SNOOPER!!  
HAD A FEELING  
YOU MIGHT COME  
**BACK!**

RALPH STRATFIELD-  
CORNELIUS' NEPHEW!  
ONE OF THE ROTTEN  
BUNCH THAT'S TRYING  
TO KILL HIM!



THRAAAK!

THAT'S ONLY  
THE BEGINNING,  
SMITH...



I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE  
BEATING OF YOUR LIFE BEFORE  
I HAND YOU OVER TO THE  
POLICE... FOR THE **MURDER**  
OF **UNCLE DENNIS!**

THAT... **BRANCH!**  
RALPH WILL HAVE TO  
RIDE **UNDERNEATH**  
IT TO GET AT ME...

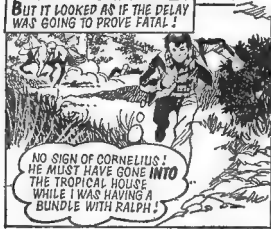


... BUT IF I CAN USE  
MY **PSYCHIC POWER**  
TO MAKE THE **BRANCH**  
**MOVE...**

WHAT THE...?  
OH, N-NO...



G'NIGHT, RALPH!  
GUESS YOU'VE NEVER  
HEARD OF THE  
POWER OF **MIND**  
OVER **MATTER!**



**BUT IT LOOKED AS IF THE DELAY  
WAS GOING TO PROVE FATAL!**

NO SIGN OF CORNELIUS!  
HE MUST HAVE GONE **INTO**  
THE TROPICAL HOUSE  
WHILE I WAS HAVING A  
BUNDLE WITH RALPH!



AT THAT VERY INSTANT!

THAT'S IT, YOU OLD GOAT...  
KEEP COMING! YOU'RE  
ABOUT TO GET THE  
**CHOP, ONCE AND  
FOR ALL!**

**NEXT WEEK-  
THE AXE-MAN  
COMETH!**

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VANO

MEANWHILE, HAVING BEEN DELAYED BY CORNELIUS' NEPHEW, WOLFIE WAS TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME

MY CRIPES, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE PLACE! OLD CORNELIUS COULD BE ANYWHERE IN THAT JUNGLE OF PLANTS!

YET **MUST** FIND HIM BEFORE THE **KILLER** GETS TO HIM!

BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), 16-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, **WOLFIE SMITH**, DISCOVERS THAT THE RELATIVES OF ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, **CORNELIUS STRATFIELD**, ARE TRYING TO KILL HIM! ALTHOUGH SOUGHT BY THE POLICE, WOLFIE RETURNS TO THE STRATFIELD ESTATE, WHERE A **PSYCHIC VISION** WARNS HIM OF A FINAL ATTEMPT TO KILL CORNELIUS... AND INSIDE A HUGE, TROPICAL PLANT HOUSE...

HMM! THESE AFRICAN WATER-LILIES SEEM TO BE COMING ALONG NICELY!

GET A MOVE ON STRATFIELD! YOUR EVER-LOVIN' FAMILY IS WAITING TO HEAR THAT YOU'VE FINALLY GOT **THE CHOP!**

NO USE CALLING OUT, 'COS HE'S HALF-DEAF! BUT MAYBE I CAN USE MY E.S.P. TO TRY AND RANGE IN ON HIM! IF I JUST TRY AND **CONCENTRATE MY THOUGHTS...**

THE INCREDIBLE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH BEGAN TO PICK UP FRAGMENTARY SNATCHES OF HUMAN THOUGHT.









# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VAÑO

BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION (E. S. P.) 16-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, WOLFIE SMITH, DISCOVERS THAT THE RELATIVES OF ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, CORNELIUS STRATFIELD, ARE TRYING TO KILL HIM. INSIDE A HUGE, MEGALOMANIAC PLANT-HOUSE ON THE STRATFIELD ESTATE, WOLFIE SAVES CORNELIUS FROM BENSON, THE FAMILY CHAUFFEUR, BUT AS BENSON PURSUES WOLFIE TO AN UPPER LEVEL...





GOT TO TRY AND... CONCENTRATE  
EVERY BIT OF... STRENGTH I'VE  
GOT, INTO MY... RIGHT HAND!  
LIKE I TOLD IN THAT... FIGHT...



SHEER TERROR BOOSTED THE  
GASPING BOY'S MENTAL POWER!  
FROM EVERY CORNER OF HIS  
BODY, STRENGTH AND ENERGY  
BEGAN TO CONVERGE ON  
WOLFE'S RIGHT HAND...

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING, SMITH? IT'S  
LIKE... TRYING TO PUSH  
AGAINST A... ROCK!

YEAH! LIKE  
YOU... SAID,  
BENSON...



...I DON'T... GIVE  
IN... EASY!

UULLK!



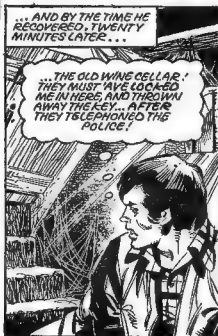
WEEEMACH!!



AS BENSON'S LAST SCREAM DIED INTO  
SUDDEN, TERRIBLE SILENCE!

OH, O-DEAR  
LORD  
BENSON!

MISS EMBLE, THAT  
CRASH! WHAT'S BEEN  
HAPPENING?





THEN!

WELL, DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE.  
COME ON OUT  
BEFORE  
CHANGE MY MIND!

WHAT THE...?  
CHRIS!

YOU'LL HAVE ABOUT TEN  
MINUTES START BEFORE  
THE POLICE GET HERE!  
ROGER'S GOING TO PIN  
THIS LOCK OF THE CELLAR  
DOOR, SO THAT IT WILL  
LOOK AS IF YOU BROKE  
OUT!

BUT... WHY,  
FOR PETE'S  
SAKE... WHY  
ARE YOU  
HELPING  
ME?

BECAUSE I'VE GOT A  
FEELING ABOUT YOU,  
WOLFIE SMITH.  
YOU'RE A WEIRD  
ONE, RIGHT ENOUGH...  
BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE  
THAT YOU'RE A  
MURDERER! I  
THINK YOU SAVED  
CORNELIUS' LIFE...!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
WORRY ABOUT  
CORNELIUS! WE'VE  
REALISED WHAT'S  
GOING ON, AT  
LONG LAST!

AYE! WE'RE GOING  
TO GUARD  
MR. STRATFIELD  
EVERY  
MINUTE OF  
THE DAY!

THOSE FILTHY RELATIVES  
OF HIS WON'T DARE LAY  
A FINGER ON HIM!

THAT'S GREAT, BUT WHAT  
ABOUT ME? IF I DISAPPEAR  
AFTER TWO PEOPLE HAVE  
CREAKED IT, THE COPPER  
ARE GOING TO PUT THAT  
AND TWO TOGETHER!

I THINK WE CAN CONVINCE  
THE POLICE THAT BEAUSON'S  
DEATH WAS AN ACCIDENT...!

BUT RALPH  
STRATFIELD  
WILL CLAIM  
OTHERWISE! IT'LL  
BE YOUR WORD  
AGAINST HIS!

ALL RIGHT, LUV, I'VE  
GOT THE MESSAGE!  
RECKON IT'S TIME  
WOLFIE SMITH HIT  
THE ROAD AGAIN...!

BUT THAT... AS THEY  
SAY... IS THE STORY  
OF MY LIFE!

NEXT WEEK: BANK RAID!

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH



BY K. ARMSTRONG & VAO

FOR A FRIDAY NIGHT, THERE WAS VERY LITTLE TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD. THEN...

MY WIFE AND I HAVE A WEEK-END COTTAGE NOT FAR FROM HERE. YOU CAN SPEND THE NIGHT THERE. BY THE WAY, MY NAME'S STEVENS!

WOLFIE SMITH, THAT'S ME. PLEASSED TO MEET YOU, MISTER STEVENS... AND THANKS FOR THE OFFER. I DO NEED A PLACE TO KID TONIGHT!

THANK GOODNESS YOU STOPPED, MISTER. I'VE JUST HAD AN ACCIDENT!

NO... WAIT, MISTER STEVENS! I... I'M GETTING EVIL VIBRATIONS FROM HIM!

DON'T BE SILLY, CAD. THE MAN'S OBVIOUSLY IN TROUBLE!

WOLFIE'S WARNING CAME TOO LATE.

FREEZE, STEVENS! WE WANT YOU IN ONE PIECE! PATCH... GET THE KID IN THE CAR!

THERE SHOULDN'T BE A KID WITH HIM!

RIGHT... SO I'M OFF!

AS THE CAR ROUNDED A BEND, WOLFIE SUDDENLY SAT BOLT UPRIGHT.

GOOD GRIEF! THERE'S BEEN A CRASH! WE'D BETTER TRY TO HELP!

I... I DON'T LIKE IT! I GET THE FEELIN' THERE'S SOMETHIN' WRONG HERE!

BUT, AS STEVENS WALKED FORWARD...

NOW... LET'S SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO BE DONE, MISTER AN' THAT'S YOU!

LOOK OUT, MISTER STEVENS... BEHIND YOU!

NOT SO FAST!

WH-WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT... AND HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

AHHHH!

WE KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU... AND THE BANK IN MIDCHURCH YOU MANAGE!

WOLFIE WAS  
BUNCHED INTO  
THE BACK OF  
THE CAR...

WE'RE GONNA PAY A LITTLE VISIT TO  
YOUR BANK... RIGHT NOW... AN DON'T  
TRY ANYTHING FUNNY! A FRIEND OF  
OURS IS LOOKIN' AFTER YOUR WIFE  
IN YOUR COTTAGE!

WHY...YOU...!

BETTER DO AS HE SAYS,  
MISTER STEVENS. I  
THINK THEY MEAN IT!

AS WOLFIE CONCENTRATED HARD ON  
THE THOUGHTS OF BOTH MEN, A  
PICTURE EMERGED IN HIS MIND.

THERE'S A MAN  
WITH A SHOTGUN  
CONVEYING HER...  
AND SHE'S  
TERRIFIED!

IT WAS WELL PAST MIDNIGHT BY THE TIME THE CAR  
STOPPED OUTSIDE THE BANK IN THE MARKET  
TOWN OF MIDCHURCH.

HEY... HOW'D  
YOU KNOW  
THAT, KID?

AS I SUSPECTED HE'S  
IN LEAGUE WITH YOU  
CROOKS!

AW, NUTS! THERE'S  
NO POINT TRYING  
TO EXPLAIN!

OKAY... MOVE  
IT! GET THAT  
DOOR OPEN  
FAST!

YOU... YOU'LL  
NOT GET  
AWAY WITH  
THIS!

SAVE THE THREATS,  
MISTER, REMEMBER,  
WE'VE STILL GOT  
YOUR WIFE!

AS WOLFIE WAS SHOVED INSIDE, HE SPOTTED  
THE ALARM CONTROLS ON THE WALL.

I COULD TRY TO  
SET THE ALARM OFF...  
IF I THOUGHT HARD  
ENOUGH... BUT WITH  
STEVENS' WIFE STILL  
BEING HELD... IT  
WOULD BE  
DANGEROUS!

QUIT GAWPING,  
KID! GET OVER  
ON THE FLOOR  
AND KEEP YOUR  
TRAP SHUT!

THERE SHE IS, THE BEAUTY... WITH ALL THE  
LOOT FOR THE TOWN MARKET IN THERE!  
COME ON, STEVENS... OPEN HER UP!

NO!

BUT, MISTER  
STEVENS  
YOUR WIFE!







# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY K. ARMSTRONG & VAND

IT WAS SOME-  
THING WOLFIE HAD  
NEVER DONE  
BEFORE, BUT... AS  
HE PICTURED THE  
DOOR IN HIS MIND,  
HE COULD FEEL THE  
ENERGY WAVES  
PULSATING  
FROM HIM.

TH... THE  
DOOR... MUST  
CLOSE IT...  
MUST CLOSE  
IT... MUST  
CLOSE IT...

THE DOOR  
EASED  
ITSELF  
CLOSED...

THEN THE KEY  
TURNED IN  
THE LOCK.

BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA SENSORY PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), 16-YEAR-OLD WOLFIE SMITH IS ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE WHO BELIEVE HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR A MURDER. WHEN HE TRIES TO HITCH A LIFT FROM A BANK MANAGER, HE GETS INVOLVED IN A BANK ROBBERY... AND THINGS ARE STARTING TO GO WRONG!

JUST STEP  
THROUGH THAT  
DOOR, MATE.  
AN' YOU'RE A  
GONNER!

PATCH WILL SHOOT  
AT THE COPPER WHEN  
HE COMES TO  
INVESTIGATE THAT  
OPEN DOOR. I'VE GOT  
TO CONCENTRATE...  
TRY TO USE MY  
POWER!

WOLFIE HAD  
ACTED NOT  
A MOMENT  
TOO SOON.

THAT'S FUNNY...  
I COULD'VE SWORN  
I SAW THE DOOR  
AJAR! MUST'VE  
BEEN MISTAKEN.

THE POLICE MAN  
PAUSED FOR A  
MOMENT... THEN  
MOVED OFF.

PHEW... THAT  
WAS TOO CLOSE!  
BUT HOW THE  
DEVIL DID THE  
DOOR CLOSE?

DUNNO... MUST'VE  
BEEN THE WIND OR  
SUMMIT! ANYWAY...  
COME ON! WE'VE GOT  
A SAFE TO EMPTY!

**BUT THE CLOSED DOOR WAS NO MYSTERY TO THE BANK MANAGER, MISTER STEVENS.**

**ER, YEAH... BUT ONLY BECAUSE THAT GEEZER WOULD'VE BLOWN THE COPPER APART IF HE'D COME IN! BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT TO THINK ABOUT YOUR WIFE. THESE GUYS ARE STILL HOLDING HER HOSTAGE AT YOUR HOME!**

**SMITH... YOU HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT DOOR... DIDN'T YOU?**

**WITHIN MINUTES, THE SAFE WAS EMPTIED.**

**HEY, YORKIE: NOT ONLY WAS THE DOOR SHUT... BUT LOCKED AS WELL!**

**NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT... COME ON! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANTED!**

**BUT AS THE CAR SPED AWAY... IT WAS UNDER OBSERVATION**

**THERE GOES MISTER STEVENS' CAR... AND THERE ARE PEOPLE WITH HIM! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING ODD GOING ON IN THE BANK!**

**RIGHT... HOME, JAMES... AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!**

**VERY FUNNY... BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!**

**OKAY... DIVE IN! WE'LL FIND OUT WHOEVER IT IS!**

**THE WAIL OF A SIREN CAUSED PATCH'S HEART TO SKIP A BEAT**

**YORKIE... THE LAW! THEY'RE AFTER US!**

**THE TRUTH OF HIS SITUATION SUDDENLY DAWNED ON WOLFE.**

**CRUMBS. WHAT AM I SAYIN'? THE LAW ARE AFTER ME, TOO! THEY THINK I'M A MURDERER! IF THEY STOP US... I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE BEHIND BARS!**

**PATCH MILLIGAN ROLLED DOWN HIS WINDOW AND TOOK CAREFUL AIM.**

**STEP ON IT, STEVENS!**

**GREAT... THEY'LL DO THE JOB FOR ME!**

**THEY'RE GAININ' ON US! I'LL STOP 'EM!**



# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY K. ARMSTRONG & VANO

FOR A FEW SECONDS... IT WAS AS IF THE WORLD HAD STOPPED.

SMITH... ER, WOLFIE... ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED?

I... I'M OKAY, BUT I FEEL AS WEAK AS A KITTEN!

A SIZZLING NOISE FROM OVERHEAD MADE WOLFIE LOOK UP.

ZZZZT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, YOUNG MAN... BUT WHATEVER IT WAS... IT SEEMS TO HAVE DONE THE TRICK.

I GET IT, NOW! THERE MUST'VE BEEN SOME SORT OF FEED BACK FROM THOSE POWER LINES! SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH MY PSYCHIC ENERGY!

CRAACKK!

BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION (E. S. P.), 16-YEAR-OLD WOLFIE SMITH IS ON THE RUN FROM THE POLICE WHO BELIEVE HE IS A MURDERER. AFTER HITCHHIKING A LIFT, WOLFIE HAS BECOME INVOLVED IN A ROBBERY AND BOTH HE AND THE BANK MANAGER HAVE BEEN DUMPED ON A COUNTRY LANE AS THE THIEVES MAKE THEIR GETAWAY. ANGER AND HATRED FOR THE CROOKS HAS BUILT UP IN THE AMAZING MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH AND SUDDENLY...

G... GOTTA STOP THE THIEVES ESCAPIN'! AHHEEE!

LOOK... THE CAR'S STOPPED... ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY!



WOLFIE CRAWLED ALONG A NEARBY DITCH

ER, WOLFIE... SHOULDN'T WE CALL  
THE POLICE FIRST...OR SOMETHING?

NOT BLOOMIN' LIKELY! I...!  
MEAN... THEY MIGHT GET  
AWAY AGAIN... AND ONE OF  
THE GANG'S STILL HOLDIN'  
YOUR WIFE HOSTAGE AT  
YOUR HOME!

THE THIEVES NEVER KNEW  
WHAT HIT THEM!

ARRRRSH!

NFFFFF!

THAT SORT OF TALK GETS  
ME ANNOYED! GIVE  
ME THE ANSWER, NOW!

O...OKAY, GUV...  
I WAS ONLY  
JOKIN'!

THE SIGNAL'S TWO  
FLASHES OF THE  
HEADLIGHTS!

AT THAT MOMENT, THERE WERE TWO  
VERY CONFUSED BANK ROBBERS  
PEERING AT THEIR CAR ENGINE.

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER  
WITH IT,  
YORKIE?

DUNNO, PATCH...  
IT JUST STOPPED  
DEAD. 'NOTHIN'  
WORKS!

MUST CONCENTRATE...!  
TRY TO MOVE THE METAL  
ROD HOLDING UP THE  
CAR BONNET!

OH! MUVER...  
DID THE SKY  
FALL ON US?

THE BANK MANAGER  
GRABBED PATCH'S  
SHOT GUN BEFORE  
THEY COULD  
RECOVER.

WELL WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW?  
THE CAR'S  
WORKING  
AGAIN!

THE ROBBERS WERE MADE TO DRIVE THE CAR BACK TO THE BANK  
MANAGER'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

HOLD IT, MISTER STEVENS, THERE MUST  
BE SOME SORT OF SIGNAL TO BE MADE  
BEFORE WE DRIVE UP TO THE HOUSE!

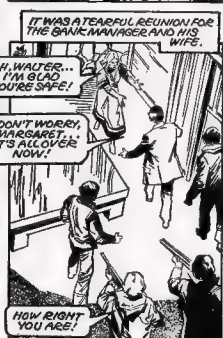
DUNNO WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKIN'  
ABOUT, KID!

INSIDE THE HOUSE, A  
CAREFUL WATCH WAS  
BEING KEPT ON THE  
ROAD.

THAT NOISE...  
THAT'S MY  
HUSBAND'S CAR!

IT SURE IS, LUV...AND  
IT'S MAKING THE RIGHT  
SIGNALS! YORKIE  
AND PATCH'VE DONE  
IT!





THE PSYCHIC VIBRATIONS  
RADIATING FROM WOLFIE'S  
BODY GREW STRONGER,  
AND STRONGER, UNTIL—

T-THE T-TABLE  
MOVED!

REALISING HE HAD THE  
ELEMENT OF SURPRISE  
...WOLFIE MOVED FAST!

UHHHHH!

IT MUST HAVE  
BEEN THE  
WOODWORM,  
CHUM!

I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO  
THESE THINGS, WOLFIE... BUT  
YOU'RE A MARVEL!

KEEP THEM COVERED  
WHILE I PHONE THE  
POLICE!

DON'T WORRY...  
THEY AIN'T GOIN'  
ANYWHERE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN STEVENS RETURNED,

MARGARET,  
WHERE'S THE  
BOY GONE? THE  
POLICE WILL  
BE HERE ANY  
SECOND!

HE-HE JUST GAVE ME THE GUN...  
THEN SLIPPED OUT THE WINDOW  
SAYING HE HAD TO GET GOING!

WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED,  
STEVENS TOLD THE WHOLE  
STORY.

YOU SEE... WOLFIE SMITH  
IS WANTED FOR  
MURDER! WE'VE GOT  
A RED ALERT OUT FOR  
HIM!

THERE'S NO WAY THE COPPERS  
WOULD BELIEVE MY STORY, SO  
IT'S BACK ON THE RUN FOR ME!

...AND WHEN I  
GOT BACK  
INTO THE  
ROOM... HE  
HAD VANISHED!

IF YOU SAY THE LAD WHO HELPED  
YOU WAS CALLED WOLFIE SMITH,  
I'M NOT SURPRISED HE DIDN'T  
HANG AROUND WHEN WE KNEW  
WE WERE COMING!

STILL, I GUESS I WAS  
NEVER CUT OUT TO  
BE A HERO!

NEXT WEEK: THE GRAND ENTRANCE  
OF THE GREAT MYSTICO!

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VARGO





WHEN'S MY DINNER COMING UP?

ER, SORRY, CHARLIE! WHAT WAS IT AGAIN?

HE'S WAITING FOR SCRAMBLED EGG ON TOAST! BUT LET'S SEE IF I CAN USE MY E.S.P...



... TO FIND OUT WHAT THE REST OF THE CUSTOMERS WANT!

LIKE AN INVISIBLE CLOUD OF ENERGY, WOLFIE'S PSYCHIC AURA REACHED OUT TO EVERY CORNER OF THE CAFE...



... WITH STARTLING RESULTS!

LOOK AT THE SPACE! IT'S W-W-WACKING ACROSS THE TABLE!

WHAT THE...?

M-MY FORK!



AS THE WAVE OF PSYCHIC POWER SUBSIDED!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

MUST'VE BEEN THE VIBRATIONS FROM A PASSING JUGGERNAUT..!

I MEAN, WHAT ELSE COULD IT BE?



SAM WAS NOT CONVINCED...

LOOK 'ERE, SON...

S-SSTEADY ON, SAM... I KNOW WHAT ALL YOUR CUSTOMERS EAT ON TUESDAYS, WHICH IS TODAY!



BERT HAS BEANS-ON-TOAST... HARRY FANCIES A BIT OF PLAI... IT'S THE EGGS, HAM AND CHIPS FOR THE POSTMAN. BUT VERNON, THE BUTCHER, NEVER CHANGES! HE ALWAYS ORDERS BRAISED STEAK AN' MASH...



AS WOLFIE GABBLED A FEW MORE NAMES...

THAT... THAT'S RIGHT! BUT HOW DID YOU--?

MAGGIE MUST'VE TOLD ME! SHE... SHE'S ONE OF ME O' FLAMES, Y'SEE! SO WHAT'D YOU SAY, SAM? DO I GET THE JOB..?



AND SO...

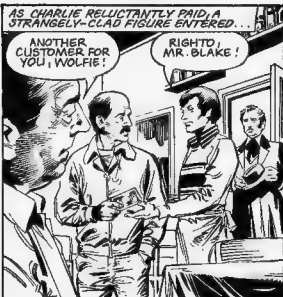
SAUSAGE AND CHIPS TWICE! THAT'S FOR FRED AND TONY IN THE CORNER THERE'S YOUR TEA, BRIAN!

YOU'RE A REGULAR MEMORY-MAN, KID!



AND DON'T FORGET TO PAY YOUR **BILL**, CHARLIE!

CRIPES! HE MUST HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, PICKING ME OUT FROM THE WHOLE CAFE!



AS CHARLIE RELUCTANTLY PAID, A STRANGELY-CLAD FIGURE ENTERED...

ANOTHER CUSTOMER FOR YOU, WOLFIE!

RIGHTO, MR. BLAKE!



SOLIP, MIXED GRILL, AND APPLE PIE, COMING RIGHT UP, SIR!

WHAT? THE...?



IN HIS HASTE WOLFIE HAD OVERLOOKED THAT THE NEWCOMER WAS NOT A REGULAR CUSTOMER AT THE OASIS CAFE...

HE... HE **KNEW** WHAT I WAS GOING TO ORDER, EVEN BEFORE I TOLD HIM.

HE READ MY THOUGHTS! THERE'S NO OTHER POSSIBLE ANSWER!



THE MAN DAWDLED OVER HIS MEAL, WATCHING WOLFIE SMITH UNTIL WELL AFTER THE OTHER CUSTOMERS HAD GONE...

WOLFIE, IT WAS **MAGIC**: YOU RAN THE PLACE EVEN BETTER THAN MAGGIE! YOU'VE GOT A JOB FOR LIFE, IF YOU WANT IT!

RIGHT NOW, MR. BLAKE, I'LL SETTLE FOR THREE EGGS, CHIPS AND FRIED BREAD...



WOLFIE WAS SO HUNGRY, HE WAS LITERALLY UNAWARE OF THE WATCHING STRANGER'S THOUGHTS...

THIS IS THE KID! HE COULD SAVE MY REPUTATION! BUT HOW DO I PERSUADE HIM TO LEAVE THIS GHASTLY ESTABLISHMENT, AND COME IN WITH ME?



THEN, AS THE CAFE DOOR SWUNG OPEN!

SORRY, SIR! WE'RE CLOSED UNTIL THIS EVENING!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, CHIEF, I'M NOT HUNGRY...



...JUST HAND OVER THE TAKINGS, AND NO ONE WILL GET HURT!

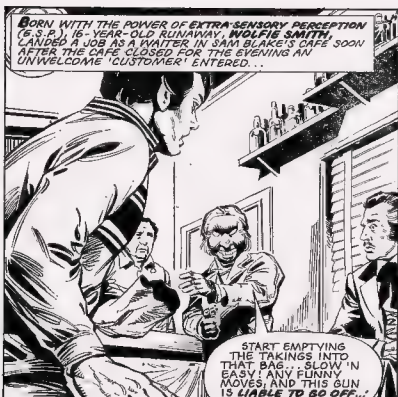
**NEXT WEEK: MOVING ON!**



# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH



BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), 16-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, **WOLFIE SMITH**, LANDED A JOB AS A WAITER IN SAM BLAKE'S CAFE SOON AFTER THE CAFE CLOSED FOR THE EVENING AN UNWELCOME 'CUSTOMER' ENTERED...



BY TOM TULLY & VANO



SAM BLAKE DARTED AROUND THE COUNTER, AND SNATCHED UP THE RAIDER'S GUN...



BUT THE OTHER OCCUPANT OF THE CAFE HAD BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON WOLFIE SMITH!





THAT'S THE TROUBLE. NOT ONLY DO THE POLICE WANT TO FIND ME BECAUSE I'M A RUNAWAY, BUT THEY BELIEVE I'M **RESPONSIBLE** FOR A **MURDER**. NO WAY COULD I EXPLAIN MY INNOCENT, SO I'LL HAVE TO **STAY ON THE RUN!**



**WOLFIE WAS LOST IN HIS THOUGHTS...**



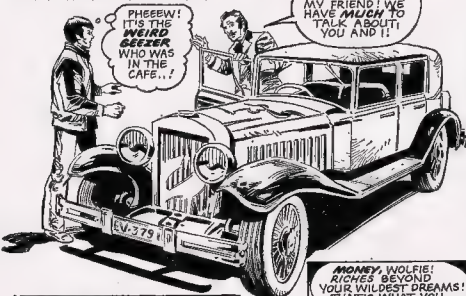
...AND DID NOT NOTICE WHERE HE WAS GOING...

NOT SO FAST, YOUNG MAN! WAIT!

AAGH! I'VE HAD IT! THE COPS ARE ON TO ME ALREADY!

**SKREEEK!**

**BUT TO WOLFIE'S VAST RELIEF!**



PHHEEW! IT'S THE **WILDEST** GEEKER WHO WAS IN THE CAFE...

DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY, MY FRIEND! WE HAVE **MUCH** TO TALK ABOUT! YOU AND I!



NOW LOOK, MR. GOSNELL—!

**INCREDIBLE!** ALREADY, YOU HAVE PROBED MY MIND, AND ESTABLISHED THAT MY NAME IS **DENTON GOSNELL!**



I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE PSYCHIC VIBRATIONS, TINGLING UP MY ARM, INTO THE CAR, BOY... QUICKLY!

EH? WH-WHAFFOR? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MISTER?



**MONEY, WOLFIE! RICHES BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS! THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT?**

WELL—YEAH! BUT—!

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A GREAT TEAM, LAD! THE **AMAZING, TELEPATHIC TWOSOME...!**



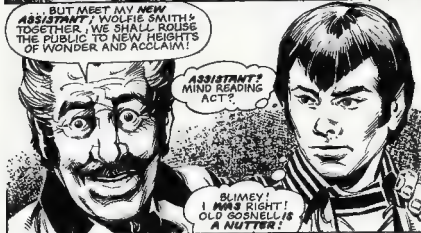
**'MYSTICO AND SMITH'!** HAH! WE MAY HAVE TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER NAME! WOLFIE! DON'T QUITE LIKE THE SOUND OF **MYSTICO AND SMITH!**

**MYSTICO AND SMITH? WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT? COR, TRUST ME TO GET MIKE UP WITH A STARK RAVING NUTTER!**

**NEXT: THE SHOW WEEK: MUST GO ON!**

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VAÑO



BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), 16-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, WOLFIE SMITH, HAS GOT MIXED UP WITH A CHARACTER CALLED DENTON BOSNELL, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE 'GREAT MYSTIC'. PROMISED RICHES BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS, WOLFIE IS TAKEN FOR A RIDE IN BOSNELL'S CAR. A JOURNEY WHICH ENDS AT...











# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY T. TULLY & VAÑO



**B**ORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), 16-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, **WOLFIE SMITH**, HAS BECOME INVOLVED WITH A CHARACTER CALLED **DENTON GOSNELL**, WHO TAKES HIM TO TELFORD'S TRAVELLING CIRCUS USING HIS PSYCHIC POWERS TO HELP ESCAPE AN ESCAPED TIGER. WOLFIE MAKES AN ENEMY OF ITS HANDLER, **WHIP RILEY**.





AS WOLFIE SMITH LOST HIS TEMPER, A BOLT OF PSYCHIC ENERGY SLAMMED INTO RILEY'S CHEST...



...SENDING HIM CRASHING AGAINST THE BARS OF A CAGE, WHICH CONTAINED A TIGER. HE HAD JUST 'LL TREATED

CLEOPATRA! SHE'S GOT HIM.



SHE'LL TEAR HIS THROAT OUT!

NO, CLEO... DON'T DO IT! LET HIM GO...



DESPERATELY, WOLFIE FORCED HIS THOUGHTS INTO THE TIGER'S BRAIN!

KILL HIM AND THEY'LL DESTROY YOU! HE... ISN'T... WORTH IT!

PLEASE, CLEOPATRA...



WUH-UHHH!

CLEO'S RELEASED HIM...



FORTUNATELY, THE ANIMAL TAMER HAD ESCAPED WITH JUST A FEW SUPERFICIAL SCRATCHES.

...HE'S MORE SNOOKED THAN ANYTHING ELSE! WE'LL SOON FIX HIM UP!

OKAY MR. TELFORD









# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VAÑO



**B**ORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), 16-YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, WOLFIE SMITH, IS PERSUADED TO JOIN A SMALL TRAVELLING CIRCUS, WHICH SEEMS TO BE THREATENED BY A MYSTERIOUS 'CURSE'. FLAMBOYANT DENTON GOSNELL WANTS WOLFIE TO JOIN HIM IN A MIND-READING ACT, AND AS AN EVENING PERFORMANCE BEGINS...

ER, NOW DO I LOOK MR. GOSNELL?

MAGNIFICENT, WOLFIE! IT BEFITS THE NAME MANDRAKE... WHICH YOU SHALL ADOPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF OUR ACT.

ER-LOVE THE NAME, BUT HATE THE MASK! DO I REALLY HAVE TO WEAR IT?

OF COURSE! IT HELPS TO CREATE ATMOSPHERE, M'BOY!

NOW LET'S GO OVER THE CODE-WORDS, ONCE AGAIN...

BUT WOLFIE'S BRAIN WAS ALREADY FOCUSING ON ONE OF THE OTHER CIRCUS PERFORMERS...

CARLA... THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER! SHE'S SO WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING, I CAN SEE THE AIR SHIMMERING AROUND HER!

CHEER UP, LUV! IT MIGHT NEVER HAPPEN!

UHH? WHAT YOU MEAN, SMITH? WHAT... WHAT MAKES YOU SO CERTAIN THAT CARLA IS NOT CHEERFUL?

ER... NOTHING! APART FROM THIS CURSE! THAT EVERY-ONE KEEPS ON ABOUT!

SANTA MARIA! IT... IT IS AS IF YOU READ MY MIND! HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT I AM THINKING ABOUT THE CURSE?

SMITH, STOP CHATTING UP THE BIRDS! YOU'RE DUE IN THE RING IN ONE MINUTE FLAT!

BUT, MR. TELFORD... IF THERE IS A CURSE ON THIS CIRCUS, I RECKON I OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT IT!

YOU'LL KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! THIS ACT IS A FLOP! LIKE, I TOLD YOU, GOSNELL... THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!

DON'T WORRY, MR TELFORD! THESE PEOPLE OUT THERE ARE IN FOR THE EXPERIENCE OF THEIR LIVES!

WOLFIE'S INCREDIBLE BRAIN COULD VISUALISE THE SCENE IN THE CIRCUS RING...

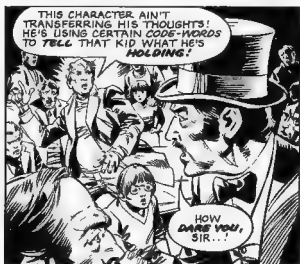
NOT MUCH OF A CROWD! IT'LL REALLY TAKE SOMETHING SENSATIONAL TO WAKE 'EM UP!

Boooo!

WHAT'S PHENOMENA, MUM?

THEY'D BETTER BE GOOD! THOSE CLOWNS WERE LOUSY!

...MANDRAKE AND MYSTICO!





# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TOM TULLY & VAÑO







OH YEAH?  
I KNOW YOU'RE  
CARRYING...

...A PURSE!  
TWO WALLETS!  
FOUR CREDIT CARDS!  
ABOUT NINETEEN BUID  
IN LOBBE CHANGE...

ON, M-MY  
GRIEF!

ONE OF WOLFIE'S E.S.P. POWERS  
WAS PSYCHOMETRY - THE  
POWER TO PICK UP INFORMATION  
ABOUT A PERSON SIMPLY  
TOUCHING A CERTAIN OBJECT.

SHOUTS WENT UP  
FROM THE ONLOOKERS!

AND MY  
PURSE HAS  
GONE!

HEY, WAIT!  
A MINUTE!  
I HAVE LOST MY  
CREDIT CARD!

MY  
WALLET...

IF THIS CHAP  
IS A PICKPOCKET!  
WE'VE SOON FIND  
OUT!

TURN  
OUT HIS  
POCKETS!

N-NO,  
PLEASE...

MOMENTS LATER!

B-BUT...  
'WHY DID HE  
KNOW?

GOOD  
LORD, HE...  
HE WAS RIGHT!  
IT'S ALL HERE...  
EVERY ITEM  
THAT HE  
MENTIONED!

ALL RIGHT,  
MY FRIENDS,  
STAND ASIDE...

THE COMMOTION HAD  
ATTRACTED NERO, THE  
CIRCUS STRONG-MAN...



RAA-  
AA!

HANG  
ON A MINUTE,  
NERO...



...THEY  
FORGOT THIS  
LADIES' WAIST-  
WATCH!

I... D-DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!  
I DON'T...



EVEN DENTON GOSNELL WAS LEFT SPEECHLESS BY THE UNUSUAL DISPLAY OF PSYCHIC POWER...

WELL, YOU WANTED ME TO BE A SENSATION, DIDN'T YOU, MR. GOSNELL? I RECKON THAT CALLS FOR A BIG HAND!



THE STORM OF APPLAUSE WAS LIKE MUSIC IN WOLFIE'S EARS!



BUT EVEN AS WOLFIE BASKED IN HIS GLORY...



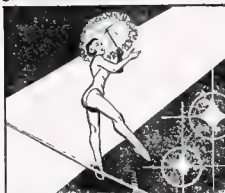
WOLFIE AND GOSNELL LEFT THE ARENA, TO BE GREETED BY THE DELIGHTED OWNER OF TELFORD'S TRAVELLING CIRCUS...



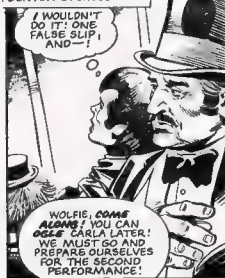


# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY TULLY & VAÑO

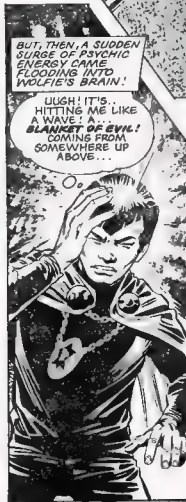


WOLFIE WAS WATCHING FROM THE WINGS WITH DENTON GOSNELL.



I WOULDN'T DO IT! ONE FALSE SLIP, AND—!

WOLFIE, COME ALONG! YOU CAN OGLE CARLA LATER! WE MUST GO AND PREPARE OURSELVES FOR THE SECOND PERFORMANCE!



BUT, THEN, A SUDDEN SURGE OF PSYCHIC ENERGY CAME FLOODING INTO WOLFIE'S BRAIN!

UUGH! IT'S... HITTING ME LIKE A WAVE! A BLANKET OF EVIL! COMING FROM SOMEWHERE UP ABOVE...



BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION (E.S.P.), 16 YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, WOLFIE SMITH, IS PERSUADED TO JOIN A SMALL, TRAVELLING CIRCUS, WHICH SEEMS TO BE THREATENED BY A MYSTERIOUS CURSE. WOLFIE'S MIND-READING ACT WITH ECCENTRIC DENTON GOSNELL IS A SENSATION, PUTTING THE AUDIENCE IN A GOOD MOOD FOR CARLA'S SKILLS ON THE HIGH WIRE...

OH, BRILLIANT! SHE MUST HAVE NERVES OF STEEL!

AND SHE DOES IT ALL WITHOUT A SAFETY NET!



... UP IN THE BIG TOP! SOME KIND OF... CRIPES! IT'S COMING FOR CARLA...







CARLA WAS A  
SPLIT-SECOND  
FROM DEATH  
WHEN...

RAAAAY!

IT'S  
ALL RIGHT,  
MY CHICKEN...  
I GOT YOU!

UUU-UUUUUH!

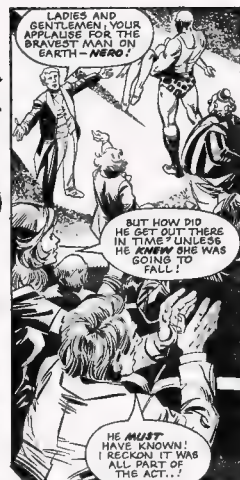
WOLFIE!  
IF YOU HAD  
NOT WARNED  
ME IN TIME!  
BUT **HOW**  
DID YOU—?

ALL RIGHT, GET  
THOSE BABY ELEPHANTS  
OUT THERE! LET'S GET  
ON WITH THE SHOW!



BUT, MR. TELFORD!  
CARLA MIGHT HAVE  
BEEN **KILLED**! AREN'T  
YOU GOING AFTER  
THAT **BAT-THING**?

BAT-THING?  
RECKON YOU OUGHT  
TO AND LIE DOWN,  
KID! ALL THIS FAME IS  
GOING TO YOUR  
HEAD!



LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN, YOUR  
APPLAUSE FOR THE  
BRAVEST MAN ON  
EARTH—**NERO**!

BUT HOW DID  
HE GET OUT THERE  
IN TIME? UNLESS  
HE **KNEW** SHE WAS  
GOING TO  
FALL!

HE **MUST**  
HAVE KNOWN!  
I RECKON IT WAS  
ALL PART OF  
THE ACT...!



MR GOSNELL,  
HE'S MAKING OUT  
HE DIDN'T EVEN SEE  
IT! W-WHERE'S EVERY-  
ONE GOING?

ER, BACK  
IN A  
MOMENT,  
WOLFIE! I'VE JUST  
REMEMBERED THAT  
I LEFT ONE OF OUR  
PROPS IN THE  
CARAVAN!

THE BEWILDERED WOLFIE WANDERED OUT INTO THE NIGHT...



WOLFIE HAD SAVED THE TIGER FROM BEING ILL-TREATED BY ITS HANDLER, WHIP RILEY...



BUT AS WOLFIE MOUNTED THE STEPS OF THE STRANGELY-PAINTED CARAVAN!



# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH

BY T. TULLY & VARGO



BORN WITH THE POWER OF EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION, 16 YEAR-OLD RUNAWAY, WOLFIE SMITH, IS PERSUADED TO JOIN A SMALL, TRAVELLING CIRCUS, WHICH SEEMS TO BE THREATENED BY A MYSTERIOUS CURSE ONLY QUICK THINKING BY WOLFIE SAVES CARLA, THE YOUNG WIRE-WALKER, FROM DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A STRANGE, BAT-LIKE SHAPE WHICH MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED DURING HER ACT. LATER, WOLFIE IS INVITED TO THE GARAVAN OF MADAM LA FAY.



THE FORTUNE-TELLER HAD NO IDEA THAT INFANT WOLFIE WAS READING HER THOUGHTS!

BRUNO ZARDOFF - OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE 'HUMAN-BAT'! A BRILLIANT ACROBAT! BUT HE DID MORE THAN ACROBATICS!





ACTUALLY, IT WAS ZARDOFF WHO DIED FIRST. THE CIRCUS PEOPLE HEARD NOW HE'D BEEN KILLED IN A CAR-CRASH SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE...

HE USED TO GO OUT THIEVIN' AT NIGHT. IN THE END, MR. TELFORD HAD TO SACK HIM AND BRUNO DIDN'T LIKE IT.

I CURSE YOU, TELFORD! I CURSE THIS WHOLE CIRCUS! WITHOUT ZARDOFF, IT WILL DIE THIS! I SWEAR!



"THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE RID OF HIM. FOREVER..."

"...BUT THEY WERE WRONG!"

WAAH EEE!



FROM THEN ON, THE BAT-SHAPE HAUNTED TELFORD'S CIRCUS ONCE IT EVEN STAMPEDED THE ELEPHANTS, CAUSING HUNDREDS OF POUNDS' WORTH OF DAMAGE.

"NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE CIRCUS FOLK GOT THE JITTERS. AND THEIR PERFORMANCES SUFFERED. THE CUSTOMERS DEMANDED THEIR MONEY BACK..."



"AS ZARDOFF HAD PREDICTED, THE CIRCUS WAS DYING A SLOW DEATH..."

...HOUNDED TO DEATH BY THE GHOST OF THE HUMAN-BAT!

NO! IT... IT CAN'T BE! ZARDOFF! BACK FROM THE DEAD TO HAUNT US!



THAT IS RIGHT, YET THOSE IMAGES DID NOT COME FROM THE CRYSTAL!



YOU ARE INDEED A STRANGE ONE, WOLFE! YOU CAN SEE THROUGH MY TRICKS...

SOMEHOW I FEEL THAT YOU CAN RID THIS CURSE,  
THAT IS WHY I HAD TO SPEAK TO YOU!

BUT, BE  
WARNED,  
THE CURSE  
IS EVIL!

THANKS FOR THE WARNING, MADAM  
LA FAY. I'LL DO WHAT I CAN. I GIVE  
CARLA MY LOVE WHEN SHE WAKES  
UP!

SO YOU CAME TO CHALLENGE  
ZARDOFF! YOU CAME ONLY TO  
FALL FOUL OF MY CURSE!

TH-THIS CAN'T BE T-TRUE! THE  
CURSE CAN'T EXIST! M-MUST  
DO SOMETHING, BUT I'M  
PARALYSED WITH FEAR!

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH,  
SMITH - SO I'M GOING TO  
WHIP EVERY OUNCE OF  
LIFE OUT OF YOU!

G-GOT TO  
CONCENTRATE  
... TRY TO USE  
MY PSYCHIC  
POWERS...

IN HIS AGONY WOLFIE'S  
PSYCHIC AURA FLOODED  
FROM HIM.

THAT SCREAM IT'S  
DENTON GOSNELL!

AAAAAGH!  
H-HELP ME!

GOSNELL WAS THE FLAMBOYANT,  
PHONEY MIND-READER WHO HAD  
BROUGHT WOLFIE TO THE CIRCUS.

WOLFIE BURST  
INTO DENTON  
GOSNELL'S  
CARAVAN TO  
FIND.

YOU WALKED  
STRAIGHT INTO  
OUR TRAP, KID.  
LIKE WE KNEW  
YOU WOULD!

WHIP RILEY, THE  
ANIMAL TAMER,  
HAD BEEN  
WAITING IN THE  
SHADOWS OF  
THE CARAVAN

WITH RILEY'S HELP I COULD  
HAVE RUINED THE CIRCUS  
COMPLETELY! YOU SEE, BRUNO  
ZARDOFF WAS MY BROTHER!  
HE DID NOT LIVE TO BRING  
HIS REVENGE TO THE CIRCUS,  
BUT I SWORE THAT  
I WOULD!

TO THE MIND OF ONE WITH WHOM A BOND OF UNDERSTANDING  
HAD BEEN FORMED - CLEOPATRA THE TIGER!



WOLFIE HAD HELPED GLEOPATRA WHEN SHE WAS FACING ILL-TREATMENT FROM RILEY NOW STRANGE SHAPES WERE FORMING IN THE ANIMAL MIND OF THE MIGHTY TIGER THE KIND ONE WAS BEING ILL-TREATED BY THE CRUEL ONE!



ALTHOUGH WOLFIE WAS UNABLE TO CHANNEL HIS POWER TO HELP HIMSELF, THE PSYCHIC LINK LEFT CLEOPATRA IN NO DOUBT AS WHAT TO DO...



...SHE MUST HELP THE KIND ONE!



RILEY HAD ILL-TREATED THE ANIMAL FOR MANY DAYS. THE WHIP AND CONSTANT UNKINDNESS HAD BEEN ALL THAT CLEO HAD KNOWN...



RILEY WOULD NEVER ILL-TREAT ANY LIVING CREATURE AGAIN.



NERO, THE CIRCUS STRONGMAN, AND MADAM LA FAY COULD NOT BELIEVE THEIR EYES

ZARDOFF!

WOLFIE HAS BROKEN THE CURSE!



LATER... ZARDOFF HAS GONE AND RILEY'S DESERVING FATE WILL BE REPORTED AS AN ACCIDENT NOW CLEO WILL BE CARED FOR PROPERLY...

BUT YOU MUST MOVE ON WHEN YOU ARE BETTER. WOLFIE TOO MANY QUESTIONS WILL BE ASKED!

A TRAGEDY, M'BOY! THE GREATEST MIND-READING ACT OF ALL TIME... ENDED SO SOON!

SO YOU MUST GO SO QUICKLY. WOLFIE I HAD HOPED YOU WOULD STAY HERE I ALWAYS SAID YOU BROUGHT LUCK WITH YOU.

OH, I DO, LUV! BAD LUCK! WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED STAYING MYSELF SOMETIMES I THINK THAT I'M NOT JUST ON THE RUN FROM TROUBLE...

...I'M ON THE RUN FROM MY OWN POWER!

Next week Join **WOLFIE** in the **GREAT, NEW 2000 A.D. & TORNADO!**

# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH



BORN WITH THE INCREDIBLE GIFT OF E.S.P. (EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION), RUNAWAY ERNIE 'WOLFIE' SMITH HAS WANDERED AWAY FROM THE CITY TO SEEK SOME PEACE IN THE COUNTRYSIDE AND ONE AUTUMN DAY FINDS HIMSELF NEAR OXFORD

AH! THIS IS THE LIFE. WHAT WAS IT I READ SOMEWHERE? 'ALL ENGLISHMEN ARE FARMERS OR SAILORS AT HEART'. WELL, WOLFIE BOY, YOU'RE DEFINITELY THE FARMER TYPE!



OXFORD 10

HMM! IT'S GONNA GET DARK SOON AND THIS ROAD IS TAKING ME THE LONG WAY ROUND TO OXFORD. BUT THERE'S A SHORT CUT

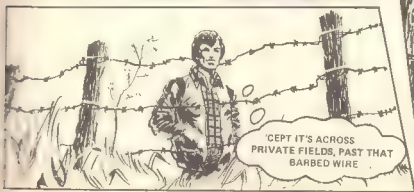
LET'S SEE IF THE OLD MIND POWER CAN SNAP BARBED WIRE.



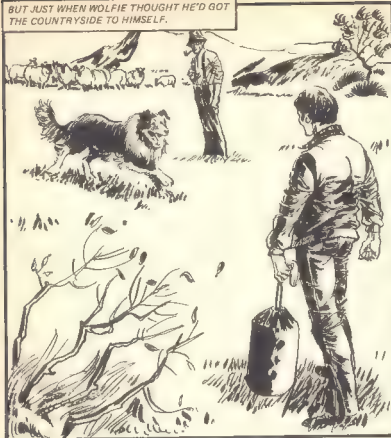
'CEPT IT'S ACROSS PRIVATE FIELDS, PAST THAT BARBED WIRE

AH, DONE IT. I WAS GETTING A BIT TIRED OF BENDIN' SPOONS AND FORKS AN', ANYWAY, URI GELLER'S DONE ALL THAT ON TELLY!

AS THOUGH MADE OF FUSE WIRE, THE BARBED STRANDS BROKE AND SLOWLY PARTED.



BUT JUST WHEN WOLFIE THOUGHT HE'D GOT THE COUNTRYSIDE TO HIMSELF.



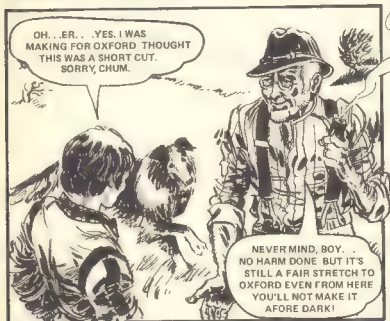
'ELLO THERE, MATE. NEVER HAD SUCH A FRIENDLY WELCOME IN MY LIFE BEFORE...



HELLO, LAD... GOT YOURSELF LOST THEN?



UUUHHHH? HE'S SUCH A GENTLE CREATURE, YET I GET THE FEELING HE'S UNEASY ABOUT SOMETHING...



OH...ER... YES. I WAS MAKING FOR OXFORD THOUGHT THIS WAS A SHORT CUT. SORRY, CHUM.

NEVER MIND, BOY... NO HARM DONE BUT IT'S STILL A FAIR STRETCH TO OXFORD EVEN FROM HERE YOU'LL NOT MAKE IT AFORE DARK!



WHY NOT STAY WITH ME AN' THE MISSUS IN OUR COTTAGE, 'TIL MORNIN'..?

OH, NO. I COULDN'T PUT YOU TO ALL THAT TROUBLE.

NONSENSE, BESIDES MY DOG HERBY HAS TAKEN A LIKING TO YOU ALREADY.



OFF YOU GO, HERBY... BACK TO THE FLOCK.

BY THE WAY, I'M DENNISON RUSSELL... CALL ME DENNY IF YOU LIKE

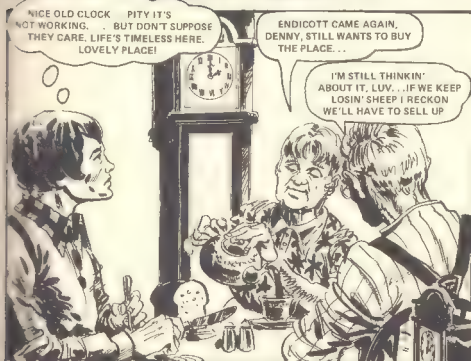
MY NAME'S ERNIE SMITH BUT MY NICKNAME IS WOLFIE



AH! THAT SMELLS GOOD. AGNES. WE'VE GOT A VISITOR. GOT LOST - HE'S GOIN' TO STAY OVERNIGHT. NAME'S WOLFIE!

COME ON IN FOR GOODNESS SAKE BEFORE SUPPER GETS COLD. WOLFIE YOU SAY? WELL I 'OPE YOU'RE AS HUNGRY AS ONE - THERE'S PLENTY HERE.

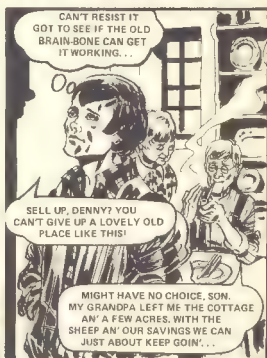
CHEERS MRS R - LEAD ME TO IT!



NICE OLD CLOCK - PITY IT'S NOT WORKING. . . BUT DON'T SUPPOSE THEY CARE. LIFE'S TIMELESS HERE. LOVELY PLACE!

ENDICOTT CAME AGAIN, DENNY. STILL WANTS TO BUY THE PLACE. . .

I'M STILL THINKIN' ABOUT IT, LUV. . . IF WE KEEP LOSIN' SHEEP I RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO SELL UP



CAN'T RESIST IT GOT TO SEE IF THE OLD BRAIN-BONE CAN GET IT WORKING. . .

SELL UP, DENNY? YOU CAN'T GIVE UP A LOVELY OLD PLACE LIKE THIS!

MIGHT HAVE NO CHOICE, SON. MY GRANDPA LEFT ME THE COTTAGE AN' A FEW ACRES. WITH THE SHEEP AN' OUR SAVINGS WE CAN JUST ABOUT KEEP GOIN'. . .



AH! DONE IT, FIXIN' BROKEN CLOCKS IS A PUSH-OVER, WOLFIE BOY!

BUT A WILD DOG HAS BEEN ATTACKIN' THEM AT NIGHT AN' KILLIN' THEM. ENDICOTT OWNS MOST OF THE LAND AROUND HERE AN' WANTS TO BUY THE PLACE. . . BUT HE ISN'T OFFERIN' MUCH



CHARLES ENDICOTT WANTS THIS PLACE REAL BAD BUT IT'S OUR HOME, DENNISON. AN' WE'RE STAYIN' PUT NOW GET SOME MORE WOOD FOR THE STOVE, WILL YOU?



LET ME GET THE WOOD, MRS. R!

OH, THANKS, WOLFIE. IT'S IN THE SHED OUTSIDE

AGNES. . . THE CLOCK. . . IT'S WORKING! HASN'T BEEN SINCE GRANDPA LIVED HERE. WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!



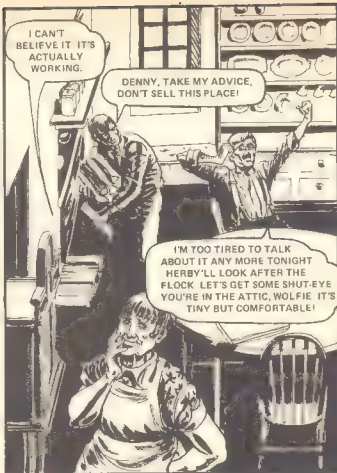
BUT AS WOLFIE COLLECTED THE WOOD, STRANGE IMAGES INVADDED HIS MIND... IMAGES OF CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS, FIGHTING, KILLING!



MY GREY MATTER IS TRYIN' TO GIVE ME A HISTORY LESSON IN WARFARE, BUT IN A PEACEFUL PLACE LIKE THIS IT'S CRAZY...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT IT'S ACTUALLY WORKING.

DENNY, TAKE MY ADVICE, DON'T SELL THIS PLACE!



I'M TOO TIRED TO TALK ABOUT IT ANY MORE TONIGHT HERBY'LL LOOK AFTER THE FLOCK LET'S GET SOME SHUT-EYE YOU'RE IN THE ATTIC, WOLFIE IT'S TINY BUT COMFORTABLE!

THAT NIGHT WOLFIE COULD NOT SLEEP, THE HOUSE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS SEEMED TO HAUNT HIM.



THERE'S SOMETHIN' SPECIAL ABOUT THIS PLACE DENNY SAID EARLIER IT WAS 17TH CENTURY.

SUDDENLY HE HEARD HERBY BARKING IN THE DISTANCE... BUT THE VISION OF ANOTHER DOG FLASHED INTO HIS MIND!

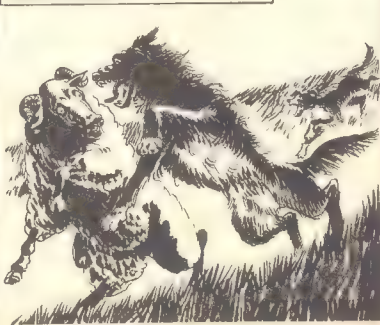


THAT HOUND AGAIN... THIS TIME IT'S NEAR! I CAN FEEL IT... AN' I CAN HEAR HERBY BARKING!

WHILE OUTSIDE ON THE HILLS, RUSSELL'S FLOCK WAS BEING ATTACKED AND HERBY RUSHED IN TO PROTECT THEM.



BUT TOO LATE! THE HUGE BEAST USED ITS MASSIVE FANGS ON A LEAD RAM!







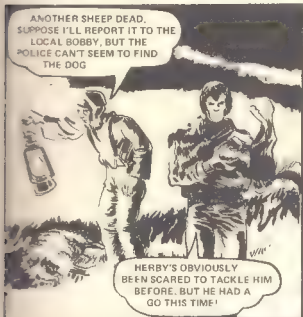
WOLFIE! WHERE IN BLUE BLAZES ARE YOU OFF TO, BOY?

IT'S HERBY AND THE FLOCK, THEY'RE IN TROUBLE! GET SOME CLOTHES ON QUICK, I ONLY HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



HERBY! IS - IS HE DEAD, SON?

NO, HE'S ALIVE, JUST! LET'S GET HIM BACK TO THE HOUSE POOR BLIGHTER, HE MUST'VE PUT UP A HELL OF A FIGHT!



ANOTHER SHEEP DEAD, SUPPOSE I'LL REPORT IT TO THE LOCAL BOBBY, BUT THE POLICE CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE DOG

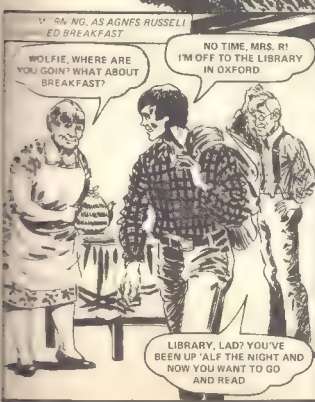
HERBY'S OBVIOUSLY BEEN SCARED TO TACKLE HIM BEFORE, BUT HE HAD A GO THIS TIME!



POOR MITE, BUT HE'S LOOKING BETTER ALREADY DAMMIT, IF I HAD A GUN, I'D.

STEADY NOW, OL' GIRL, DON'T UPSET YOURSELF, GET UP TO BED, I'LL KEEP WATCH ON THE FLOCK TONIGHT.

GIVE ME A SHAKE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, DENNY, WE'LL TAKE IT IN TURNS.



WELL, AG, AS AGNES RUSSELL ED BREAKFAST

WOLFIE, WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'? WHAT ABOUT BREAKFAST?

NO TIME, MRS. R! I'M OFF TO THE LIBRARY IN OXFORD

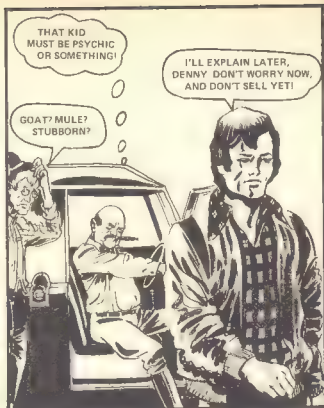
LIBRARY, LAD? YOU'VE BEEN UP 'ALF THE NIGHT AND NOW YOU WANT TO GO AND READ

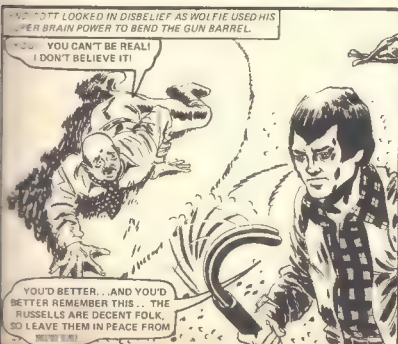
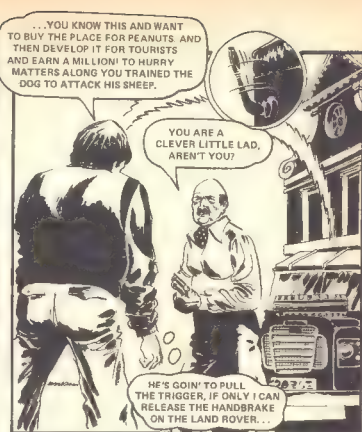
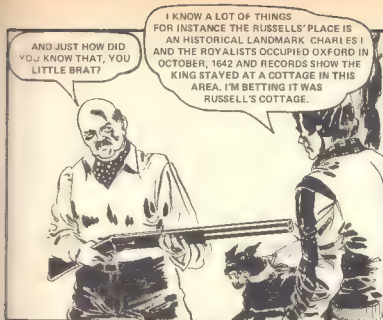


BUT, AS WOLFIE STEPPED OUTSIDE

AH! RUSSELL, MADE UP YOUR MIND YET, OLD CHAP? I'M STILL INTERESTED IN THE COTTAGE. READY TO SELL NOW?

DON'T RUSH ME NOW, ENDICOTT. I NEED TIME TO THINK. THIS IS OUR HOME, YOU KNOW!





# THE MIND OF WOLFIE SMITH



WOLFIE SMITH SEEMED JUST LIKE ANY OTHER KID EXCEPT THAT HE POSSESSED STRANGE MENTAL POWERS SUCH AS THE ABILITY TO MOVE OBJECTS BY THINKING ABOUT THEM AND READING PEOPLE'S MINDS BUT IN A PARTICULARLY SUNNY DAY HE FELT A LOT OTHER THINGS IN HIS MIND



I BET THEY'RE OFF TO THE COAST FOR A HOLIDAY LUCKY DEVILS! I WONDER WHETHER I COULD AFFORD A FEW DAYS BY THE SEA!

SUDDENLY

GRIPES! THAT'S MY BANK! I THINK I'LL GO AND CHECK IF MY MONEY IS SAFE!

**DAILY NEWS**  
**NEWS FLASH**  
**ARMED MEN**  
**GRAB £100,000**  
**FROM BARGHSTER**  
**BANK**  
**REWARD OFFERED**



A FEW MINUTES LATER WOLFIE ARRIVED AT THE SCENE



WHAT ARE THOSE FUNNY MEN IN BLUE DOING, MUMMY?



THEY'RE LOOKING FOR CLUES, ROBERT, SO THAT THEY CAN TRY AND FIND OUT WHO ROBBED THE BANK!



HEY! THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THAT PIECE OF LITTER IF I CONCENTRATE, I WILL BE ABLE TO BRING IT TOWARDS ME!



A CARTRIDGE CASE

LOOK, MUMMY HE MADE THE PAPER MOVE WITHOUT TOUCHING IT!

DON'T BE SILLY, ROBERT!

HEY! GIVE THAT HERE!

WOLFIE HOLDS THE CARTRIDGE TO HIS FOREHEAD AND IMMEDIATELY PICKS UP A SERIES OF JUMBLED IMAGES

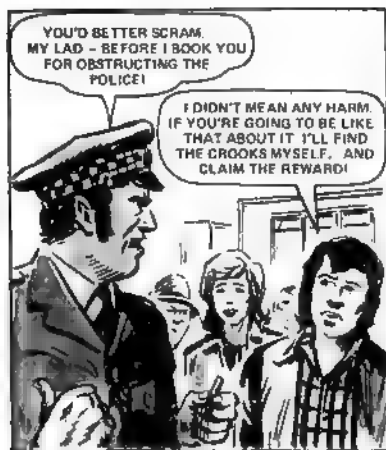


**BLAKE'S AVE.**

GUNS, SHOOTING, MONEY A LARGE HOUSE IN - IT MUST BE BLAKE'S AVENUE. THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE!

GIVE THAT HERE!





YOU'D BETTER SCRAM,  
MY LAD - BEFORE I BOOK YOU  
FOR OBSTRUCTING THE  
POLICE!

I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM  
IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE LIKE  
THAT ABOUT IT I'LL FIND  
THE CROOKS MYSELF, AND  
CLAIM THE REWARD!



LATER THAT DAY

THIS IS BLAKE'S  
AVENUE MATE GOT A  
RICH UNCLE OR  
SOMETHING? HO HO!

HO! HO! YOURSELF!  
NOW TO FIND THE RIGHT  
HOUSE



BINGO! THAT'S IT.  
I'M SURE NOW TO SEE IF I  
CAN GET A LITTLE  
PROOF!



I CAN SENSE SOMETH' NG  
VERY NASTY IN THAT ROOM  
UP AT THE TOP PERHAPS  
I COULD CLIMB THAT DRAIN  
PIPE AND HAVE A LOOK



JUST LOOK AT IT ALL,  
BOSS. WE'RE RICH! AND THE  
COPS WILL NEVER THINK  
OF LOOKING FOR US HERE IN  
TOWN. THEY'LL THINK  
WE'RE OUT OF THE COUNTRY  
BY NOW!

LET'S HOPE SO  
BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES.  
I'LL LOOK AFTER THE  
MONEY FOR A WHILE, IN CASE  
YOU LOT GO ON A SPENDING  
SPREE!



WHAT THE...  
WHOOOAAAHI!

GRIEF!  
WHO'S THAT?

WE'VE BEEN  
DISCOVERED!



EEEEK!

A NOSEY KID!  
OK HARRY RELEASE  
THE DOGS!

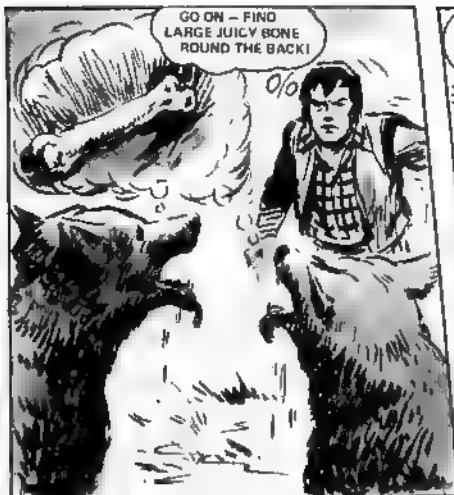
RIGHT  
BOSS!





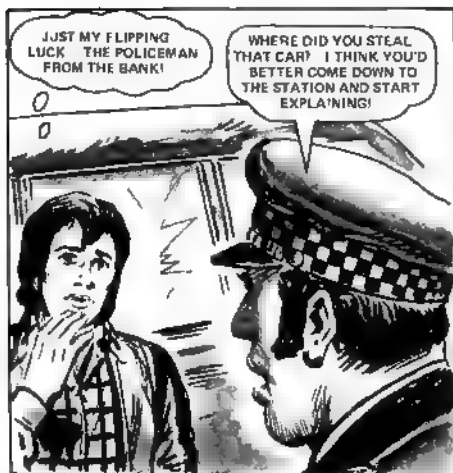
WOLFIE HAD NEVER DRIVEN BEFORE BUT HE KNEW THE BASICS. AND HIS MIND LET HIM LEARN AT LIGHTNING SPEED.

HE'S DRIVING OFF! FOLLOW HIM!

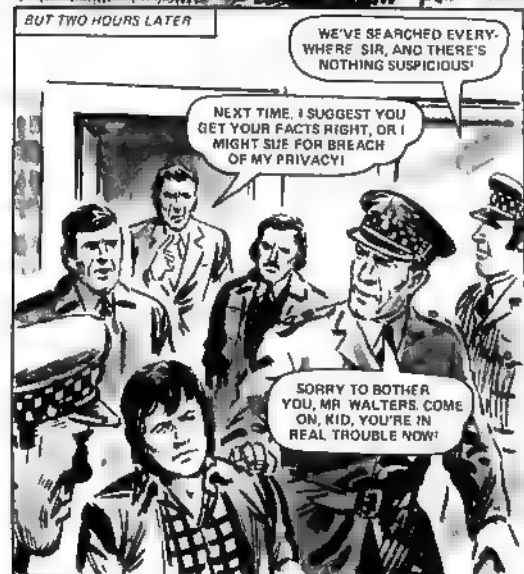


BUT EVEN WOLFIE FOUND DRIVING A CAR FOR THE FIRST TIME DIFFICULT





SO, LATER AT THE POLICE STATION.





WOLFIE SUMMONED UP ALL HIS POWERS INTO ONE TERRIFIC SCREAM WHICH RATTLED THE WINDOWS AND THE CROOKS!

NOOOOOOOH!!!

AAAAARGH!

I CAN FEEL THE POWER SURGING THROUGH ME!

YOU WILL OBEY ME TAKE THE MONEY BACK TO THE POLICE STATION YOU WILL ADMIT EVERYTHING!

I WILL ADMIT EVERYTHING

LATER AT THE STATION

I WILL ADMIT EVERYTHING

BEATS ME HOW YOU DID IT, KID, BUT I GUESS WE OWE YOU A BIG APOLOGY!

WITH YOUR TALENTS, YOU SHOULD JOIN THE FORCE ONE DAY!

MAYBE, BUT AT THE MOMENT I'M INTERESTED IN THAT REWARD SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR QUITE A HOLIDAY

AH YES, THE REWARD! COMES TO JUST UNDER £10,000, IN FACT

TEN THOUSAND QUID! I'LL BOOK AN AIR TICKET RIGHT AWAY!

NOT SO FAST, YOUNG MAN. THE BILL FOR THOSE DAMAGED CARS YOU HIT COMES TO £9,999. LEAVING YOU ER... 84p! YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT FOR YOUR HOLIDAY!

WOLFIE DASHED BACK TO THE BANK TO CHECK THAT HIS SAVINGS WERE STILL SAFE

GOOD, IT'S ALL THERE NOW £1.90 AND 84p. IS £2.74P WONDER HOW LONG I COULD HAVE BY THE COAST WITH THAT?

W. SMITH. AC  
CREDIT BALANCE  
£1.90

THE END



## The boy with the mind-bending powers finds danger at a holiday camp!

"You don't look the kind who'd stick the job," said the big man firmly. "Sorry, lad."

His name was Frank Briggs, and he wore a blue blazer with a badge bearing the words 'Staff Captain'. He was in charge of the workers at the Sunhaven Holiday Camp, and Ernie Smith, known to his friends as 'Wolfie', thought he looked like an ex-Sergeant Major or ex-policeman.

Wolfie glanced around, his rather strange, slightly slanting eyes taking in the surroundings as they stood on a neat lawn in front of the main building.

The camp was set on the shores of a quiet bay, with a tall headland on one side and a lower promontory on the other. There was a marina with plenty of small boats, and he reckoned he could enjoy himself here for a while. A group of boys were working about with a football on the green near him and the Captain.

With his uncanny instinct, the gift of Extra-Sensory Perception with which he had been born, Wolfie could read the big man's mind.

"Just another drifter, lazy young layabout," he thought. "Wash a few dishes, get his hands dirty, get tired, hang around till he draws his first week's wages, then scarpers."

"Why not try me, guy?" Wolfie said calmly. "You can soon fire me if I don't measure up." In his mind, he could murder Briggs' own thoughts. "I've certainly got it!"

"That's settled, then," Wolfie continued, to the 'Captain's' astonishment. "I'm ready to sign on, skipper."

"How, how did you -" began Briggs in surprise as they turned away towards the office.

"Look out!" Suddenly, Wolfie pushed Briggs aside, and swung round in one swift movement, both hands grasping the flying football which was inches from the man's head.

One of the boys, a pudgy-faced lad, called "Sorry!"

"He doesn't look at all sorry," said Wolfie calmly.

"He isn't," scowled Briggs. "I know that young creep." If Pudgie Wilks's man wasn't a big shareholder in this company, I'd give him a good lashinging. Wolfie read all this in the man's mind.

Wolfie dropped the football, and at the same time, lashed out with his foot

## WOLFIE SMITH in THE ★ MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT ★

The ball shot like a cannonball towards Pudgie Wilks, who tried to stop it with both hands. It slid through and hit him in the stomach. He folded up with a sound like a punctured tyre and collapsed on the grass.

"You're right, he wasn't sorry," Wolfie said. "He did it deliberately. It could have given you a nasty bang on the back of the head."

"I don't get it!" Briggs gasped. "How did you know it was heading for me when we were both looking the other way?"

"Got a kind of sixth sense for anything dangerous," Wolfie chuckled. "I'll keep an eye on Pudgie when you've signed me on, Guy."

Frank Briggs grinned, but that didn't stop him giving Wolfie plenty of hard jobs, keeping him busy all the time, cleaning and polishing the huge dining-hall floor, mowing lawns, trimming bushes, washing dishes, and helping to clean the chalets.

One morning, Wolfie knocked on the door of Chalet No. 14 and stepped in.



## Wolfie's strange powers turned the mind-reading act into a riot

Too late, he heard the rumble of voices stop suddenly, and realised four men were sitting round the table with cards in front of them. But Wolfie knew at once that they had not been playing cards.

"Sorry, Mr. Scully," he said swiftly. "Just came to clean your chalet. Thought you'd be out."

The hard-faced man glared at him. The others also turned, cold-eyed, to look at Wolfie silently. He could sense the evil surrounding the man called Scully, and could even read his thoughts: "How much did this young gun hear? We might have to get rid of him."

Wolfie's nerves tensed, ready for trouble, but Scully merely replied, in a quiet, rasping voice:

"We're only here for the skin-diving and spear-fishing, kid, and the weather's not right just now."

"O.K. guv''," Wolfie said cheerfully, but he was thoughtful as he shut the door and walked away to another chalet. "That's a right bunch of crooks if I ever saw one, and Scully's the chief. I'd better keep the old E.S.P. tuned when I'm near them. But what are they doing at Sunhaven?"

That evening, Wolfie was put on to helping out with the waiting at tables. A loaded tray held high, he was approaching the table where Pudgie Wilks sat with some of his friends, and saw that he was peeling a banana. Pudgie was also grinning at his companions.

"Oho, Pudgie's going to throw that banana skin right under my feet," thought Wolfie. "That's what he's thinking, anyhow."

In the crowded, noisy dining-room, nobody saw the expression of uncanny power that came over Wolfie's face, or the increased glitter that transformed his eyes. All the power of his unusual mind was turned on Pudgie Wilks as he approached the table.

Amazed, Pudgie's friends saw him drop the ripe banana on his plate and stuff the tough skin in his mouth! Wolfie paused to watch him chewing it slowly and swallowing it. Then he folded up, choking, as the lad next to him pounded him on the back.

"You're supposed to eat the ripe inside, not the skin," Wolfie said pleasantly as he walked past. "Didn't they ever teach you anything? Better get him out of here, one of you. He's going to be sick any minute now!"

Frank Briggs, the 'Captain', had seen the whole thing. "There's something weird about young Wolfie," he thought. "He seems to be able to guess what people are up to — and what's more, do something about it. Still, as long as he keeps young Pudgie out of mischief, I won't complain."

Next day, Frank Briggs gave Wolfie a rest from his duties by asking him to test an outboard motor which had just been repaired. Wolfie took a dinghy out, skimming across a choppy sea out into the bay. In the distance, near the headland, he saw a head bobbing in the water.

Wolfie's slant-eyes narrowed, glittering. "Stone me, that girl's gonna drown!" he gasped. He turned the dinghy to send it roaring with bows high towards the dangerous waters of the tide rip, round the base of the headland.

He saw a raised hand, despairing eyes, and a pale, gasping face as the swimmer slid down beneath the surface. Skilfully, Wolfie swung the dinghy in a tight circle, shutting off the engine.

He reached over, grasped the girl's hand, just below the surface, and with difficulty, got her into the boat. It was rocking dangerously as he helped her to get her breath back, and she was still guiping out sea water as he started the engine again, to get the boat away from the tide rip.

"You all right, kid? Somebody shoulda warned you about that tidal race."

"It — it wasn't the sea!" The dark-haired girl gasped. "Something grabbed my ankle . . . down there . . . a big fish or something . . . and pulled me down . . ."

"A big fish," Wolfie grinned, though his eyes had a strange look. "Pull the other one, darling."

"It was, I tell you!" the girl snapped. "I'm a good swimmer — — I'd have made it to the shore if the tide hadn't been too much for me."

"Famous last words," Wolfie grinned. "Anyhow, you're dead lucky I saw you."

The girl looked at him. "I'm Carole Burke," she said. "My father's Victor Burke — the Mysterious Macabro, I help him in his conjuring and magic act. He does a bit of mind-reading, too."

"Mind-reading, huh?" Wolfie grinned, as the dinghy slid into the space at the jetty. "This I must see."

He did not tell the girl that he had not seen the fish, or actually seen anything else under the surface of the sea. But his amazing extra-sense had told him that a figure in aqualung and wetsuit had been swimming deep down into the waters round the high headland. He wondered who had tried to drown the magician's assistant!

"One thing puzzles me," said Carole as Wolfie helped her on to the jetty. "I didn't see any boat near me. You were miles away when I started going under. How did you know I was drowning?"



"Must have guessed it," Wolfie chuckled. "Guessed you were a very pretty chick, too. Or perhaps I've got very good eyesight."

Carole grinned. "Thanks, anyway, Wolfie. See you at the show one night."

"I'll be there," promised Wolfie, adding slyly to himself: "I'd like to see how your Dad works this old E.S.P. lark."

That night, Wolfie took a borrowed aqualung and rowed himself across the bay to a small beach below the headland. He slid into the water, flippers paddling him down slowly, and sought around the base of the grim headland until he saw an opening which was masked by the sea. At low tide, it might just have showed.

He swam in unhesitatingly, the sea current helping him along a short tunnel, until he surfaced in a cave. His torch showed him that its sandy floor above the pool into which the water flowed, was piled high with boxes and crates.

Wolfie whistled as he examined them. There were hand-guns of all kinds, repeating rifles of many foreign makes, pump-action shot guns and even grenades, with crates of ammunition.

In one corner, rough steps led up to an upward sloping tunnel and he saw a cable and grapnel which must be attached to a winch somewhere at the top of the tunnel.

"Cor, enough hardware here to kit out all the gunmen and crooks in Britain," he muttered. "Or terrorists — and that's even worse. I bet Scully's the master-mind behind this operation. But how can I prove it was him? I know it was, but I can't tell people how I know."

When he got back to the camp, he decided to go and see Frank Briggs.

"Skip," he began. "They tell me that before you took this job, you were a cop with the local Force. That right?"

"Sure," said Frank Briggs. "So what? You in trouble, Wolfie?"

"Not me," Wolfie smiled. "But somebody's going to be." Then he told the flabbergasted 'Captain' what he knew, and swore him to secrecy. "Trust me, guv, and we'll get enough proof to catch this mob."

Next evening, Mike Scully and his three accomplices were in the packed audience for the Gala Opening of the 'Mysterious Macabro's Magic Moments'

show. Wolfie Smith leaned against a wall near them. He was a little worried whether Victor Burke would be able to stand up to what was going to be required of him, for Carole had told him her father was a sick man, his powers were failing, and he needed a long holiday.

But the magician went through his repertoire of conjuring and illusions, aided by Carole, and Wolfie tensed as he came at last to the climax of his act — the Amazing Mind-Reading.

Blind-folded, Victor Burke stood alone on the stage, while Carole moved among the audience. She asked various people to show her objects like watches, which Macabro described exactly, as she turned towards the stage, having memorised them.

Amid applause, she paused in front of Scully, unaware that Wolfie's mind had influenced her to do just that!

"Perhaps, sir, you would be good enough to write your name, age, and any other small items about yourself on this card. I will read them — — to myself, of course — — and my father will pick up my thoughts and speak what you have written."

"Why not?" said Scully with a hard grin.

"You will confirm that we have never met before?" Carole asked.

"Sure! But I wish we had, darling," chuckled Scully.

"You'll wish you hadn't, mate," thought Wolfie, almost invisible in the shadows against the wall. Concentrating his mind, he read what Scully was writing on the card. "My name is Mike Scully. I am aged 35. I like Sunhaven because it is a well-run camp, and the bay is ideal for skin-diving."

Now Wolfie really started to use his power! His eyes changed, his forehead seemed to bulge with the mental effort that was pouring into his brain, directing his thoughts towards the lonely blind-folded figure in the spotlight on the stage.

Carole had also turned towards her father, and Victor Burke, the Great Macabro, started to speak, but now, his voice was strained, his delivery slow, every word seeming to be forced from him. For this time, he had no pre-arranged clues to work on.

He was being used as an instrument for Wolfie's amazing mind!

He spoke the first part of the message, the words Mike Scully had written down. Then he went on: "But I also like Sunhaven because it is an ideal cover for

my smuggling activities. Using the headland as a hiding-place, I have smuggled in dangerous weapons of all types. One of my men tried to drown Miss Carole Burke when she swam too close to the headland."

For a moment, there was stunned silence, then uproar in the audience.

Mike Scully was on his feet, his face a mask of rage, a hand going inside his jacket.

His three friends had also leaped up, but as Scully raised his gun, the six burly men who had been sitting behind them, hurled themselves forward. They were plain-clothes policemen, and in seconds, Scully and his men had been over-powered.

A uniformed Superintendent appeared beside Wolfie, with Frank Briggs.

"Michael Scully, I charge you with smuggling in dangerous weapons, and the attempted murder of Miss Carole Burke by drowning. . . . Take them away, men!"

The audience were clapping and cheering as Wolfie went to the stage and leaped up to pat the Mysterious Macabro on the shoulder.

"Great work, Mr. Burke!" he said enthusiastically. "You sure nailed those crooks, though how you got all that info. on 'em beats me." He turned to Carole, who was watching him wonderingly. "There'll be a reward, you know. Your Dad'll be able to go away for a nice long rest, Carole."

"You set it up," the girl whispered, staring into his eyes. "But how, I don't know. Dad couldn't possibly have known those things, or got that message from me because I didn't know either."

"Does it matter, love?" Wolfie said cheerfully. "Those hoods are finished. You and your Dad are well set up. So enjoy it, huh?"

Carole stared at him. For a brief instant, his face seemed to change. The strange, slanting eyes held a deep glint, and she felt the power of an amazing, uncanny mind. Then Wolfie's expression changed. He became once again the cheerful, happy-go-lucky stranger.

She did not know what she had seen in his eyes. She knew only that she had met a truly extraordinary person!

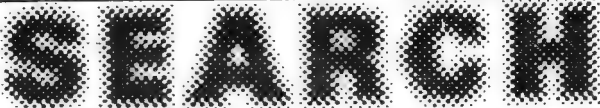
THE END



EVEN A SUPER EDITOR  
LIKE MYSELF MEETS  
SUPER PROBLEMS  
SOMETIMES, AND I  
REGRET THAT I CAN  
NOT BRING YOU  
MAGNER'S WALK  
THIS WEEK. YOU CAN  
REJOIN THE GUNNY  
HEROES IN ISSUE TEN.  
NOW—SAMPLE ONE  
OF MY SHORTEST STORIES—  
A BIG E SPECIAL!

IN 1950 THE NORTH KOREAN ARMY CROSSED THE  
38th PARALLEL AND INVADDED SOUTH KOREA.  
U.S. AND U.N. TROOPS WERE SENT TO AID THE  
SOUTH KOREANS AND THE WAR WENT ON UNTIL  
THE ARMISTICE IN 1953.

# THE



DON'T  
BE A FOOL, HALE.  
YOU'LL GET GUNNY  
MARTINELLO FOR  
THIS..

I DON'T  
GIVE A DAMN WE'RE  
NEEDIN' 'EAST AN' I KNOW  
HIS COMPANY'S FIGHTIN'  
SOMEWHERE TO THE NORTH.  
SO THIS IS WHERE  
WE SPLIT UP.

I'M  
GOING TO FIND  
HIM.

THE BOOKS  
ARE MAKING A BIG  
PUSH SOUTH TOWARDS  
SEOUL... YOU'LL  
NEVER FIND HIM...

MAYBE SO,  
BUT I'M GONNA  
TRY, SO DON'T  
TRY AN' STOP  
ME.

"ALLIED TROOPS NICK"  
NAMED THE COMMUNIST  
FORCES "BOOKS" OR "REDS"



TWO DAYS LATER, AND  
IN THE NORTHERN AREA,  
THE REDS WERE ONE  
RUNNING THE BRITISH  
FORCES...



THE BRITISH WERE  
IN A DESPERATE  
SITUATION...

ARMED'S  
GETTIN' L.A. NOW  
WHEN 'AVE HE GOT  
LEFT, SAID?

FOUR  
MAGAZINES, ERNE,  
AN' THAT'S OUR  
LOT!







NO, I DID  
A BUNK. I'M  
HEADIN' NORTH,  
LOOKIN' FOR  
SOMEBODY...

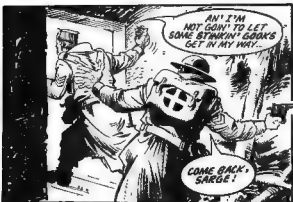
HEY, CORP,  
I THINK YOU'VE  
GETTIN' READY  
TO CHARGE THE  
HOUSE...



THEY'LL  
PUT YOU INSIDE  
AN' THROW AWAY  
THE KEY FOR THIS,  
HALE...

MY  
KID BROTHER'S  
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE...  
LIED WHEN HE ENLISTED  
... HE'S ONLY  
SIXTEEN!

I'VE  
GOT TO FIND  
HIM...



AN' I'M  
NOT GON' TO LET  
SOME STINKIN' GOOKS  
GET IN MY WAY...

COME BACK,  
SARGE!



IF I  
CAN JUST GET A  
GRENADE NEAR THE  
TRUCK'S PETROL  
TANK... UGH!



ALTHOUGH FATALLY WOUNDED,  
HALE HAD MANAGED TO  
THROW HIS GRENADE...

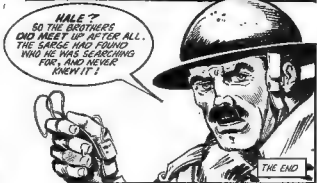


LET'S  
GET HIS TAG.  
I HOPE HIS BROTHER  
IS O.K. I'LL TRY AND  
TRACE HIM WHEN  
WE GET BACK TO  
H.Q.!

CORP', CORP',  
DIDN'T THE SARGE  
SAY HIS NAME WAS  
HALE?



WELL,  
ACCORDING TO  
THIS TAG OUR  
MATE WITH THE  
BANDAGES  
WAS NAMED  
HALE!



HALE?  
SO THE BROTHERS  
DID MEET UP AFTER ALL...  
THE SARGE HAD FOUND  
WHO HE WAS SEARCHING  
FOR, AND NEVER  
KNEW IT!

THE END





And now, welcome to our 'TRIPLE T' spot, that's Tornado's True Tales... a series of sagas about unusual Heroes in amazing feats of Heroism that **ACTUALLY HAPPENED!** The first saga occurred a long time ago, in a world very different from our own. It tells...

JAPAN, 1179 A.D.: FEW TRAVELLERS CROSSED THE GOJO BRIDGE AT NIGHT... AND NONE CROSSED IT SWORD IN HAND...

A FINE LOOKING SWORD YOU HAVE THERE, STRANGER... EITHER USE IT... OR HAND IT OVER.

# THE TALE OF BENKEI

YOU MUST BE BENKEI... I'VE HEARD OF YOU.

FEW HAD NOT HEARD OF BENKEI, OR HIS FAVOURITE SPORT... THE CHALLENGE!

WELL, YOU'LL NOT...

WHA...?

HA! WON'T I?

...AND HIS MAGNIFICENT SWORD COLLECTION...

HMM... A FINE BLADE! IT OBVIOUSLY DESERVES A WORTHIER OWNER THAN THAT WEAK FOOL!

AT DAWN, BENKEI RETURNED TO HIS VILLAGE WITH THE TROPHY...

THEY SAY HE'S VOWED TO WIN A THOUSAND SWORDS... AND HE'S ALMOST DONE IT!

I HOPE HE DOESN'T COME TO THIS INN... OR THERE'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE!



"THE TAIRA SENT HIM TO A MONASTERY, BUT HE WAS ALWAYS THINKING OF REVENGE. HE ESCAPED FROM THERE WHEN HE WAS FIFTEEN..."



"THEN HE MOVED NORTHWARDS KILLING FOUR BANDITS ON THE WAY... THAT WAS FIVE YEARS AGO..."



"HE'S SO GOOD WITH A SWORD THAT MEN NOW SAY HE'S BEEN TAUGHT THE ART BY THE MOUNTAIN SPIRITS, AND THAT'S WHY HE'S UNBEATABLE."

"AT LEAST, THAT'S THE STORY..."



TAUGHT BY THE MOUNTAIN SPIRITS? WELL, I'M THE SON OF A MOUNTAIN SPIRIT!

THIS YOSHITSUNE OF YOURS DOESN'T WORRY ME!

N-NO... OF COURSE NOT!



SON OF A DEMON, MORE LIKE...!

IT'S A PITY YOSHITSUNE'S STILL IN THE NORTH... NOW THERE'S A REAL MAN...!



DUSK FOUND BENKEI PREPARING  
FOR HIS FAVOURITE SPORT ONCE  
MORE...

SO THIS YOSHITSUNE  
WAS RAISED IN A MONASTERY  
IT SEEMS WE'VE SOMETHING  
IN COMMON, BESIDE THE  
**SWORD!**

BUT HE'S A LONG  
WAY AWAY... HE WON'T  
WORRY ME...

AND ONE MORE SWORD  
IS ALL I NEED... THEN I'LL  
HAVE MY THOUSAND!

THE GOJO BRIDGE WAS DESERTED, AS USUAL...

WELL, I'M  
PREPARED  
TO WAIT...

AND SO THE HOURS DRAGGED BY...  
UNTIL THE UNNATURAL SILENCE WAS  
BROKEN BY A MOURNFUL WAIL OF  
FLUTE MUSIC...

THE STRANGER  
WAS NOT THE  
HARDENED SOLDIER  
BENKEI HAD EXPECTED.

COME FORWARD INTO  
THE LIGHT...

AH, YOU WEAR  
A SWORD, BOY...  
YOU'LL NOT WEAR  
IT WHEN YOU LEAVE

YOU MUST BE  
BENKEI... I'VE  
BEEN LOOKING  
FOR YOU.







Welcome again, to our 'TRIPLE T' spot, that's Tornado's True Tales... a series of sagas about unusual Heroes in amazing feats of Heroism that ACTUALLY HAPPENED! This saga occurred a long time ago, in a world very different from our own. Part 2...



# THE TALE OF BENKEI

BY STEVE MOORE & MUSQUERA

IT WAS ON THE GOJO BRIDGE, SO LEGEND HAS IT, THAT BENKEI, THE FAMOUS BRISAND AND SWORD COLLECTOR, MET HIS MATCH, IN YOSHITSUNE, A YOUNG NOBLEMAN OF THE MUCH RESPECTED MINAMOTO FAMILY...

SO, BENKEI, YOU SEEK MY SWORD FOR YOUR COLLECTION. WELL, FAIR TRADE, FOR I SHALL HAVE YOUR HEAD AS MY TROPHY.

THEN KILL ME OR SPARE ME AS YOU WILL... MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS.



BRAVE WORDS FOR A MAN ABOUT TO DIE. WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU TO SAY?

KILL ME QUICKLY AND HAVE DONE WITH. I AM TIRED OF THIS TALK.



YOSHITSUNE HESITATED A MOMENT, AND THEN...

YOU IMPRESS ME, NOBLE WARRIOR. I SHALL SPARE YOUR LIFE ON CONDITION THAT YOU BECOME MY RETAINER.

COME! WE MUST HURRY!

AS THEY TRAVELLED, YOSHITSUNE EXPLAINED HIS MISSION...

VENGEANCE! VENGEANCE ON THE TAIRA CLAN, THAT NOW RULE THE COUNTRY IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR.

THEY ANSWERED MY PARENTS, FOR THAT MY BROTHER, YORITOMO, AND I, SHALL KILL THEM!



A WEEK LATER AT YORITOMO'S STATELY HOME...

SO THIS IS YOUR RETAINER, *SHAMEI*. IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIS *LEG*? DOESN'T HE KNOW HOW TO KNEEL?

CERTAINLY BROTHER... BUT ONLY TO THOSE WHO HAVE *BASTED* HIM IN COMBAT...



YOU MAY BE A BRAVE WARRIOR, YOSHITSUNE... BUT I SEE YOU KNOW LITTLE OF *SHAMEI*.

YOU ARE *WELCOME*, BROTHER... ALREADY THE TAIRA ARE PREPARING TO SEND AN ARMY AGAINST US...



AS OUR *FINEST* SOLDIER, YOU WOULD HONOUR ME TO LEAD OUR TROOPS INTO BATTLE. TOGETHER WE SHALL BE AS ONE... A GREAT LEADER AND A GREAT FIGHTER!



OVER THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, YOSHITSUNE PROVED THAT HIS LEADER-*SHIP* WAS LIKE HIS *SHOROSMANSHIP*. FAST, INCISIVE, SURPRISING...

IT'S THE MINAMOTO... ATTACKING DOWN THE CLIFF!

BUT THEY CAN'T... UNLESS IT'S YOSHITSUNE!



FOR THE FIVE YEARS OF FIERCE CIVIL WAR THAT FOLLOWED, BENKEI WAS ALWAYS AT HIS SIDE... SAVAGE, BLOODY AND UNDEFEATED...



NOW IT WAS THE MINAMOTO WHO RULED IN THE NAME OF THE EMPEROR... AND YOSHITSUNE WAS THE HERO OF THE HOUR...

ENJOY YOUR TRIUMPH WHILE YOU MAY, YOSHITSUNE... I FEAR YOU MAY FIND LIFE LESS TO YOUR LIKING THAN WAR...



... AND AS THOSE YEARS PASSED, BENKEI'S FAME AS A FIGHTER GREW.



UNTIL, AT THE SEA BATTLE OF DAN NO URU, THE POWER OF THE Taira Clan WAS SHATTERED FOREVER...

YET WHEN YOSHITSUNE ATTEMPTED TO REJOIN HIS BROTHER...

THE LORD YORITOMO HAS FORGIVEN ARMED MEN TO ENTER KAMAKURA! RETURN AND DISPERSE YOUR TROOPS... YOU WILL BE SENT FOR...



SENT FOR? HAS HE FORGOTTEN WHO I AM?

YOSHITSUNE COULD DO NOTHING BUT RETURN HOME IN HELPLESS ANGER...

WHY? I WON HIS DAMNABLE WAR FOR HIM... AND NOW MY OWN BROTHER REJECTS ME...



YORITOMO IS GUNNING AND HE PLAYS FOR THE HIGHEST STAKES OF ALL...

BESIDES YOU ARE ONLY HIS HALF-BROTHER... PERHAPS HE WOULD PREFER NO BROTHER AT ALL...

EVENTUALLY, AN  
EMISSARY ARRIVED  
TO YORITOMO. IT  
WAS LIKE WATER  
TO A MAN DYING  
OF THIRST...

LORD  
TOSABO  
SEEKS A PRIVATE  
AUDIENCE...

TOSABO:  
MY BROTHER'S  
MOST TRUSTED MAN?  
JEE, BENKEI? HE HADN'T  
FORGOTTEN ME!

YORITOMO  
FORGETS NOTHING...  
BUT WHAT HAS  
HE GENT?

WELCOME,  
TOSABO!

BACK, MY  
LORD: YOUR  
BROTHER SENDS  
DEATH...

NOW, I WILL SEND  
YOUR HEAD BACK  
TO YORITOMO

BOX...

WAIT,  
BENKEI. MY  
BROTHER MAY  
HAVE FORGOTTEN  
HIS HONOUR...  
BUT I'VE NOT.  
I WON'T KILL AN  
OLD COMRADE...

I'LL SEE  
YOU IN HELL  
FOR THIS,  
BENKEI!

THEN WE'LL  
ROT IN HELL  
TOGETHER... BUT  
YOU'RE GOING  
THERE FIRST!

I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE A NOBLEMAN,  
TOSABO... NOT A  
TREACHEROUS  
ASSASSIN...

OOORRRGH!

DEATH  
MEN AND  
SEND HIM  
BACK TO MY  
BROTHER...

YOU'RE A  
FOOL, MY LORD!  
IS HONOUR MORE  
IMPORTANT  
THAN LIFE?

ASK THE GHOSTS  
OF THE TAIRA  
WE SLEW, BENKEI: THEY  
DIED IN THEIR  
HONOUR...

AND THEY  
LOST JUST AS  
YOU HAVE! WE CAN'T  
STAY HERE ANY  
LONGER...

SO BEGAN MANY YEARS  
OF WANDERING...

LESS THAN  
THIRTY MEN: IS  
THIS ANY WAY FOR  
A GENERAL TO  
TRAVEL?

IT IS IF HE WANTS TO STAY  
ALIVE. MORE MEN WOULD ATTRACT  
TOO MUCH ATTENTION! THE  
MOBES WILL HAVE TO GO, TOO...  
WE'LL DISGUISE OURSELVES  
AS PRIESTS...

YET THE ROADS WERE NOT WITHOUT THEIR DANGERS...

THAT'S THE **ATAKA BARRIER**: YORITOMO WILL **KNOW** WE HAVE TO COME THIS WAY TO GET TO THE NORTH...

BUT HIS MEN WILL PROBABLY BE WAITING FOR A **GENERAL AND SOLDIERS...**

SO WE'LL HAVE TO CONVINCE THEM WE'RE **REAL PRIESTS**: IF YOU GO TO THE REAR, YOU'LL PROBABLY BE **SAFER THERE...**

AND LEAVE THE REST TO **OLD BENKEI'S SUPPLE TONGUE!**

**STAND WHERE YOU ARE!** NO ONE COMES THROUGH HERE EXCEPT ON THE **EMPEROR'S BUSINESS.**

BUT WE ARE **SIMPLE PRIESTS**, YOUR HONOUR! I HAVE A LETTER FROM THE **ABBOT OF HOKOJI**. HERE, WE'RE COMMANDED TO COLLECT MONEY FOR **TEMPLE RESTORATION.**

THE LETTER SEEMS **GENUINE...** AND THE **ABBOT OF HOKOJI** IS NOT A MAN TO CROSS...

LET THEM THROUGH BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND...

THANK YOU, YOUR HONOUR... COME, MY MEN!

BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT...

MASTER... THE LAST ONE IN LINE... I'D SWEAR THAT WAS **KOGITSUNE!**

THEY'VE **RECOGNIZED HIM...** AND WE'RE **UNARMED!** IT'S ALL OVER...

NEXT WEEK...  
**THE LAST BATTLE!**





Welcome again to our 'TRIPLE T' spot, that's Tornado's True Tales... a series of sagas about unusual Heroes in amazing feats of Heroism that ACTUALLY HAPPENED! This saga occurred a long time ago, in a world very different from our own.

# THE TALE OF BENKEI

## PART 3

JAPAN 1186 A.D.

THE FIVE YEAR WAR WAS OVER AND THE MINAMOTO FAMILY CONTROLLED THE COUNTRY. BUT WHEN PEACE CAME, THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY, YORITOMO, TURNED ON HIS BROTHER, YOSHITSUNE, WHO WAS FORCED TO FLEE WITH HIS FAITHFUL RETAINER, BENKEI, FORMER BRIGAND AND MASTER SWORDSMAN.

TRAVELLING UNDER THE GUISE OF MONKS THEY FINALLY REACHED THE ATAKA PASS, WHERE...



YORITOMO'S SOLDIERS HAVE RECOGNISED MY MASTER! GOT TO ACT QUICKLY...

YOU THERE! HURRY UP! MOVE ALONG OR I'LL TAKE MY STICK TO YOU AGAIN...



I WILL ANYWAY! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A LAZY CUR! ALWAYS DAWDLING AND DRAGGING YOUR FEET...

WHAT? BUT... WAAAAAGH!



WHAT'S THIS? NO SAMURAI WOULD DARE TREAT HIS MASTER LIKE THAT...

SAY YOURSELF A PRIEST? YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN AN ANIMAL! IN FACT YOU'RE WORSE!

I MUST BE WRONG- THIS CAN'T BE YOSHITSUNE...

BY STEVE MOORE & MUSQUERA



AND THEN, BEFORE ANY OF THE SOLDIERS COULD REACT, THEY WERE THROUGH...

AH, YOU CAN USE THOSE LEGS... GO ON THEN, RUN. RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



BUT WHEN THEY WERE OUT OF SIGHT...

**FORGIVE ME, MASTER... I'LL NEVER BE A TRUE SAMURAI!** I DESERVE A SEPARATE DEATH FOR EVERY BLOW I STRUCK YOU!

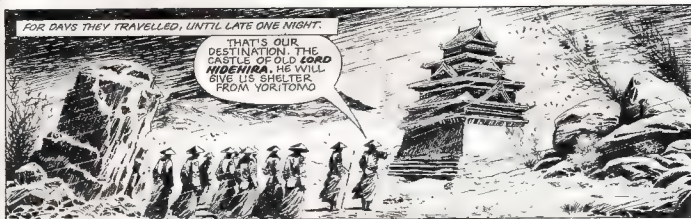
DEATH

THE SAMURAI CODE STATED THAT IF A MAN LAID HANDS ON HIS MASTER HE SHOULD BE PUT TO DEATH.



YOU DON'T DESERVE DEATH, BENKEI... BUT LIFE! FOR THE LIFE YOU'VE GIVEN BACK TO ME...

COME ON, LET'S CATCH UP WITH THE OTHERS!



FOR DAYS THEY TRAVELLED, UNTIL LATE ONE NIGHT.

THAT'S OUR DESTINATION. THE CASTLE OF OLD LORD HIDEHIRA. HE WILL GIVE US SHELTER FROM YORITOMO



BUT... MY FATHER DIED TWO WEEKS AGO BUT HIS PROMISES WILL BE KEPT!! YASUHIRA, OFFER YOU MY PROTECTION!



AND AFTER THEY HAD BEEN SHOWN TO THEIR QUARTERS...

WE'RE SAFE AT LAST, EH, YOSHITSUNE?

**NO, OLD FRIEND. DEATH IS VERY CLOSE... I CAN FEEL IT STEPPING ON MY SHADOW!**



INDEED, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, YASUHIRA WAS ALREADY BETRAYING HIS PROMISE...

YOU WILL TAKE THIS LETTER TO YORITOMO... AND RIDE LIKE THE WIND! TELL HIM I HAVE A BROTHER... LIKE A LOBSTER IN A POT!

ALL WAS QUIET UNTIL ONE DAY...

**MY LORD!** YASUHIRA'S OUTSIDE THE CASTLE WITH THOUSANDS OF YOUR BROTHER'S SOLDIERS!

SO THIS IS HOW THE DOG KEEPS HIS PROMISES! COME, WE MUST SEE FOR OURSELVES!



SO, YASUHIRA! YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR HUNTING PACK WITH YOU! AND HOW MANY DOGS WILL IT TAKE TO TEAR OLD BENKEI TO PIECES?

RANT ALL YOU WISH, BENKEI! YOU'LL NOT TALK SO LOUD WHEN 30,000 OF YORITOMO'S MEN HAVE TRAMPLED YOUR LIFE-LESS CARCASS!

BENKEI REPORTED BACK TO HIS MASTER

WE ARE SURROUNDED BY YORITOMO'S BEST MEN, BUT YASUHIRA OFFERS YOU SURRENDER!

NEVER!! WOULD PREFER TO DIE WITH HONOUR!

WILL THEY GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME?

TIME? I'LL MAKE THEM GIVE YOU TIME

PERHAPS I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN ONE DAY... IN ETERNITY-

WHILST YOSHITSUNE PREPARED FOR DEATH

SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS EXILED BETRAYED ALONE...

LET DEATH BE MY FINAL PROTEST AGAINST THE INJUSTICES OF HEAVEN THEN DEATH WITH HONOUR!

BENKEI RETURNED TO BATTLE!

AAARGH!

SACK, CARRION! NOTHING CROSSES THIS BRIDGE WHILE BENKEI LIVES!

AAH!

THEN YOU'LL NOT LIVE FOR LONG, OLD WARRIOR!



BUT BENKEI LIVED... FOR A WHILE. FOR  
HALF A DAY HE VALIANTLY DEFENDED THE  
CASTLE, UNTIL...

OTHERS ARE ALL  
DEAD... WELL, I'LL  
JOIN THEM **SOON  
ENOUGH...**

**GOORRRK!**

... A STRAY ARROW CAUGHT HIM JUST ABOVE THE HEART.

**UHHH!**

**THUK!**  
**THUK!**

SEEING HIM DEFEATED, YASUHIRA  
HALTED HIS ARCHERS A MOMENT.

YOU'VE DONE  
ALL THAT'S EXPECTED  
OF YOU, BENKEI!

SURRENDER, AND YOUR **HONOUR**  
WILL STILL BE INTACT... AS  
WELL AS YOUR LIFE!

**HONOUR? HONOUR**  
IS FOR... "**NOBLEMEN**"  
LIKE YOU... YASUHIRA...

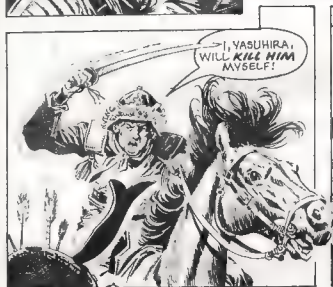
BRAWLERS AND  
BRAGGARTS LIKE BENKEI...  
**DIE FIGHTING!**

**AAAH!  
BACK!  
BACK!**

**HE  
CAN'T BE  
HUMAN!**

**HUMAN?  
WHO SAID  
I WAS HUM-  
MAARRH!**

**THUK!**  
**THAK!**





# THE TERROR BEHIND THE BAMBOO CURTAIN



YOU WILL WORK TILL YOU DROP,  
BRITISH DOGS! BRIDGE MUST BE FINISHED  
BY MONSOON - OR YOU  
DIE!

THAT'S COLONEL SADO  
THE CAMP COMMANDANT JIM  
HE'S A CRUEL DEVIL

IT IS 1942 A GROUP OF NEW PRISONERS HAVE  
ARRIVED AT A JAPANESE PRISONER OF WAR  
CAMP IN BURMA WHERE THEY ARE BEING  
FORCED TO BUILD A BRIDGE ACROSS THE  
BENWADDY RIVER

Among the prisoners was big Jim  
Baker, a crack jungle fighter

I'M NOT STAYING IN  
THIS STINKING JAP RAT-HOLE  
TO ROT, JENSEN. GOT  
TO GET OUT OF HERE

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY,  
JIM - THE BAMBOO CURTAIN  
AND I'D RATHER FACE A  
JAP SUICIDE SQUAD THAN GO  
IN THERE

The camp walls only ran on three sides. The fourth was  
a bamboo forest. As the men returned from work

THAT'S THE BAMBOO CURTAIN  
MATE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT SADO'S  
GOT BEHIND THERE, BUT NO  
BODY EVER COMES OUT ALIVE. HE  
GETS A BIG KICK OUT OF  
SENDING MEN INTO IT TO DIE!

LOOK - IT'S BERT FEARNLAY!  
THEY'RE TAKING HIM TO IT NOW. HE  
WAS TOO WEAK TO FINISH HIS  
WORK QUOTA TODAY.

THE RATS!

THE BRITISH PIG NO BUILD  
BRIDGE FAST ENOUGH. MUST BE  
PUNISHED AS EXAMPLE TO  
YOU ALL! TRIP THROUGH  
BAMBOO CURTAIN TEACH HIM  
ERROR OF HIS WAYS!

NO! NO!  
I BEG YOU!



Fearly's death cry  
rang round the camp

BE WARNED ALL  
PRISONERS WORK  
BAD SADO DEAL  
WITH YOU SAME  
WAY!

IF I WASN'T  
CHAINED I'D RIP  
HIM APART  
WITH MY BARE  
HANDS

THE JUNGLE OF DEATH  
TRAPS IS CRUSHING THE LADS  
TURNING THEM INTO CRING  
ING COOLIES SOMEONE'S GOT TO  
PUT A STOP TO SADO'S GAME  
LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO ME

Next day as the prisoners  
laboured on the bridge -

WHAT THE HECK'S COME  
OVER BLAKE? HE'S LOUNGING  
ABOUT LIKE HE'S HAVIN'  
A DAY ON BRIGHTON BEACH!

C'MON JIM  
GET WEAVING HERE  
COMES THE JAP  
GUARD!

HE'LL BE FOR  
IT NOW

YOU! BIG BOY!  
GET UP AND  
WORK!

AW, GET LOST  
NIP. CAN'T A GUY  
HAVE A SNOOZE?

ON YOUR FEET -  
OR YOU FOR  
CHOP

STONE ME! I WAS  
HAVING A NICE KIP TILL  
YOU STUCK YOUR  
UGLY MUG IN

IF YOU'RE NOT  
CAREFUL I MIGHT JUST  
LOSE ME TEMPER  
WITH YOU!

AAAGH!

More Jap guards  
rushed up

UURGH

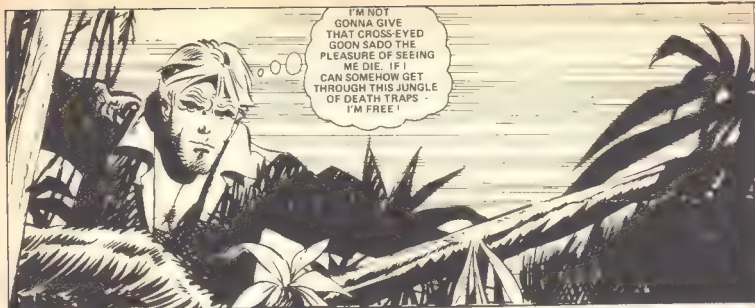
AIEE! GET  
SADO! GET  
SADO

Four guards to hold  
Sado. When Sado arrived

CONGRATULATIONS  
BLAKE YOUR FOOLISH  
ACTIONS HAVE COST  
YOU YOUR LIFE FOR  
REFUSING TO WORK  
YOU WILL BE TAKEN INTO  
THE BAMBOO CURTAIN!

IT'S CURTAINS FOR  
YOU NOW BLAKE HA  
HAI I MAKE LITTLE  
BRITISH JOKE! BUT WHEN  
YOU GET INSIDE YOU  
NOT FIND IT SO FUNNY  
IT WILL AMUSE ME  
TO WATCH  
YOU DIE!

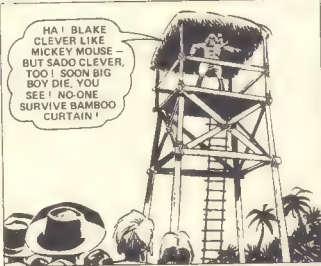
SADO'S GLOATING ALL OVER  
HIS MUSH BUT THIS IS WHAT I  
WANTED ALL THE TIME! IT'S THE  
ONLY WAY OUT O' HERE IF I CAN  
SOMEHOW SURVIVE THE UNKNOWN  
TERRORS THAT LIE IN WAIT  
IT'LL SMASH SADO'S HOLD OVER  
THE LADS ONCE AND FOR ALL!



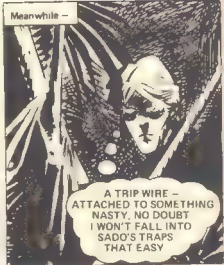
I'M NOT GONNA GIVE THAT CROSS-EYED GOON SADO THE PLEASURE OF SEEING ME DIE. IF I CAN SOMEHOW GET THROUGH THIS JUNGLE OF DEATH TRAPS I'M FREE!



From a high tower overlooking the Bamboo Curtain, the brutal Colonel Sado watched Blake's progress eagerly -



HA! BLAKE CLEVER LIKE MICKEY MOUSE - BUT SADO CLEVER, TOO! SOON BIG BOY DIE, YOU SEE! NO ONE SURVIVE BAMBOO CURTAIN!

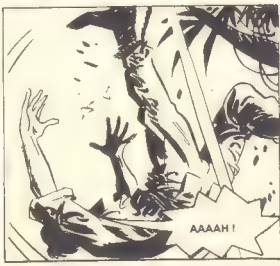


Meanwhile -

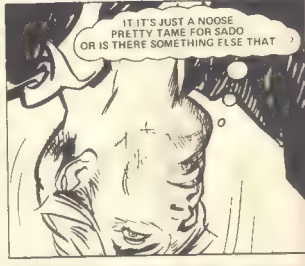
A TRIP WIRE - ATTACHED TO SOMETHING NASTY, NO DOUBT I WON'T FALL INTO SADO'S TRAPS THAT EASY



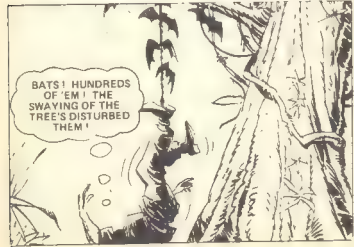
But then -



AAAAH!



IT IT'S JUST A NOOSE PRETTY TAME FOR SADO OR IS THERE SOMETHING ELSE THAT



BATS! HUNDREDS OF 'EM! THE SWAYING OF THE TREE'S DISTURBED THEM!

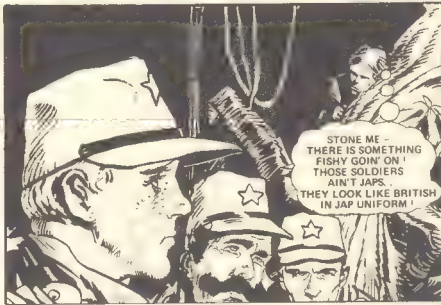
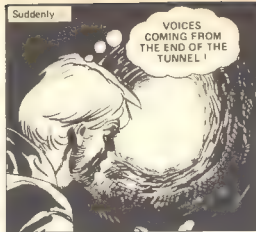
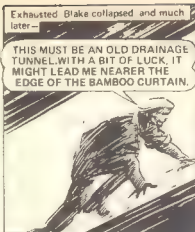
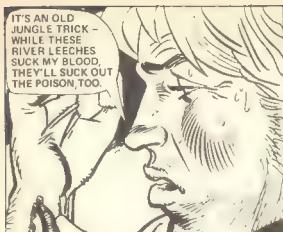


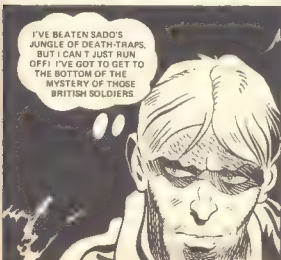
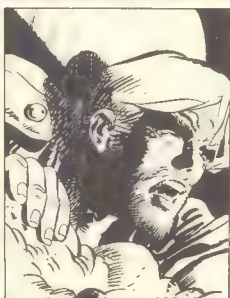
AAAGH! TH THEY'RE EATING ME ALIVE!

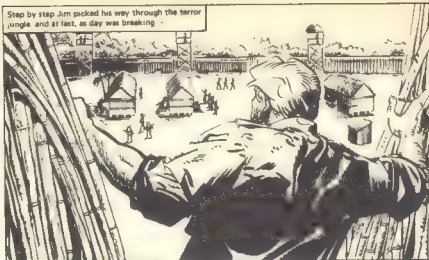




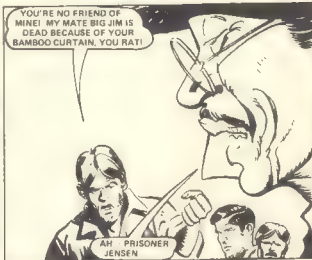








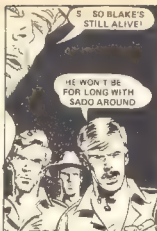
Meanwhile in the camp  
compound





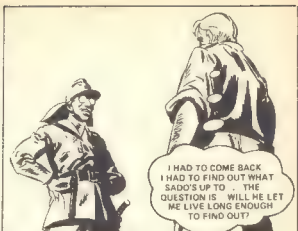


THAT'S RIGHT, SADO -  
ME! I'VE BEATEN YOUR  
BAMBOO CURTAIN  
WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO  
TO ME?



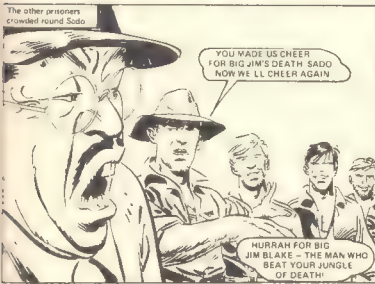
S SO BLAKE'S  
STILL ALIVE!

HE WON'T BE  
FOR LONG WITH  
SADO AROUND



I HAD TO COME BACK  
I HAD TO FIND OUT WHAT  
SADO'S UP TO - THE  
QUESTION IS - WILL HE LET  
ME LIVE LONG ENOUGH  
TO FIND OUT?

The other prisoners  
crowded round Sado

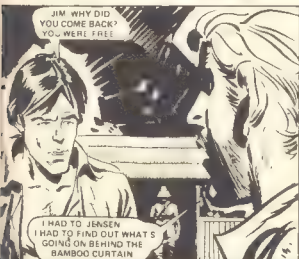


YOU MADE US CHEER  
FOR BIG JIM'S DEATH SADO  
NOW WE'LL CHEER AGAIN

MURRAH FOR BIG  
JIM BLAKE - THE MAN WHO  
BEAT YOUR JUNGLE  
OF DEATH!

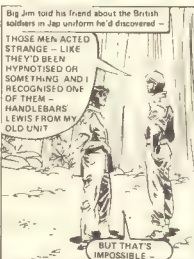


SADO'S TURNED AWAY  
THANK GOODNESS! GUESS IF  
HE'D KILLED ME HE'D  
HAVE LOST FACE BY HIS CRAZY  
JAPANESE CODE



JIM WHY DID  
YOU COME BACK?  
YOU WERE FREE

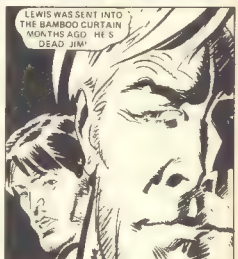
I HAD TO JENSEN  
I HAD TO FIND OUT WHAT'S  
GOING ON BEHIND THE  
BAMBOO CURTAIN



Big Jim told his friend about the British  
soldiers in Jap uniform he'd discovered -

THOSE MEN ACTED  
STRANGE - LIKE  
THEY'D BEEN  
HYPNOTISED OR  
SOMETHING AND I  
RECOGNISED ONE  
OF THEM -  
HANDLEBARS  
LEWIS FROM MY  
OLD UNIT

BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE -



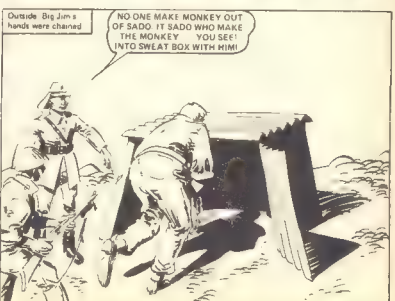
LEWIS WAS SENT INTO  
THE BAMBOO CURTAIN  
MONTHS AGO HE'S  
DEAD JIM!

Later that day



YOU - OUTSIDE  
SADO WANTS!

DON'T INTERFERE  
LADS SADO JUST WANTS  
HIS OWN BACK I CAN  
TAKE ANYTHING HE  
DISHES OUT

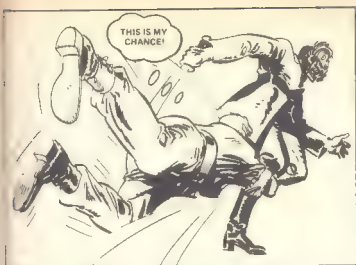


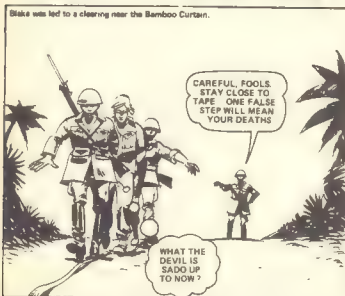
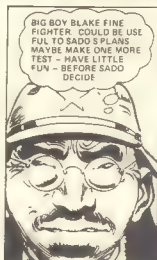
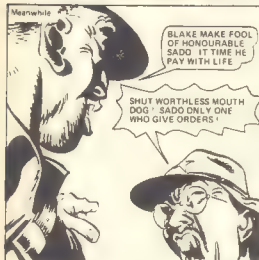
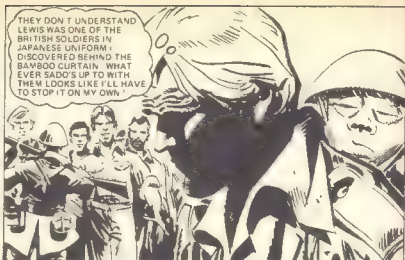
Outside Big Jim's  
hands were chained

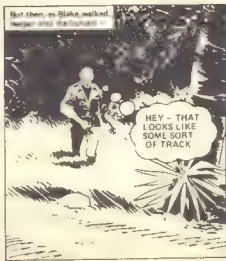
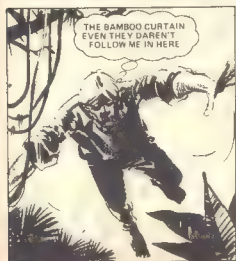
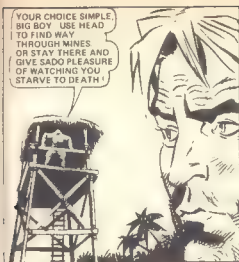
NO ONE MAKE MONKEY OUT  
OF SADO. IT SADO WHO MAKE  
THE MONKEY YOU SEE!  
INTO SWEAT BOX WITH HIM!













A CAMOUFLAGED PATH  
RIGHT THROUGH SADO'S  
TERROR JUNGLE. THIS  
COULD BE A HELP  
TO THE MYSTERY



Am followed the tracks

THE PAGODA—  
WHERE I DISCOVERED  
THOSE BRITISH  
SOLDIERS IN JAP  
UNIFORM

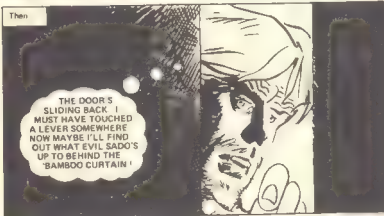


HELP  
CAN'T TAKE  
ANYMORE!  
PLEASE  
HELP ME

WHAT ON EARTH?  
THERE'S SOMEONE  
TRAPPED IN THERE!

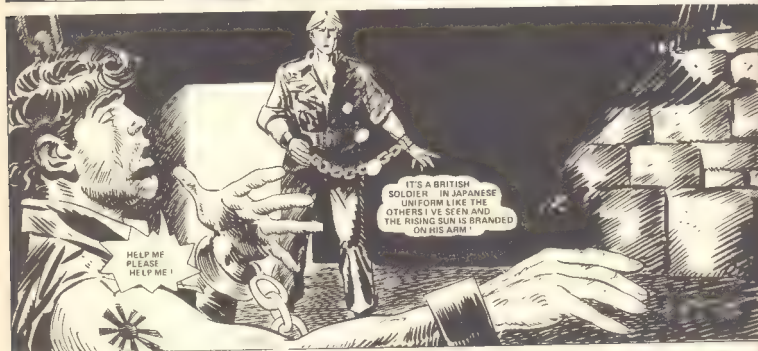


WHOEVER IT  
IS SOUNDS IN  
A BAD WAY  
BUT NOW  
DO I GET IN?



Then

THE DOOR'S  
SLIDING BACK. I  
MUST HAVE TOUCHED  
A LEVER SOMEWHERE  
NOW MAYBE I'LL FIND  
OUT WHAT EVIL SADO'S  
UP TO BEHIND THE  
'BAMBOO CURTAIN'



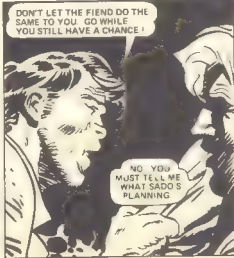
HELP ME  
PLEASE  
HELP ME!

IT'S A BRITISH  
SOLDIER IN JAPANESE  
UNIFORM LIKE THE  
OTHERS I'VE SEEN AND  
THE RISING SUN IS BRANDED  
ON HIS ARM!



WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
WATE?  
WHO CHAINED  
YOU UP?

SADO, YOU'RE  
TOO LATE TO SAVE  
ME FROM SADO!



DON'T LET THE FIEND DO THE  
SAME TO YOU. GO WHILE  
YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE!

NO YOU  
MUST TELL ME  
WHAT SADO'S  
PLANNING

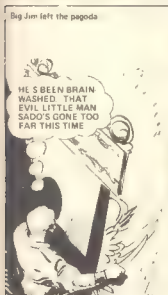
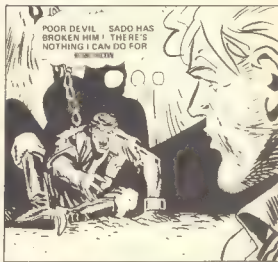
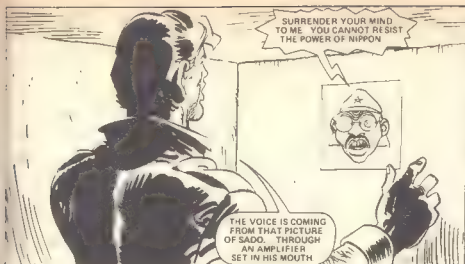


Suddenly—

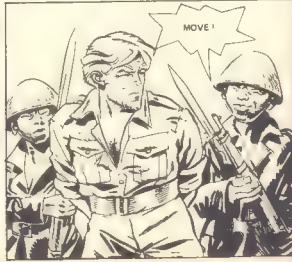
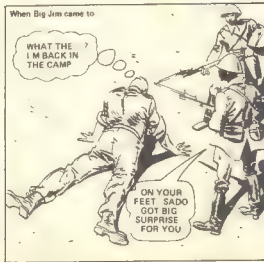
THOSE LIGHTS!  
THEY'RE  
BLINDING ME

GOOD EVENING,  
BRITISH DOG. IT  
TIME TO RESUME  
OUR LITTLE CHAT











IF SADO'S GOING TO KILL ME NOW, I'LL GO TO MY DEATH LIKE A MAN - LIKE A BRITISH SOLDIER



But

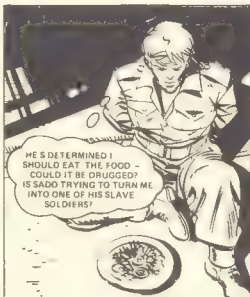
AH WELCOME, MR BLAKE. IT NOT EXACTLY RITZ HOTEL. BUT SADO DO HIS BEST. SIT DOWN. EAT. DRINK. ENJOY YOURSELF.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT A LAVISH SPREAD BUT IF SADO'S NOT GOING TO KILL ME, WHAT KIND OF DE VILISH GAME IS HE PLAYING NOW?



THAT'S SOME LOCK YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR OFFICE, SADO. EXPECTING BURGLARS?

NO MAKE JOKES, SITI!



HE'S DETERMINED I SHOULD EAT THE FOOD - COULD IT BE DRUGGED? IS SADO TRYING TO TURN ME INTO ONE OF HIS SLAVE SOLDIERS?



Big Jim thought desperately

WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS, SADO? HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT LIKE THIS? UNTIE ME.



GOOD WHILE SADO'S NOT WATCHING, I CAN SWOP OUR DISHES!



YOU STILL HESITATE, MR BLAKE. BUT THERE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM JAPANESE FOOD HERE, SUKI.

THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING.



SEE - SUKI LIKE BIG BOY LIKE TOO! PLEASE TO EAT.



But suddenly a strange light came into the cat's eyes



Next second

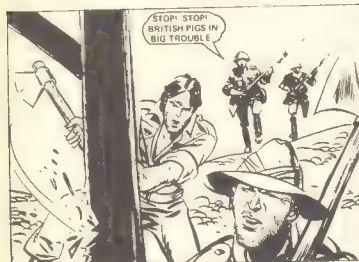
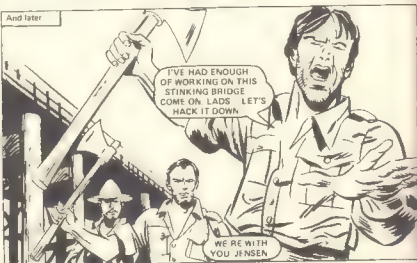
SUKI AAGH!



Next day, Blake told his friend Jensen what had happened

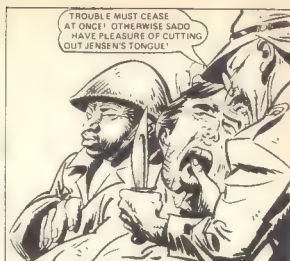


And later



Sado was called

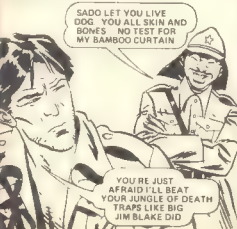




Quickly, Blake climbed to the  
roof of the commandant's hut



Colonel Sado turned to Jensen who had started  
the trouble





At that moment, in Sado's hut, Jim Blake was working feverishly

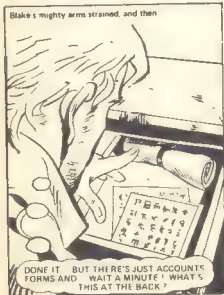


I'VE CHECKED EVERYWHERE BUT THAT DESK. THE SECRET OF THOSE BRAINWASHED SOLDIERS WAS GOTTA BE THERE



DRAWER'S LOCKED BUT I'LL SOON RIP IT OPEN

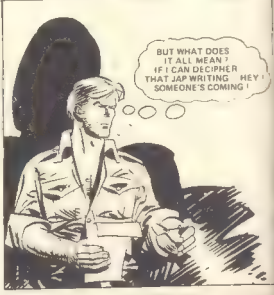
Blake's mighty arms strained, and then



DONE IT! BUT THERE'S JUST ACCOUNTS FORMS AND WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THIS AT THE BACK?



NAMES OF MEN WHO WERE SENT THROUGH THE BAMBOO CURTAIN. AND I'M AT THE HEAD OF THE LIST



BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? IF I CAN DECIPHER THAT JAP WRITING HEY! SOMEONE'S COMING!



SO! OFFICE HAS BEEN SEARCHED!



INTRUDER STILL HERE AM? SOFTLY SOFTLY CATCHEE MONKEE

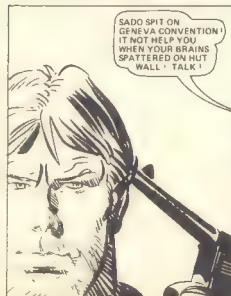
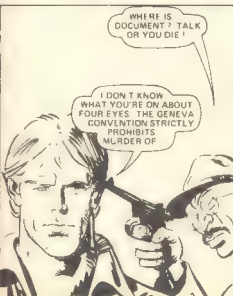
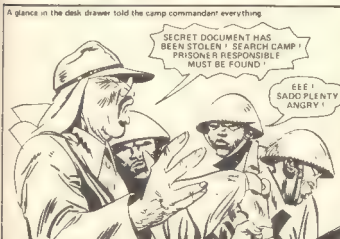
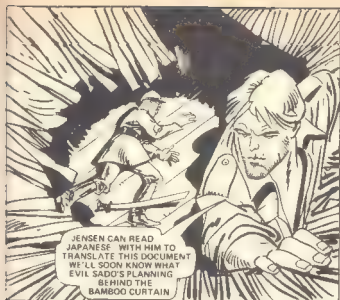


DIE!



LEAVING BOOTS BEHIND A CURTAIN IS AN OLD TRICK. THE JOKE'S ON YOU YOU BUCK TOOTHED BUTCHER!







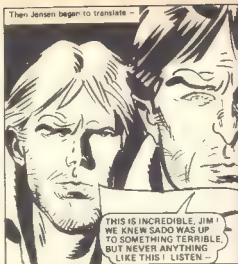
GUN EMPTY HA! YOU GOT  
PLENTY BIG FRIGHT, EH?  
BUT IF YOU KNEW YOU  
WOULD HAVE TALKED TO  
SAVE MISERABLE LIFE!



The commandant stormed off --

IT TOOK  
SOME NERVE  
TO CALL  
SADO'S BLUFF

I HAD TO TAKE THE  
RISK. MY NAME'S  
HEAD OF THAT LIST  
I FIGURED THAT  
MEANT I WAS TOO  
IMPORTANT TO  
SADO'S PLANS TO DIE



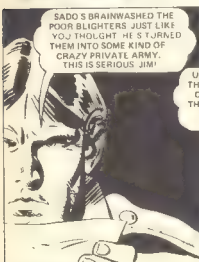
Then Jensen began to translate --

THIS IS INCREDIBLE, JIM!  
WE KNEW SADO WAS UP  
TO SOMETHING TERRIBLE  
BUT NEVER ANYTHING  
LIKE THIS! LISTEN --



THIS DOCUMENT REVEALS  
THAT THOSE BRITISH MEN IN  
JAP UNIFORM HAVE ALL  
GONE THROUGH SADO'S JUNGLE  
OF DEATH TRAPS AND  
SURVIVED

SO THAT'S THE REASON FOR  
THE BAMBOO CURTAIN! SADO  
ONLY WANTED THE TOUGHEST  
PRISONERS THE WEAK ONES  
DIDN'T MAKE IT THROUGH!



SADO'S BRAINWASHED THE  
POOR BLIGHTERS JUST LIKE  
YOU THOUGHT HE'S TURNED  
THEM INTO SOME KIND OF  
CRAZY PRIVATE ARMY.  
THIS IS SERIOUS, JIM!



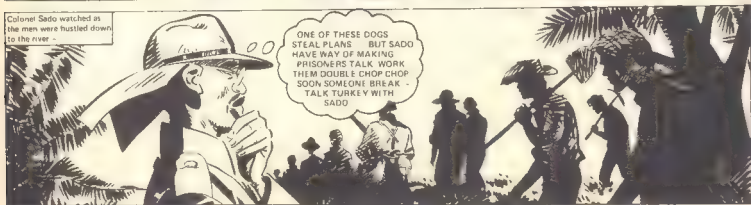
THEY'RE BEING HELD AT  
THE PAGODA INSIDE THE  
CURTAIN. THERE'S A  
SECRET ENTRANCE UNDER  
ONE OF THE FLAGSTONES

UNDER SADO'S DIRECTION,  
THOSE MEN COULD ALTER THE  
COURSE OF THE WAR IN BURMA  
THIS DOCUMENT'S GIVEN US A  
VITAL CLUE - IT'S UP TO US  
TO ACT ON IT



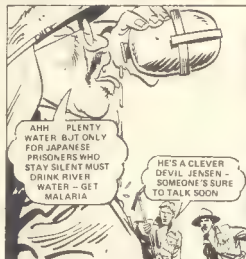
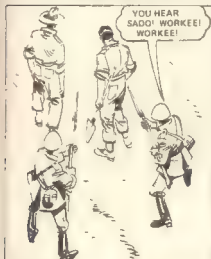
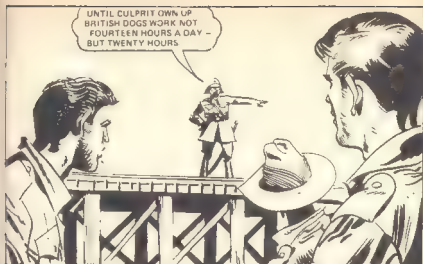
Suddenly

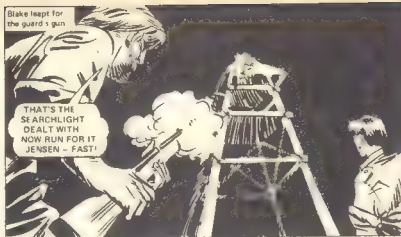
PRISONERS OUT  
SADO WANT ALL MEN  
DOWN AT BRIDGE



Colonel Sado watched as  
the men were hustled down  
to the river --

ONE OF THESE DOGS  
STEAL PLANS - BUT SADO  
HAVE WAY OF MAKING  
PRISONERS TALK. WORK  
THEM DOUBLE CHOP CHOP  
SOON SOMEONE BREAK -  
TALK TURKEY WITH  
SADO

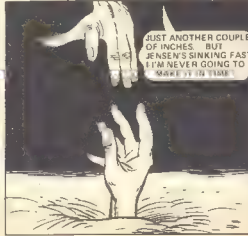
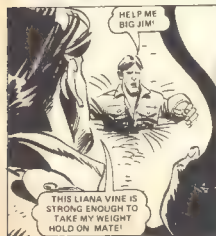




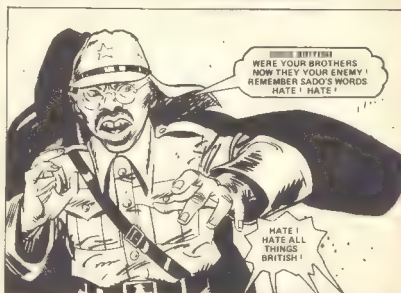
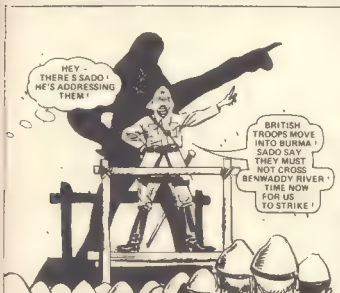
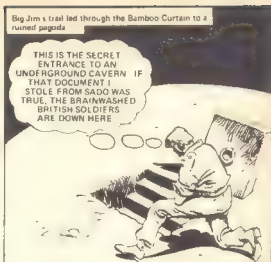
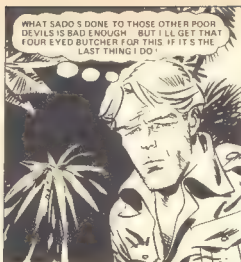
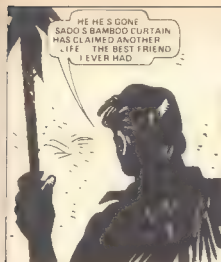
The men were quickly inside the deadly Bamboo Curtain.



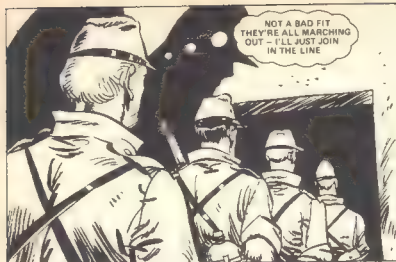
For tense hours the two men struggled on.











NOT A BAD FIT  
THEY'RE ALL MARCHING  
OUT - I'LL JUST JOIN  
IN THE LINE



REAL JAPS  
CHECKING EVERY  
MAN, GOTTA  
MAKE LIKE  
I'VE BEEN  
BRAINWASHED,  
TOO



But then

AIEEE!  
THIS MAN  
NO HAVE  
SADGY'S  
MARK!

HECK! I  
FORGOT! ALL  
THESE GUYS HAVE  
BEEN BRANDED  
WITH THE RISING  
SUN! THIS COULD  
BE STICKY!



TH THEY'RE GOING  
TO BRAND ME NOW!  
IF I SHOW ANY PAIN  
THEY'LL KNOW I'M  
A FAKE



Big Jim gritted his  
teeth as the red hot  
brand seared into  
his flesh

HE  
OKAY PASS  
HIM

For miles the long column of men followed  
Saddo over rough Burmese paths



WE'RE GOING  
TOWARDS THE  
HSENWO VALLEY  
THAT'S THE  
ROUTE A  
BRITISH ADVANCE  
WOULD TAKE

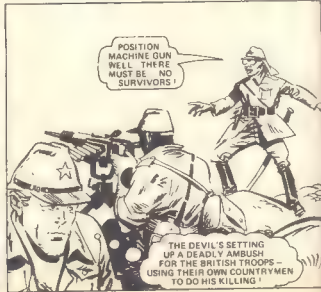


At last -

HSENWO  
VALLEY  
HA! WE STOP  
HERE

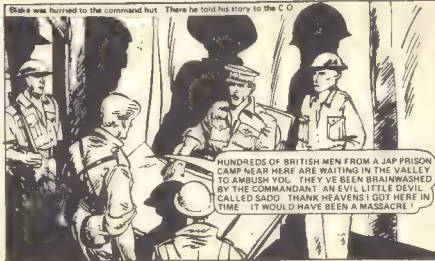
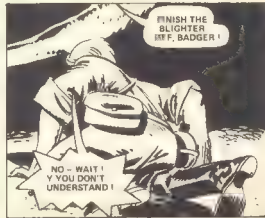
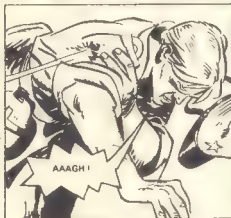
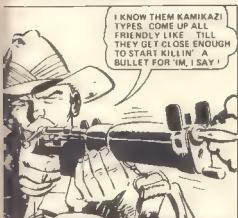


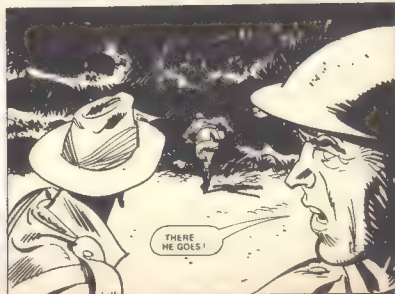
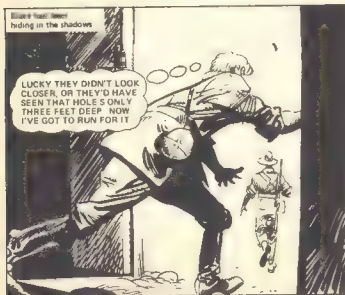
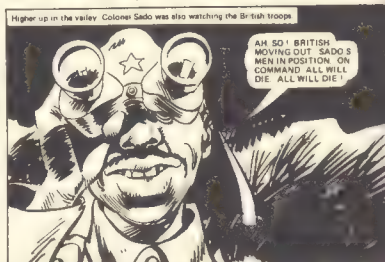
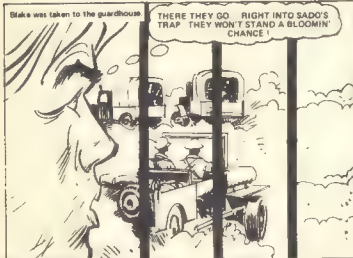
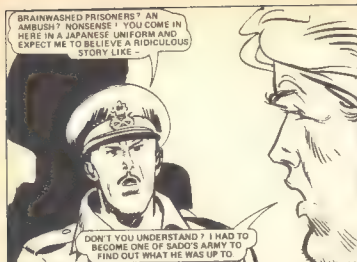
BRITISH ARMY CAMP ONLY THREE MILE  
AWAY - TOMORROW THEY MOVE  
FORWARD - AND HSENWO VALLEY  
BECOME VALLEY OF DEATH!



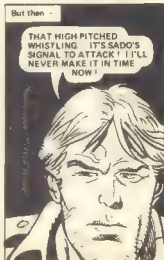
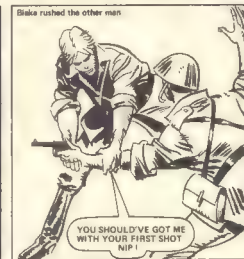
POSITION  
MACHINE GUN  
WELL THERE  
MUST BE NO  
SURVIVORS!

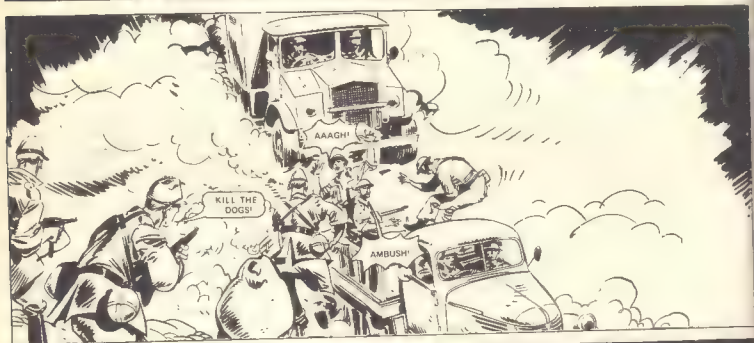
THE DEVIL'S SETTING  
UP A DEADLY AMBUSH  
FOR THE BRITISH TROOPS -  
USING THEIR OWN COUNTRYMEN  
TO DO HIS KILLING!











Colonel Sado watched the ambush with fanatical glee --



Suddenly a darting figure launched himself from the undergrowth --

WRONG, SADO! CALL YOUR LITTLE ARMY OFF, YOU BUTCHER, OR I'LL CARVE MY NAME ON YOUR THROAT!



Y - YOU HEAR BLAKE! GIVE SIGNAL CEFASE ATTACK!



The Japanese officer gave a shrill whistle





The brainwashed prisoners were rounded up, and soon --

LOOK THIS LITTLE BLIGHTER UP BACK IN THE GUARDHOUSE AN' WATCH HIM -- HE'S TRICKY.

YOU SAVED OUR SKINS, BLAKE. GUESS I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY FOR DOUBTING YOUR WORD. BUT SADO'S PLAN TO USE BRITISH PRISONERS AGAINST US WAS SO CRAZY --

NOT SO CRAZY, SIR. IT ALMOST WORKED.

The officer explained that the brainwashed men would be returned to England by troopship. A long period of maintenance in an army hospital would return them to normal. Colonel Sado would be held in prison until he could be tried by the War Crimes Commission. His almost certain sentence would be death.

But later, as the British troops headed towards Sado's prison camp to release the other prisoners --

SIR! THAT JAP COLONEL SADO -- HE HAD POISON ON HIM. HE DID FOR TWO OF HIS GUARDS AND MADE A BREAK FOR IT.

SADO ON THE LOOSE!

THAT EVIL LITTLE DEVIL WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF HUNDREDS OF GOOD LADS IN THE PRISON CAMP. I'M GOING AFTER HIM. WE'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE.

VERY WELL -- BUT BE CAREFUL, BLAKE.

Blake made for a dense patch of jungle near this prison camp.

THE RAMBOW CURTAIN -- THIS IS WHERE SADO WILL BE, HIDING BEHIND ALL HIS DEATH TRAPS. BUT NO TRAPS ARE GOING TO STOP ME.

SADO'S CAT! ON THE TRAIL OF HIS EVIL OWNER, BY THE LOOK OF IT.

THIS IS A STROKE OF LUCK! THE CAT KNOWS ALL THE SAFE PATHS THROUGH THE CURTAIN. IT'LL LEAD ME RIGHT TO HIS MASTER.

Up ahead, the Japanese commandant had caught a glimpse of Big Jim --

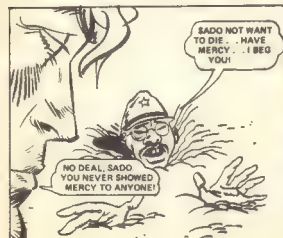
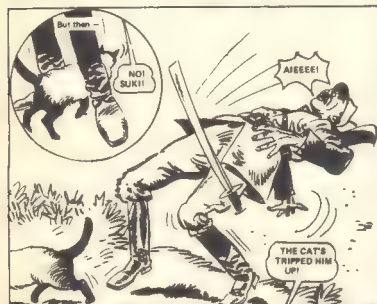
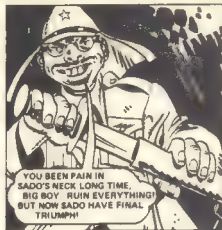
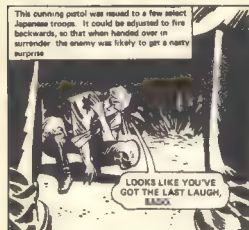
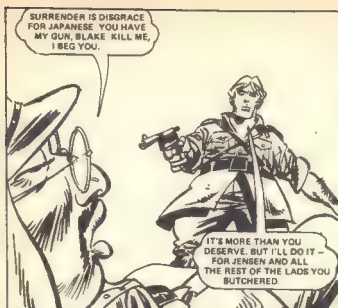
SUKI BRING BIG BOY BLAKE AFTER SADO. AH, SO... MAYBE ALL NOT YET LOST.

A GUN. SADO MUST'VE DROPPED IT IN HIS HURRY TO GET AWAY. I'M GETTING CLOSER.

And then, as Blake came into a clearing --

SADO FINISH. NO RUN NO MORE.

ON YOUR FEET, NIP. I'M TAKING YOU BACK.



THE END

High in the night sky over bomb-shattered Berlin, our Lancaster bomber had gained an extra crew member — death! I had the choice — to face him and die in our plane, or meet him at the end of . . .

# The Three Mile Drop!

A true and amazing story of war, told personally by Nicholas Alkemade, ex-Sergeant, R.A.F.

ON THE 24<sup>TH</sup> NIGHT OF MARCH 1944, R.A.F. BOMBER COMMAND PREPARED FOR ITS LAST MAJOR ATTACK ON BERLIN'S WAR INDUSTRIES. I WAS A SERGEANT REAR-GUNNER IN ONE OF THE LANCASTERS BRIEFED FOR THE RAID.



LITTLE DREAMING THAT I WOULD NEVER SEE THE PILOT, FLIGHT SERGEANT NEWMAN, ALIVE AGAIN, I HUDDLED IN MY REAR TURRET. IT WAS SO CRAMPED THAT THERE WAS NO ROOM TO WEAR A PARACHUTE — THAT HAD TO BE LEFT IN THE MAIN FUSELAGE . . .



WE ROARED DOWN THE RUNWAY AND TOOK OFF, CLIMBING HARD TO 21,000 FEET TO FORM UP WITH THE OTHER 300 BOMBERS HEADING FOR BERLIN. TWO HOURS AND THREE HUNDRED MILES LATER, WE WERE OVER FRANKFURT . . .



... AND GOERING WAS THROWING EVERYTHING HE HAD AT US.

IT SEEMED THAT EVERY ACK-ACK GUN IN GERMANY WAS TRACKING US — BUT SOMEHOW WE BROKE THROUGH AND THUNDERED ON. SOON WE SAW BERLIN'S SCATTERED SEARCHLIGHTS PROBING THE NIGHT SKY MERRILY . . .



BELOW, BLACKED-OUT BERLIN WAS A VELVET CARPET OF SHADOW, UNTIL SUDDENLY THE PATH-FINDERS' MARKER BOMBS FLARED EMERALD GREEN IN ITS MIDST, SIGHTING ON THEM WE MADE OUR RUN-UP . . .



I FELT STRANGELY ELATED — THIS WAS OUR THIRTEENTH MISSION OVER BERLIN AND WE HAD NOT BEEN JUMPED BY THE NIGHT FIGHTERS. THEN A RED AND ORANGE BALL ARCED ACROSS THE SKY TO MY RIGHT . . .



THEN SUDDENLY OUR OWN BOMBER STAGGERED AS TERRIFIC CRASHES RAN FROM NOSE TO TAIL . . . AND TWO CANNON SHELLS EXPLODED BLINDLY INTO MY PLEXI-GLASS SHELL!



STARING OUT OF THE SHATTERED TURRET, I SWUNG THE GUNS QUICKLY AS A JUNKERS 88 NIGHT FIGHTER CAME IN AGAIN FOR THE KILL . . .



HIS PORT ENGINE TRAILING A BANNER OF FLAME, HE PEELLED AWAY — THEN I FORGOT HIM, FOR I WAS SUDDENLY ENVELOPED IN FIRE . . .



FLAMING PETROL STREAMED PAST MY EXPOSED TURRET. THE SUP-STREAM WHIPPING THE FIRE VICIOUSLY AROUND ME, AND I HEARD NEWMAN'S STRONG VOICE COME THROUGH CALMLY . . .

I CAN'T HOLD HER MUCH LONGER, LADS! YOU'LL HAVE TO JUMP. **BALE OUT - BALE OUT!**

I KNEW I WOULD HAVE TO JUMP - BUT FIRST I HAD TO REACH MY 'CHUTE PACK INSIDE THE FUSELAGE. I SHOVED OPEN THE TURRET'S BACK DOORS - AND WRITHING COILS OF FLAME HIT ME IN THE FACE . . .



BUT I HAD TO GET THROUGH THAT SEA OF FIRE AND FIND MY 'CHUTE - OR BURN TO DEATH! I FOUGHT OFF THE PANIC - AND LUNGED FORWARD AGAIN - FOR A SECOND THE FLAMES CURLED ASIDE . . .



AND I SAW THE BILLOWING WHITE FOLDS OF BULK BURST OUT OF THE BURNING PACK AND VANISH IN FLAMING PUFFS!

I SLAMMED THE DOORS SHUT - AND THEN THE AWFUL SIGNIFICANCE BECAME CLEAR - THERE WAS NO OTHER 'CHUTE! I WAS GOING TO DIE, RIDING THE PLANE DOWN IN AN INFERNO OF ROARING FLAMES . . .



THE OXYGEN FROM MY MASK FED THE FLAMES TO WHITE HEAT. I CRIED OUT - BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER. ONLY THE SCREAMING WIND, AND FLAMES WERE BEGINNING TO SEAR MY FACE AND HANDS . . .



THE PAIN BECAME UNBEARABLE AND SUDDENLY I COULDN'T FACE THIS KIND OF DEATH - RATHER THE QUICK COOL END AWAITING ME OUTSIDE. I TURNED THE TURRET . . .



... AND IN DESPAIR SOMERSAULTED INTO SPACE - 18,000 FEET ABOVE GERMANY!

I FELT A STRANGE PEACE AT BEING AWAY FROM THAT SWELTERING HEAT. IT WAS SO QUIET, COOL, LIKE RESTING ON A CLOUD INSTEAD OF FALLING FASTER AND FASTER. I COULD SEE STARS BETWEEN MY FEET . . .



FALLING HEAD FIRST... IF THIS IS DYING... NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF...

I WAS PLUMMETING EARTHWARDS AT 120 MILES PER HOUR - ONLY 90 SECONDS TO THE END OF A VERY ORDINARY LIFE - THEN I BLACKED OUT . . .



AWARENESS RETURNED SLOWLY - ABOVE ME WAS A PINPOINT OF LIGHT IN A SEA OF BLACKNESS - IT WAS A STAR. I WAS BITTERLY COLD - MY ARMS AND LEGS FELT PARALYSED - AND THEN IT CAME TO ME, WITH AN OVERWHELMING SHOCK . . .



I'M ALIVE!

I WAS STIFF ALL OVER AND SERIOUS BURNS COVERED MY FACE AND HANDS - SEARCHING WITH MY HANDS, I FOUND A DEEP SPLINTER WOUND IN MY THIGH - BUT BEYOND THIS I WAS, INCREDIBLY, IN FAIR SHAPE. I LIT A CIGARETTE . . .



A PINE FOREST - I MUST HAVE CRASHED THROUGH THE BRANCHES - AND SOMEHOW LANDED SOFTLY IN THE SNOW BANK. AN 18,000 FOOT JUMP - AND A MILLION TO ONE LANDING!

THE COLD WAS KNIFING INTO ME. I TRIED TO STAND, BUT MY LEGS FOLDED UNDER ME. ESCAPE WAS IMPOSSIBLE SO I BEGAN TO BLOW THE WHISTLE IN MY TUNIC. SOON SHOUTS ANSWERED AND TORCH FLASHES CAME NEARER . . .



OH ENGLISHER PLUMBER!



WHEN THE SEARCHERS FOUND I COULDN'T WALK THEY DRAGGED ME OVER THE FROZEN GROUND ON A PIECE OF CANVAS AND CARRIED ME INTO A NEARBY FARMHOUSE. SOON AFTERWARDS TWO GESTAPO MEN ARRIVED. . . .



'RAUS - HERAUS!  
GET UP, ENGLISHMAN!

IN THE CAR WE JOLTED AND BOUNCED OVER ROUGH COUNTRY ROADS TO A SMALL HOSPITAL AT MESHEDE. THERE, A DOCTOR CUT AWAY MY CLOTHING AND BANDAGED MY WOUNDS - AND A GESTAPO AGENT BEGAN A COMIC-OPERA INTERROGATION...



YOUR  
PARACHUTE -  
WHAT DID  
YOU DO  
WITH IT?

I DIDN'T  
HAVE ONE.

HE SLAPPED ME HARD ACROSS THE FACE - AND I KNEW THAT I COULD NOT MAKE HIM BELIEVE WHAT HAD REALLY HAPPENED. BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER STORY I COULD TELL. . . .



IT BURNED  
IN THE AIRCRAFT -  
I JUMPED  
WITHOUT IT!

FROM EIGHTEEN  
THOUSAND FEET?  
IMPOSSIBLE!

DAY AFTER DAY THE QUESTIONING WENT ON - BUT I COULD NOT CONVINCE THEM I WAS TELLING THE TRUTH. THE SAME DISBELIEF GREETED ME THREE WEEKS LATER WHEN I LEFT THE HOSPITAL FOR DULAG LUFT, A TRANSIT CENTRE FOR POWS.



ONE WEEK'S  
SOLITARY  
CONFINEMENT,  
ENGLISHER - PERHAPS  
THEN YOU'LL TELL A  
BETTER STORY!

I DIDN'T FIND A BETTER STORY - BUT CURIOUSLY THE ANSWER CAME TO ME IN THAT FIRST NIGHT AND I LAUGHED. IT WAS SO SIMPLE. THE NEXT MORNING I WAS TAKEN FOR QUESTIONING AGAIN. . . .



SERGEANT, ARE YOU READY  
TO TELL US WHAT YOU DID  
WITH YOUR PARACHUTE?

SORRY, LIEUTENANT FIEDAL  
SAME STORY - I JUMPED  
WITHOUT IT! BUT IF YOU  
BRING ME MY PARACHUTE  
HARNES, I CAN PROVE IT!

THE LUFTWAFFE LIEUTENANT STARED AT ME - THEN HE SNAPPED AN ORDER. IN A MOMENT AN ORDERLY BROUGHT IN THE HARNES I HAD WORN I BUCKLED IT ON. . . .



THE PARACHUTE PACK  
FITS ON THESE TWO HOOKS -  
BUT LOOK AT THE  
AND THE LIFTWERS!

THEY'RE STILL TIED DOWN -  
IF TO USED A CHUTE THEY  
WOULD HAVE BEEN  
PULLED FREE!

SLOWLY AND INCREDULOUSLY, FIEDAL EXAMINED THE HARNES HIMSELF, SHAKING HIS HEAD IN ASTONISHMENT. THEN, WITH THE TRACE OF A SMILE, HE TOOK MY ARM EAGERLY. . . .



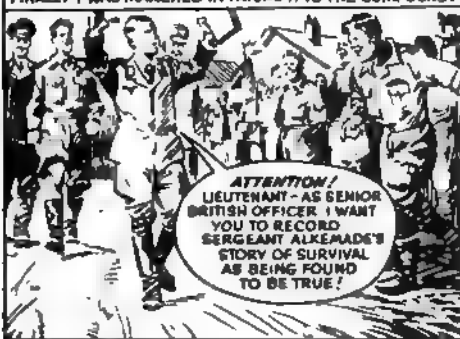
COME -  
WE MUST SEE THE  
HEER KOMMANDANT!

AFTER THAT, THE WORD SPREAD LIKE FIRE THROUGH DULAG LUFT. THE WAR WAS FORGOTTEN AND NATIONALITIES MEANT NOTHING AS GERMAN OFFICERS CROWDED AROUND ME TO HEAR MY STORY. . . .



... A STRANGE CAMARADERIE WAS  
IN THE AIR - WE WERE ALL FLYING MEN,  
AND ONE OF US HAD HAD A MIRACULOUS  
ESCAPE.

THEY SEEMED TO FORGET THAT I HAD SHOT DOWN ONE OF THEIR TOP NIGHTFIGHTER PILOTS - THEY JUST SAT AND LISTENED TO MY STORY OVER AND OVER AGAIN. FINALLY I WAS MARCHED IN TRIUMPH TO THE COMPOUND!

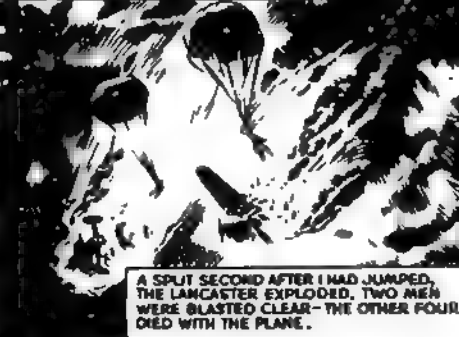


ATTENTION!  
LIEUTENANT - AS SENIOR  
BRITISH OFFICER I WANT  
YOU TO RECORD  
SERGEANT ALKEMADE'S  
STORY OF SURVIVAL  
AS BEING FOUND  
TO BE TRUE!

ON THE BLANK FLYLEAF FROM A BIBLE, FLIGHT LIEUTENANT MOORE TOOK DOWN THE FOLLOWING DICTATION FROM FIEDAL. . . .

*It has been investigated and corroborated by the German Authorities that the claim of Sergeant Alkemade No 1631557 R.A.F. is true in all respects, namely, that he has made a descent from eighteen thousand feet without a parachute and made a safe landing without injuries, the parachute having been burnt in the aircraft. He landed in snow among young fir trees.*  
Corroboration witnessed by:  
Signed, F/Lt H.G. Moore (A.B.O.)  
FIS R. R. Formby  
716. T. R. Jones. 25.4.44

AFTER THAT, I FELT LIKE A FREAK - AND ALL THROUGH THE LONG MONTHS AS A PRISONER UNTIL WE WERE LIBERATED IN MAY 1945. ONLY THEN DID I DISCOVER MY CREW-MATE'S FATE.



A SPLIT SECOND AFTER I HAD JUMPED,  
THE LANCASTER EXPLODED. TWO MEN  
WERE BLASTED CLEAR - THE OTHER FOUR  
DIED WITH THE PLANE.

All that seems so long ago now - like another life. Today, I sometimes wonder if it really happened - until I read the faded words on the flyleaf of a prison bible. Then my strange experience comes into focus again, AND I AM CONTENT TO BELIEVE THE MIRACLE OF MY SURVIVAL.





# VICTOR DRAGO

AND THE

## TERROR OF TROLL ISLAND!

Part 1

BY BILL HENRY & MIKE DOREY

LONDON - FEBRUARY, 1929!

A BITTER WIND SAVAGES OVER THE CHILL WATERS OF THE RIVER THAMES, HURLING A WHITE FURY OF SNOWFLAKES BEFORE IT IN SAVAGE GUSTS!

ON SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS, THERE'S NO HONEST PROSPECT TO BE MADE OUT OF THE DARK!

ON THE OTHER HAND... FOR THOSE WHO WITH A DISHONEST MIND...

LOOK AHEAD!  
THE WHARF!  
WE MADE IT!

SHUT YER  
TRAP!

SUCH A NIGHT AS MANY...

STOW IT, BENT!  
THERE'S NO ROTTERS  
TO HEAR US TONIGHT!

NAH... ALL SENSIBLE  
COPPERB'LL BE IN SMUG  
BERTHS UPRIVER! WE  
GOT THE PLACE TO  
OURSELVES!

A FIRST MOMENT'S  
FLARE OF LIGHT!

SOMEONE THERE! SWITCH  
YER LAMPS ON!

STRENGTH IT'S!

...VICTOR DRAGO!

A NAME THAT  
STRUCK TERROR  
INTO THE MOST  
APPREHEND OF  
EVIL-DOERS - FROM  
THE SLUMS OF  
ONDOVE'S LAST END  
TO THE TEeming  
WATERFRONT OF  
HARBOUR DRAGO  
WAS THE PRIVATE  
DETECTIVE WHO  
NEVER GAVE UP A  
CASE - OFTEN  
SUSPECTING  
WHERE THE  
TOUGHEST  
POLICEMEN  
FAILED!



WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING COBRA, THE GREAT DETECTIVE SPRANG INTO ACTION...

NOW TO DEAL WITH YOU TWO!



BUT AS DRAGO SWUNG ROUND... THIS TIME YOU STOP A BULLET, SNOOPER!

CLOSE, MY FRIEND...



...BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH!

AND THEN—THE NIGHT SILENCE WAS RIPPED APART BY THE URGENT SHRILLING OF POLICE WHISTLES!

ALL RIGHT, YOU LOT—THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS! WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE WHARF SURROUNDED!

I BELIEVE I RECOGNISE THAT VOICE: SPENCER!





YEAH, YOU'RE  
RIGHT, GUY'NOR?  
GOOD OLD CARTER-  
LATE AS USUAL!

STAY RIGHT  
WHERE YOU...

**DRAGO!**  
WHAT THE DEVIL  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?

IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LONG CAREER THAT DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR  
JOHN CARTER OF THE C.I.D. HAD ARRIVED AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME TO FIND  
VICTOR DRAGO IN CONTROL OF THE SITUATION!

BUSINESS HADN'T BEEN  
ALL THAT BRIEF LATELY, CARTER / SPENCER AND I NEEDED THE EXACTIST!

WE HAD A TIP-OFF THESE RIVER-RATS WOULD  
BE LANDING THEIR CARGO HERE TONIGHT!



**DOPE, DRAGO - A  
DIRTY  
TRAFFIC!**

AND ONE IT GIVES ME GREAT  
PLEASURE TO HELP SMASH!

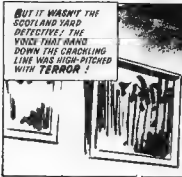
WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO TIE UP THE  
LOOSE ENDS, CARTER/SPENCER AND  
I HAVE SOME PAPERWORK TO  
FINISH OFF, BACK HOME...



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THEIR  
BANKER STREET APARTMENTS...

THE PHONE: WHO THE  
HECK'S RINGING AT  
THIS TIME OF  
NIGHT?

PROBABLY  
CARTER...



BUT IT WASN'T THE  
SCOTLAND YARD  
DETECTIVE: THE  
VOICE THAT RANG  
DOWN THE CRACKLING  
LINE WAS HIGH-PITCHED  
WITH TERROR!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, MR DRAGO!  
I'M IN TERRIBLE DANGER!

WHO IS THAT? WHERE  
ARE YOU CALLING  
FROM?





TROLL ISLAND, OFF THE NORTH CORNWALL COAST: M-AY NAME'S PHILIP MOFFAT, AND...

THAT'S ENOUGH, MOFFAT! I THINK WE CAN BRING THIS CONVERSATION TO A CLOSE... NOW!



D'YOU THINK THAT'LL BRING HIM DOWN HERE?

OH, YES - YOU PLAYED YOUR PART WELL! THAT'LL BRING HIM DOWN, ALL RIGHT... TO HIS DEATH!



HELLO... HELLO?

DID HE RING OFF, GUY'NOR - OR WAS HE CUT OFF?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT! HELLO? OPERATOR... OPERATOR!



BUT, FIVE MINUTES LATER...

NO GOOD? EXCHANGE SAYS THE LINE'S AS DEAD AS A DOORNAIL!

PACK A BAG, SPENCER AND GET OUT THE SILVER LADY! I WANT TO BE ON THE ROAD WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES!

TO CORNWALL?



YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW THAT I NEVER REFUSE A CRY FOR HELP, SPENCER!

IN ANY CASE, THE CAR'LL EAT UP THE MILES! WE SHOULD BE THERE BY DAWN!



SOON, THE BIG ROLLS WAS TEARING THROUGH THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON, HEADING WEST...

TROLL ISLAND: THAT RINGS A BELL, GUY'NOR! ISN'T THAT WHERE THE MILLIONAIRE THRILLER-WRITER EDGAR HOLLIS LIVES?

IT IS! BUT HIS BOOKS ARE REGARDED AS A TRIFLE OLD-FASHIONED NOW, AND HE LOST MOST OF HIS MONEY ON SLOW RACENOSERS!



BIT ECCENTRIC, ISN'T HE? YOU DON'T THINK THIS IS SOME KIND OF PRACTICAL JOKE?

FOR HOLLIS'S SANE, SPENCER. IT BETTER NOT BE!



ITS POWERFUL ENGINE HUMMING TURBINE SMOOTH, THE GREY PANTHER RACED ON THROUGH THE NIGHT—UNTIL, AT LAST...

TERRIFIC! NO SNOW  
HERE, JUST A FLAMIN'  
PEA-SOUP!

CAREFUL, SPENCER—THE  
CAUSEWAY TO THE ISLAND  
DOESN'T LOOK TOO  
BRIGHT!



SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE EERIE,  
SHIFTING WALL OF FOG...

A MAN...  
RUNNING!

OR ARE THERE...  
TWO MEN? STOP  
THE CAR!



THEY SOON FOUND OUT:

ANY DUB—A FEATHERED  
QUARREL! HE'S BEEN  
SHOT WITH A  
CROSSBOW!

I'M MOFFAT...! THOUGHT...  
IT WAS...A JOKE...BUT  
THERE'S...DEATH THERE...

DEATH!  
UUUUUUH...



THEN, AS THEY SPRANG OUT OF THE CAR, THEY HEARD  
WHAT SOUNDED LIKE A DULL, TWANGING SOUND...

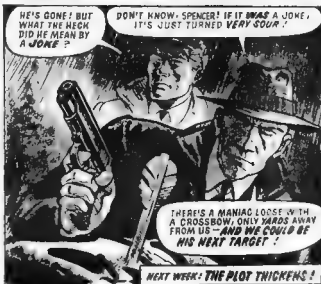
DRAGO—STOP!  
DON'T COME ANY—  
**AAARGH!**

WHAT THE  
DEVIL WAS  
THAT?



HE'S GONE! BUT  
WHAT THE HECK  
DID HE MEAN BY  
A JOKE?

DON'T KNOW, SPENCER! IF IT WAS A JOKE,  
IT'S JUST TURNED VERY SOUR!



THERE'S A MANIAC LOOSE WITH  
A CROSSBOW, ONLY YARDS AWAY  
FROM US—AND HE COULD BE  
HIS NEXT TARGET!

NEXT WEEK: THE PLOT THICKENS!



# VICTOR DRAGO

AND THE  
**TERROR  
OF TROLL  
ISLAND!**

Part 2

BY BILL HENRY & MIKE DOREY

ANSWERING WHAT SEEMS TO BE  
A DESPERATE PLEA FOR HELP  
FROM A MAN NAMED MOFFAT,  
VICTOR DRAGO AND HIS  
ASSISTANT SPENCER HAVE  
RACED DOWN TO THE WILD  
COASTWATER COAST - THEIR  
DESTINATION...  
**TROLL ISLAND!**

BUT ON THE CAUSEWAY  
LEADING TO THE ISLAND A MAN  
STAGGERS OUT OF THE FOG  
TOWARDS THEM - WITH A  
CROSSBOW BOLT IN HIS  
BACK!

IT'S MOFFAT. ALL RIGHT -  
THE BLONDE WHO PHONED  
US! BUT NOW...  
HE'S DEAD!

AND WHAT'S MORE - HIS  
KILLER'S PROBABLY ONLY  
MADE AWAY FROM US!  
IN FACT...

THEN...

THUNDER! LOOK, SPENCER -  
THERE HE IS!

WHA



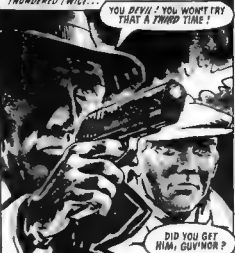
DOWN!

BRAANG

VOGG!

DRAGO'S LONG BARRELLED BROWNING AUTOMATIC  
THUNDERED TWICE...

YOU DEVIL! YOU WON'T TRY  
THAT A THIRD TIME!



DID YOU GET  
HIM, GUV'NOR?

DON'T KNOW - COULDN'T EVEN GET HIM  
PROPERLY IN THIS DAMNED FOG! BUT WE'LL  
CATCH HIM IN THE CAR!

WHAT ABOUT  
MOFFAT?



HE WON'T BE GOING ANYWHERE!  
HABBING HIS KILLER IS THE  
IMPORTANT THING NOW!

BUT AS THE BIG ROLLS NOSED CAREFULLY THROUGH THE  
EDDYING FOG, MOCKING EYES WATCHED ITS PROGRESS...

THE KILLER CLAMBERED BACK  
ON TO THE CAUSEWAY...

TOO SLOW, DRAGO...  
MUCH TOO SLOW!

NOT THAT I WANTED TO KILL YOU,  
YOU UNSUSPECTING FOOL - NOT  
YET! THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN  
FAR TOO EASY!

GLOVED HANDS REACHED DOWN FOR THE  
HUDDLED FIGURE OF THE MURDERED  
MAN...

UHH... AND AS FOR  
YOU, MOEFAT...

...YOU'VE SERVED  
YOUR PURPOSE!

MEANWHILE, DRAGO AND SPINCER HAD  
REACHED THE ISLAND...

NO ONE! BUT WE  
COULD EASILY HAVE  
MISSED HIM IN  
THIS PEA-SOUP!

IT'S THINKING  
OUT! WE'LL TRY  
LOOKING FOR HIM  
ON FOOT!

BUT AS THEY MADE THEIR WAY UP THE  
GRAVELLED DRIVE - THERE WAS A  
SUDDEN FLASH, AND A  
THUNDEROUS ROAR!

LOOK OUT! WE'RE BEING FIRED AT!

AAGH!



WHAT  
WHAT  
WAS IT,  
GU'NOR?

CRAZY AS IT SEEMS,  
SPENCER...IT SOUNDED  
LIKE A CANNON!

THEN, AS THEY BURST  
OUT OF THE FOG...

BLIMEY!  
IT WAS A  
CANNON!

HOLD IT,  
YOU TWO!

MAY...MAY I ASK  
THE REASON FOR THIS  
...INTRUSION,  
SIR?



AND MAY I ASK WHY  
THE HELL YOU WERE  
TRYING TO BLOW  
OUR HEADS OFF  
WITH A  
CANNON-BALL?

NOTHING OF THE SORT, SIR! IT IS  
MR HOLLIS'S CUSTOM TO LET OFF  
THE CANNON AT 9 O'CLOCK EVERY  
MORNING AND EVENING!

GRIEF! I'D HEARD  
HE WAS FIGHTING,  
BUT...

EDGAR HOLLIS, THE  
FAMOUS THRILLER-WRITER AND OWNER OF  
TROLL ISLAND, LOOKED STARTLED.

GOOD HEAVENS -  
THE DEFECTIVE!  
WHAT ON EARTH  
ARE YOU DOING  
HERE?

NEVER MIND THAT NOW! THERE'S SOMEONE FROM  
THIS HOUSE NAMED MOFFAT OUT ON THE CAUSEWAY!  
HE'S BEEN MURDERED!



AT THAT MOMENT...

LOFT...ADLEY - WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE? WHO ARE THESE  
PEOPLE?

THE NAME'S DRAGO -  
VICTOR DRAGO.



AM-MURDERED?

THERE'S NO ONE CALLED  
MOFFAT ON OUR STAFF,  
SIR! THERE MUST BE  
SOME MISTAKE!



PERHAPS WE'D BETTER,  
ER...TAKE A LOOK...

BUT, ON THE  
CAUSEWAY...



NO BODY... NO  
BLOOD... NOTHING!  
ARE YOU SURE YOU  
SAW THIS MAN?

OF COURSE I'M SURE!  
HE WAS LYING  
RIGHT THERE!

THE FOG PLAYS ODD TRICKS, SOMETIMES,  
MR. DRAGO: PARTICULARLY IF ONE IS  
TIMED!

HOWEVER, SINCE TODAY IS  
SATURDAY...



...AND AS SOME SLIGHT COMPENSATION  
FOR NEARLY GETTING BLASTED BY MY  
CANNON - PERHAPS I CAN PERSUADE  
YOU TO JOIN MY HOUSE-PARTY FOR  
THE WEEKEND?

I'M SURE YOU'LL BE...  
ENTERTAINED!



THE DETECTIVES FOLLOWED HOLLIS AND HIS TWO  
BUTLERS...

WE CAN'T BOTH  
HAVE IMAGINED  
THAT CORPSE!

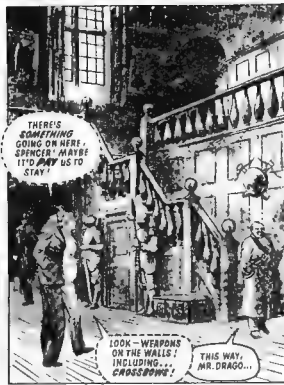
WE DIDN'T! BUT DID YOU  
NOTICE ADLEY JUMP LIKE A  
SCALDED CAT AT THE MENTION  
OF MURDER?



THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
GOING ON HERE,  
SPENCER - MAYBE  
IT'D PAY US TO  
STAY!

LOOK - WEAPONS  
ON THE WALLS!  
INCLUDING...  
CROSSBOWS!

THIS WAY,  
MR. DRAGO...



AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, I'VE WRITTEN  
NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED BOOKS OVER  
THE PAST TWENTY YEARS!



NOW I'M GOING TO LET YOU IN ON THE SECRET  
BEHIND THIS ASTONISHINGLY PROLIFIC OUTPUT -  
WHICH I'M SURE YOU'LL NEVER REVEAL TO THE WORLD!

THE FACT IS, MR DRAGO  
I DON'T WRITE MY OWN  
BOOKS!

SO LET ME INTRODUCE  
YOU TO MY STAFF OF, ER -  
GHOST-WRITERS!





"FIRST--SYDNEY BOLT, MY PRIVATE  
SECRETARY! SMILE, SYDNEY!"

"THEN THE APTLY NAMED SAM SAIT--  
WHO SPECIALISES IN NAVAL MATTERS  
AND FACTUAL RESEARCH!"

"AND KEVIN MINNELL, WHO  
CONCENTRATES ON THE WEIRD  
AND THE FANTASTIC!  
HORROR IS WHAT HE BRINGS  
TO MY BOOKS!"

"THIS IS JACK HAMILTON FEEDE, A  
CONNOISSEUR OF VIOLENCE AND  
BLOOD-LETTING! HE WRITES UP ALL  
THE SAVAGE FIGHTS  
AND CAR-SMASHES!"

"HERE'S ARTHUR GODDALL, MY MILITARY EXPERT!  
A SPECIALIST IN ALL FORMS OF WARFARE!"

"AND FINALLY, J. B. LE GRON-- WHO  
EDITS THE BOOKS INTO MY STYLE,  
AND ALSO ACTS AS MY AGENT!"

"MY TWO BUTLERS, LOUIS AND ADLEY,  
YOU HAVE ALREADY MET!"

"WHAT A BUNCH OF VILLAINS, GUY! NO!  
THEY ALL LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'D LIKE  
TO GET MOLLIE'S THROAT!"

"THEN, AS ONE OF THE  
BUTLERS CAME UP..."

"I...I'VE GOT TO SPEAK  
TO YOU, MR. DRAGO!  
PRIVATELY! IT...IT'S  
URGENT!"

"ADLEY, ISN'T IT?  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?"

"I CAN'T KEEP SILENT ANY  
LONGER! THEY PLAN...  
TO MURDER YOU!"

NEXT WEEK: **THE STEEL DEATH!**



# VICTOR DRAGO

AND THE  
**TERROR  
OF TROLL  
ISLAND!**

Part 3

BY BILL HENRY & MIKE DOREY

A MAN HAS BEEN MURDERED -  
KIDNAPED THE WAGON WITH A  
CROSSBOW. ON TROLL  
ISLAND, HOME OF  
WORLD-FAMOUS THRILLER  
WRITER EDGAR HOLLIS!

BUT WHEN VICTOR DRAGO AND  
HIS ASS STAY SPENCER GO  
TO FIND THE BODY. IT'S  
VANISHED. NOW, ONE OF  
HOLLIS'S BUTLERS MAKES A  
STARTLING DISCOVERY...

CAN'T KEEP  
SILENT ANY  
LONGER. THEY  
THEY PLAN TO  
KILL YOU!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO  
PLANS TO KILL  
US?

I... I CAN'T TALK NOW.  
MR DRAGO? NOT HERE!  
FOLLOW ME DOWN TO THE  
SERVANTS' QUARTERS!

NOT CASUAL, GUV'NOR!  
SOME OF THOSE HACKS ARE  
GIVING US FUNNY LOOKS!

YOU'RE RIGHT! DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE GAMES  
AWAY! WE'LL GIVE ADLEY A COUPLE OF  
MINUTES, THEN FOLLOW HIM!

SHORTLY...  
ALL RIGHT! A...  
START TALKING!

I... I NEVER REALISED  
THIS BUS WOULD BE  
IN... ANOTHER!

THE MAN ON THE  
CAUSEWAY - WAS  
HE REALLY...  
DEAD?

HE SAID HIS  
NAME WAS  
MOFFAT...

MOFFAT - YES! HE... HE  
WAS AN ARCHITECT...  
AND SURVIVOR!  
POOR DEVIL...

WITH SIX INCHES OF  
CROSSBOW STEEL IN  
HIS HEART, HE'LL NEVER  
DANCE THE TANGO AGAIN!

... AND THE MAN  
WHO KILLED  
... M IS MAD...  
INSANE!

WHO'S MAD? WHO  
ARE YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?

BUT IN THE DEEP SHADOWS AT THE  
TOP OF THE STAIRS, CAMEL EYES  
WATCHED THE SCENE BELOW...  
BLACK-GLOVED HANDS TUGGED AT  
A WELL-OILED MECHANISM...

DRAGON'S BROWNING  
PLASTERED!

YOU HIT HIM,  
CHIEF!

AARGH!

IT WAS THE FAINT "CLICK" OF STEEL ON STEEL THAT SENT  
VICTOR DRAGON INTO **EXPLOSIVE ACTION**!

LOOK OUT, MAN!

NO CURSE IT—BUT  
AT LEAST I MADE HIM  
DROP HIS ROW!

STAY  
HERE, CHUM!  
WE'LL BE  
BACK!

LOOK—  
ROUND THAT  
CORNER!

WE'VE GOT HIM!  
HE CAN'T GET  
AWAY NOW!

BUT, AS THEY REACHED  
THE BEND...

NO! LOOK OUT, SPENCER!

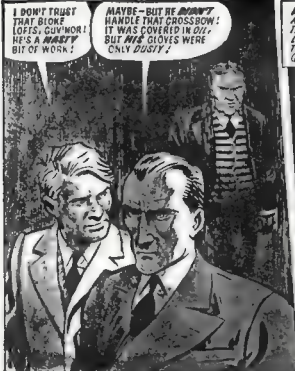
SUIT OF  
ARMOUR—

AAAAH!

HE WAS WAITING FOR US, IN THAT DOORWAY: DID YOU SEE **MIND** HE WAS?







MOMENTS LATER, AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS LEADING DOWN TO THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS...



AT THAT MOMENT, EDGAR MOLLIS APPEARED...

LOFTS TELLS ME YOU ATTACKED HIM, DRAGO! IS THIS SOME SORT OF **JOKER**?





THE FAMOUS THRILLER-WRITER AND HIS STAFF  
CROWDED INTO THE KITCHEN.

YOU'VE JUST LOST  
YOURSELF A BUTLER,  
HOLLIS!

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS TERRIBLE...  
TERRIBLE! I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU ABOUT  
THE OTHER MAN, BUT...

THE MAN WHOSE BODY DISAPPEARED? THE KILLER  
PROBABLY THREW HIM INTO THE SEA SIMPLY  
TO BAFFLE US!

AND BOTH  
WERE SHOT  
WITH A  
CROSSBOW!

A. R. LE GRON, HOLLIS'S EDITOR, ELBOWED HIS WAY FORWARD...

THERE'S CROSSBOWS ALL OVER THIS FLAMM'  
OLD PILE! ANYBODY COULD'VE FLAMM'  
PICKED ONE UP.

UHK...TALKING  
ABOUT CROSSBOWS...

...LOOK!

THAT'S ODD! OUT  
IN THE KITCHEN  
GARDEN, LYING  
ON THAT OLD BOX-  
A CROSSBOW!

KEVIN MINELLI,  
ONE OF HOLLIS'S  
GHOST-WRITERS,  
HURRIED OUT...

IT'S GOT TO BE THE  
MURDER-WEAPON!  
BUT WHY DID THE  
KILLER PUT IT OUT  
THERE?

DON'T KNOW, SPENCER!  
IT'S CERTAINLY VERY -

THEN...

MY GOD! A BOOBY-TRAP!  
MINELLI'S BEEN BLOWN  
TO SMITHEREENS!

NEXT  
WEEK  
**A STUDY IN  
SCARLET!**



# VICTOR DRAGO

AND THE

## TERROR OF TROLL ISLAND!

Part 4

BY BILL HENRY & MIKE DOREY

A KILLER STALKS THE SHADY CORRIDORS OF TROLL HUSKY - HOME OF WORLD FAMOUS THRILLER WRITER EDGAR HOLLIS - ON A LONELY ISLAND OFF THE CORNISH COAST!

SLOWLY, THE DEATH-COUNT IS RISING - DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF VICTOR DRAGO AND HIS ASSISTANT SPENCER.

TWO MURDERS IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR, MR. DRAGO! IT... IT'S GHASTLY!

FIRST ADLEY THE BUTLER, WITH A CROSSBOW BOLT THROUGH HIS HEART - THEN KEVIN MINELLI, BLOWN TO BITS BY THE CROSSBOW ITSELF! BUT HOW THE HECK WAS THAT DONE, GUV'NOR?

A SIMPLE ROOBY-TRAP, SPENCER! WHEN MINELLI PICKED THE CROSSBOW OFF THE BOX IT WAS - YING ON, A CORD ATTACHED TO THE WEAPON ALSO PULLED THE PIN OUT OF A GRENADE HIDDEN UNDERNEATH!



BUT WHO...?

WHAT ABOUT... ANGUS GOODALL, THE MILITARY EXPERT? WE'D KNOW HOW TO PRIME A GRENADE!



LIGHTNING SUDDENLY FLARED ACROSS THE DARKENING SKY...

WE'RE IN FOR A STORM, GUV'NOR! LOOKS LIKE A BAD ONE...

I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE PRONED THE POLICE, SPENCER! THEY'LL HAVE TO KNOW SOONER OR LATER!

BUT...

SLASHED TO RIBBONS! BUT THIS MUST'VE BEEN DONE LAST NIGHT!

OF COURSE - WHEN WE TRIED TO RING THROUGH FROM LONDON, THE EXCHANGE SAID THE LINE WAS DEAD!



SAM SALT, ONE OF EDGAR HOLLIS'S TEAM OF WRITERS, STEPPED FORWARD.

I... I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO **REPAIR** THE PHONE; MR BRAD - BUT IT'LL TAKE SOME TIME!

JUST IN CASE YOU CAN'T - SPENCER AND I WILL **DRIVE** OVER TO THE MAINLAND!



IF SAM SALT CAN FIND A BUSTED PHONE; MAYBE HE CAN RIG A **JOCKY-TRAP**? BUT HE LOOKS SUCH AN OLD CODGER!



LOOKS CAN BE DECEPTIVE, SPENCER! MY GUESS IS THAT SALT HAS AN ALERT AND **AGILE** MIND! HE CERTAINLY **COULD** BE THE KILLER...

THE FRONT WHEELS OF THE ROLLS HURLED INTO THE OBSTACLE...



I ADVISE AGAINST IT! THE WAVES WILL BE **CRAVING** OVER THE CAUSTWAY! EVEN YOUR CAR COULD BE HURLED INTO THE SEA!

WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES, HOLLIS



AS THE CAR ROLLED DOWN HE RAN TOWARDS THE CAUSTWAY...

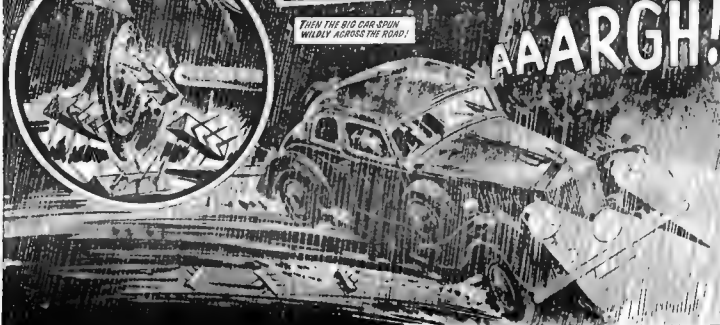
GUYNOR! SOMETHING ON THE ROAD! SLOW DOWN!

TOO LATE! HANG ON, SPENCER!



THEN THE BIG CAR SPUN WILDLY ACROSS THE ROAD!

AAARGH!



AM-MY HEAD! WHAT...  
HAPPENED?

CARPET OF NAILS!  
BOTH FRONT TYRES GONE,  
AND WE'VE ONLY GOT  
ONE SPARE!

BUT AS THEY TRUDGED BACK THROUGH THE HAMMERING  
RAIN, GLORIOUS EYES WATCHED THEIR PROGRESS...

BACK SO SOON,  
MR DRAGO? YOU'LL BE  
WANTING ANOTHER  
CAR, AS WELL - BUT  
I'VE GOT TO *DELAY*  
YOU! SO...LET'S SEE  
HOW GOOD YOUR  
REFLEXES ARE!

BUT VICTOR DRAGO  
WAS ALERT FOR  
DANGER NOW!

SPENCER -  
LOOK OUT!

AAAGH!

FIRST FLOOR WINDOW -  
ONE OF THE ONES ON  
THE LANDING!

YEAH - AND WE'LL *NEVER*  
MAKE IT ACROSS THE  
CAUSEWAY ON FOOT! LOOK  
AT THOSE WAVES!

BACK TO THE HOUSE,  
SPENCER. WE'LL USE  
ONE OF THE  
OTHER CARS!

MOMENTS  
LATER...

THAT'S THE  
WINDOW!  
BUT HE'S  
GONE!

NO GUNNOR -  
THAT DOOR! JUST  
CLOSING!

**DRAGO HURLED HIMSELF FORWARD...**

**UUUGH!**

THIS TIME WE'VE GOT HIM! HE CAN'T GET AWAY NOW!



**BUT... EMPTY! B-BUT THE WINDOW'S CLOSED! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT OF HERE!**



**SECRET PASSAGE, SPENCER - IT'S GOT TO BE!**

**WE'LL BE WAY AHEAD OF US NOW! WE'LL NEVER CATCH UP WITH THE BLIGHTER!**

**KEEP LOOKING! THERE'S GOT TO BE A...**

**AHH! HOKLOW! AND THIS CARVED HEAD IN THE PANELLING...**

**A TWIST OF THE CARVING, AND... STEPS - LEADING DOWN!**

**FLATTEN YOURSELF AGAINST THE WALL, SPENCER! WE'RE SITTING TARGETS AGAINST THE LIGHT!**



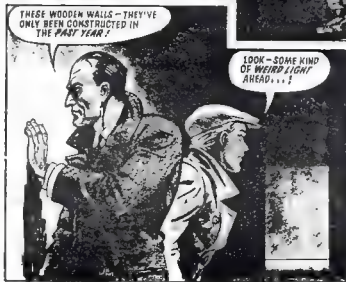
**THESE WOODEN WALLS - THEY'VE ONLY BEEN CONSTRUCTED IN THE PAST YEAR!**

**LOOK - SOME KIND OF WEIRD LIGHT AHEAD...**

**AN ASTONISHING SIGHT MET THEIR EYES...**

**BLIMEY! IT...IT'S LIKE THE PICTURES! IT'S A FILM... OF THE MAIN LIBRARY!**

**NO, SPENCER! WHAT WE'RE SEEING IS HAPPENING NOW! IT'S CALLED... TELEVISION!**





TELL ME WHAT?

SIDNEY GOIT, HOLLIS'S SECRETARY, HAD MOVED INTO THE PICTURE; SUDDENLY HE TENSED, AND SWUNG ROUND...

YOU? WHERE DID YOU SPRING FROM?

HE, HE'S POINTING AT US!

NO, SPENCER — HE'S POINTING AT SOMEONE OUT OF CAMERA-RANGE!

...SOMEONE WHO'S CLEARLY JUST STEPPED INTO THE ROOM THROUGH A SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL! OUR MURDEROUS FRIEND, IN FACT!

TELEVISION — TRANSMISSION OF VISUAL IMAGES BY RADIO-WAVES! A MAN CALLED JOHN LOGIE BAIRD WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH IT IN LONDON A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO!

I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE! BUT YOU WON'T KILL ME! YOU'RE GOING TO CUT ME IN ON THE LOOT, OR...

SUDDENLY, GOIT'S GLOATING EXPRESSION CHANGED TO ONE OF STARK TERROR!

N-NO! TH-THAT GUN — PUT IT AWAY! FOR GOD'S SAKE — DON'T!

AAARGH!

MY GOD! SILENCED PISTOL! HE'S BEEN SHOT RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!

THEN A MUFFLED, UNRECOGNIZABLE VOICE BROKE OUT INTO AN EVIL, GLOATING CHUCKLE...

CORRECT, MR DRAGO! BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT — IS THERE?

THE FLOOR, SPENCER — LOOK OUT!

SUDDENLY THE SCREEN BEGAN TO GO DARK...

A... A HAND — REACHING UP TO COVER THE CAMERA!

THE KILLER KNOWS WE'RE HERE, SPENCER — KNOWS WE'VE BEEN WATCHING HIM!

AAAGH!

NEXT WEEK:

DEADFALL!



# VICTOR DRAGO

AND THE  
**TERROR  
OF TROLL  
ISLAND!**

Part 5

BY R. PRESTON & MIKE DOREY

BURED TO A ROOM IN TROLL HOUSE, THE GLOOMY MANSION OWNED BY THRILLER WRITER EDGAR HOLLIS, VICTOR DRAGO AND HIS ASSISTANT, SPENCER, WITNESS THE LATEST IN A SERIES OF HORRIFIC MURDERS ON A CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION SCREEN.

SUDDENLY THE FLOOR  
GIVES WAY...

THE SNOW IS OVER,  
MISTER DRAGO!

UGHNN - WE'VE  
WALKED INTO A  
TRAP!

THE ICY WATERS OF AN UNDERGROUND STREAM ABRUPTLY  
HALTED THE FALL OF THE INTREPID SLEUTHS...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
IN "HOT WATER"  
THIS TIME,  
G'UY!

I THINK NOT, SPENCER  
ALTHOUGH WE CAN'T  
CLIMB BACK UP  
THE SHAFT...

THERE IS ANOTHER  
WAY OUT!

GRABBING HOLD OF  
THE RUSTY IRON BARS,  
DRAGO TENSED HIS  
POWERFUL MUSCLES,  
AND SLOWLY BUT  
SURELY...

...THE GRILLE GAVE WAY!

GOOD ON YOU, GUY!  
WE CAN GET OUT  
NOW!



THE COASTLINE: NOT  
EXACTLY THE VIEW ONE  
SEES ON PICTURE  
POSTCARDS OF  
DORNBALL.

LOOK! IN THE FOAM  
BY THAT GROUP OF  
ROCKS - THERE'S  
SOMEBODY OUT  
THERE!



I'VE GOT TO TRY  
AND REACH  
HIM!

DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU  
HAVEN'T A HOPE OF  
BRINGING HIM BACK  
SAFE, AND BESIDES...

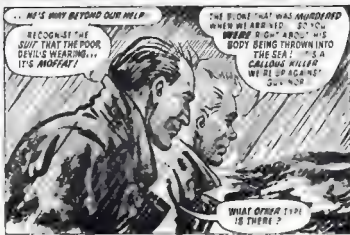


... HE'S AWAY BEYOND OUR HELP.

RECOGNIZE THE  
SUIT THAT THE POOR  
DEVIL'S WEARING...  
IT'S A MUFFAT!

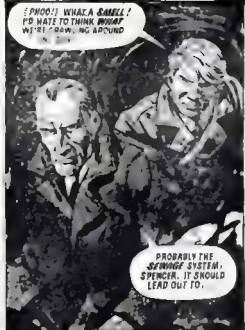
THE BLOKE THAT WAS MURDERED  
WHEN WE ARRIVED. SO YOU  
DUBBED HIM ABOUT HIS  
BODY BEING THROWN INTO  
THE SEA! - IT'S A  
CALLOUS KILLER  
WE'RE UP AGAINST!  
GUY NOR.

WHAT OTHER TYPE  
IS THERE?



EPHOO! WHAKA BAMELL!  
I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT  
WE'RE DRAWING AROUND

PROBABLY THE  
SEWAGE SYSTEM,  
SPENCER. IT SHOULD  
LEAD OUT TO.





GRIMLY THE TWO DETECTIVES  
SCRAMBLED UP THE HEADLAND  
TOWARDS THE SINGULAR  
OUTLINE OF TROLL HOUSE.

NNNNH! HOLLIS COULDN'T HAVE DEVISED  
A BETTER SETTING FOR MURDER IF HE WAS  
WRITING IT INTO ONE OF HIS BOOKS!

TOO TRUE, SPENCER!  
GOAT'S BODY WILL PROBABLY  
HAVE BEEN DISPOSED OF BY  
NOW, BUT IT WILL BE VERY  
INTERESTING TO FIND OUT  
THE REACTION OF OUR  
ESTEMED TEAM OF  
WRITERS

SOMEY GOIT, HOLLIS'S SECRETARY, WAS  
LATEST OF THE MURDER VICTIMS.

WITHOUT CEREMONY, DRAGO STARTED TO SEARCH FOR THE  
HIDDEN CAMERA WHICH HE KNEW WAS IN THE LIBRARY.

NHAM! SHOULD BE HERE  
AMONGST THE HISTORY  
OF THE DUTCH  
EMPIRE..

LOFTS.  
STOP  
HIM!

NOW CAN WE ?

NNNNH! H-H-HIS  
STRENGTH IS INCREDIBLE  
H-H-HIS C-CKING ATE  
TO DEATH...

DRAGO FOUND HOLLIS AND  
HIS WRITERS IN THE  
LIBRARY OF TROLL HOUSE...

DO FORGIVE ME, GENTLEMEN,  
FOR NOT BRISING PROPERLY  
FOR YOUR LITTLE SHERRY  
PARTY!

DRAGO!

GOOD  
HEAVENS  
HAM...  
WHAT'S  
GOING  
ON ?

NNNNH!

WE CAN'T HAVE  
YOU DOING  
THIS, SIR...



BUT DRAGO'S KNOWLEDGE OF ORIENTAL FIGHTING HAD GOT HIM OUT OF FAR TOUGHER SCRAPS THAN THIS ONE...

AAARGH!!

HAAA!

THAT'S ENOUGH FROM YOU, MY FRIEND!

GOOD OL' GUY! NOW! YOU SHOW 'EM NOW!

U  
H  
H  
N!

THANK YOU, SPENCER - YOUR ASSISTANCE HAS BEEN UNVALUABLE. HOWEVER AS LOFTS NOW SEEMS TO HAVE BURIED HIMSELF IN A GOOD BOOK, I SUGGEST WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO MISTER HOLLIS.

FRIGHTENED THAT YOUR HIDDEN CAMERA WOULD BE DISCOVERED, WERE YOU?

WELL - YES - I MEAN, NO!

GOODNESS ME! HAS HOLLIS BEEN WATCHING US ALL WITH HIS CAMERA?

AND, OF COURSE, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE MURDER OF SUNDY GOLF!

ER? IMPOSSIBLE!

A-BUT IT CAN'T BE!

WHY I WAS WITH HIM A FEW MINUTES AGO!

WELL, NOW STRANGE! I SAW HIM ALIBI OVER HALF AN HOUR AGO!

NOW PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE GOOD ENOUGH TO ORGANISE US A ROOM AND CHANGE OF CLOTHES. I WOULD HATE TO DISAPPOINT THE KILLER BY DYING OF PNEUMONIA BEFORE WE MEET! ...AND, MR HOLLIS, I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

LAYER... THIS BOOK BY HOLLIS - 'THE NEVER ENDING NIGHTMARE' - IS GOOD STUFF. I'D NEVER HAVE SUSPECTED LADY ANGELA!

YOU WOULD HAVE IF YOU'D STUDIED HER ALIBI MORE CAREFULLY - MOST OF THE INACCURACIES APPEAR IN CHAPTER FOUR, I BELIEVE.

BUT WHAT OF OUR REAL-LIFE MYSTERY, SPENCER? WHY DO YOU THINK WE WERE CALLED IN?

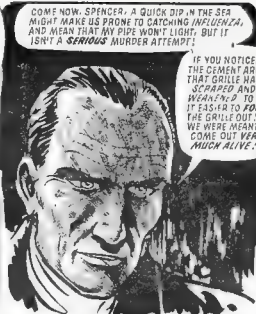




SOMEBODY DOWN HERE MUST HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU; I MEAN THE KILLER HAD A CRACK AT DOING YOU IN - HASN'T HE?

NO, SPENCER - HE HAS NOT; MOFFAT AND ADLEY WERE MURDERED WHILE WE WERE PRESENT. IF THE KILLER MERELY WANTED OUR COBBLES, WE WOULD BE DEAD BY NOW!

BUT THE UNDERGROUND RIVER TRAP WAS ATTEMPTED MURDER!



COME NOW, SPENCER. A QUICK DIP IN THE SEA MIGHT MAKE US PRONE TO CATCHING INFLUENZA, AND MEAN THAT MY PIPE WON'T LIGHT, BUT IT ISN'T A **SERIOUS** MURDER ATTEMPT!

IF YOU NOTICED, THE CEMENT AROUND THAT GRILLE HAD BEEN SCRAPED AND WEANERED TO MAKE IT EASIER TO FORCE THE GRILLE OUT; NO - WE WERE MEANT TO COME OUT VERY MUCH ALIVE!



WE'VE PROBABLY BEEN BROUGHT DOWN HERE TO DIE, BUT NOT JUST AT **ANY** TIME THE KILLER WANTS TO KEEP US AROUND UNTIL THE MOMENT IS **RIGHT** FOR HIM TO **STRIKE**!

OH, WELL, THAT'S A COMFORT!



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...

MR. DRAGO, SIR, IT'S LOFTS. MR. HOLLIS WANTS YOU TO COME AND SEE HIM IN HIS APARTMENTS.

OF COURSE, LOFTS. I'LL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE.

COME OFF IT, GUY. IT MIGHT BE ANOTHER TRAP.



DESPITE SPENCER'S WARNING, DRAGO WENT TO HOLLIS'S APARTMENT...



HMMM. THE DOOR'S OPEN AND HOLLIS DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE HERE.



IN THE TYPEWRITER... ANOTHER OF HOLLIS'S THRILLERS... **GOOD LORD! THE TITLE!**



IT'S ABOUT MY DEATH... AND ACCORDING TO THIS, A CROSSBOW BOLT IS AIMED AT MY HEAD AND I'VE GOT **THREE SECONDS TO LIVE!**

**NEXT MANUSCRIPT WEEK: FOR MURDER!**



# VICTOR DRAGO

AND THE  
**TERROR OF TROLL ISLAND!**

Part 6

BY R. PRESTON & MIKE DOREY

**A** WEB OF MURDER AND INTRIGUE IS BEING WEAVED AT TROLL HOUSE, THE HOME OF THRILLER-WRITER EDGAR HOLLIS!

FOUR MURDERS HAVE ALREADY TAKEN PLACE AND, WAITING FOR HOLLIS'S ARRIVAL AT A PRE-ARRANGED MEETING, VICTOR DRAGO DISCOVERS A DOCUMENT WHICH CONFIRMS THAT SOMEONE HAS DESIGNS TO END HIS LIFE.

BUT HE IS TOO SHOCKED TO REALISE THAT IN FACT HE IS ALREADY STARING DEATH IN THE FACE!

"TERROR OF TROLL ISLAND, CHAPTER SIX - THE DEATH OF VICTOR DRAGO!"

BUT, AS THE DEADLY QUARREL WAS ABOUT TO BE DESPATCHED...

GUY'NOR! GET DOWN!

HOW VERY ART THAT YOU SHOULD ANNOUNCE YOUR OWN DEATH, DRAGO!

**CRAAASH!**

**PTHWANNNGG!**

THE WARNING FROM HIS ASSISTANT, SPENCER, CAME JUST AS DRAGO WAS A SPLIT-SECOND AWAY FROM ETERNITY! BUT IT WAS ENOUGH FOR THE LIGHTNING REACTIONS OF THE GREAT SLEUTH!





D-D-RAGO, I DIDN'T  
REALISE IT WAS **YOU!**  
B-BUT F-ESCAPE!  
Y-YOU MUST FLY...  
FLY!

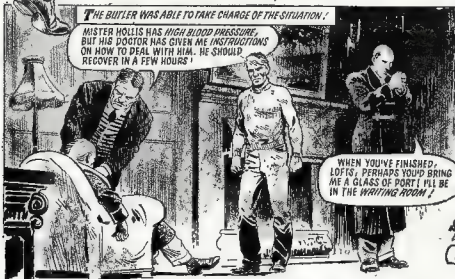
FLY? WHAT ON  
EARTH ARE YOU ON  
ABOUT, MAN?



BUT HOLLIS WAS TO SAY NO MORE...

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS, ALTHOUGH  
HE'S STILL BREATHING! SPENCER,  
GET LOFTS HERE AT ONCE!

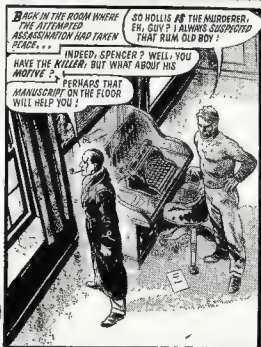
ON ME WAY,  
GUY!



THE BUTLER WAS ABLE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE SITUATION!

MISTER HOLLIS HAS HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE,  
BUT HIS DOCTOR HAS GIVEN ME INSTRUCTIONS  
ON HOW TO DEAL WITH HIM. HE SHOULD  
RECOVER IN A FEW HOURS!

WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED,  
LOFTS, PERHAPS YOU'D BRING  
ME A GLASS OF PORT! I'LL BE  
IN THE WRITING ROOM!

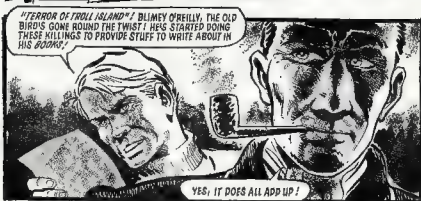


BACK IN THE ROOM WHERE  
THE ATTEMPTED  
ASSASSINATION HAD TAKEN  
PLACE...

SO HOLLIS IS THE MURDERER,  
ER, GUY? I ALWAYS SUSPECTED  
THAT RUM OLD BOY!

INDEED, SPENCER? WELL, YOU  
HAVE THE KILLER, BUT WHAT ABOUT HIS  
MOTIVE?

PERHAPS THAT  
MANUSCRIPT ON THE FLOOR  
WILL HELP YOU!



"TERROR OF TROLL ISLAND"! BLIMEY O'REILLY, THE OLD  
BIRD'S GONE ROUND THE TWIST! HE'S STARTED DOING  
THESE KILLINGS TO PROVIDE STUFF TO WRITE ABOUT IN  
HIS BOOKS!

YES, IT DOES ALL ADD UP!



SPENCER'S ANALYSIS OF THE SITUATION WAS INTERRUPTED AS LOFTS  
ENTERED... THE  
WINDOW...?

SOMEONE WAS OBVIOUSLY TRYING TO OPEN IT  
BY USING CROSSBOW FIRE! THEIR AIM WAS  
SLIGHTLY OFF TARGET...BUT IT HAS PROVIDED  
THE REQUIRED VENTILATION!



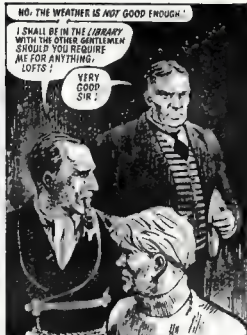


HOLLIS WAS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT FLYING! CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT HE MEANT, LOFTS?

AIR HOLLIS IS A KEEN PILOT. SIR! HE HAS HIS OWN PLANE AND A SMALL AIR-STRIP OUT ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE ISLAND!

A PLANE!  
WE COULD FLY  
BACK TO THE  
MAINLAND!

THE ONLY ROAD LINK TO  
TROLL ISLAND WAS A  
CAUSEWAY WHICH WAS  
IMPASSABLE BECAUSE  
OF A STORM.



NO. THE WEATHER IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

I SHALL BE IN THE LIBRARY  
WITH THE OTHER GENTLEMEN  
SHOULD YOU REQUIRE  
ME FOR ANYTHING,  
LOFTS!

VERY  
GOOD  
SIR!



THE OTHER GENTLEMEN  
WERE EMPLOYED BY  
HOLLIS TO WORK ON HIS  
BOOKS. EACH WAS A  
SPECIALIST IN A  
PARTICULAR FIELD,  
AND I'D LITTLE TO HAVE  
HIS ANIMOSITY  
TOWARDS DRAGO.

LOOK HERE, DRAGO, WE'RE A  
RIGHT TO KNOW WHERE YOUR  
INVESTIGATIONS ARE LEADING  
TO! DAMMIT, MAN, THIS KILLER  
IS KNOCKING PEOPLE OFF  
LIKE FLIES!



LET ME PUT YOUR MINDS AT REST, GENTLEMEN.  
SPENCER AND I BELIEVE HOLLIS TO BE THE KILLER.  
AS HE IS NOW INCAPACITATED, I  
CAN SAFELY FLY BACK TO THE  
MAINLAND TO ALERT THE  
AUTHORITIES!

LEAVE?  
BUT YOU CAN'T!



WHY NOT, TED? ARE YOU  
PUNITAL TO MY CONDUCT  
ALL AT ONCE?

DAMN YOU, DRAGO,  
YOU MAY GO TO  
HELL FOR ALL  
I CARE!

ER—I BELIEVE THAT MASTER TED MERELY  
WISHED YOU TO AVOID MEETING WITH  
AN ACCIDENT.

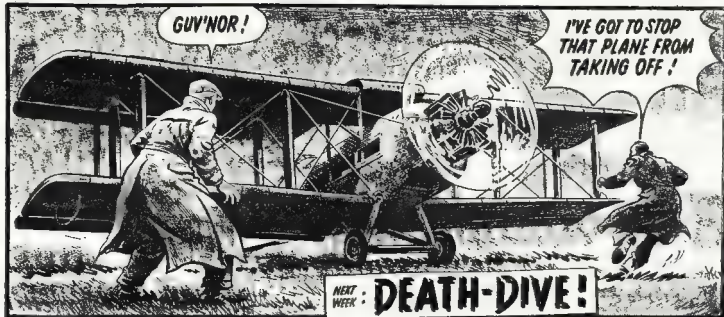
WE'LL TAKE OUR  
CHANCES, CHUM!



THE TWO MEN SET OUT FOR THE AIR-STRIP, AWARE THAT HOSTILE  
EYES WERE WATCHING THEM.

I DON'T GET IT, GUY! YOU TELL  
LOFTS THAT WE'RE STAYING,  
THEN YOU TELL THE OTHERS  
WE'RE LEAVING ANYWAY.  
WE'VE GOT HOLLIS, SO  
WHAT'S THE FUSS?





# VICTOR DRAGO

## AND THE TERROR OF TROLL ISLAND!

Part 7

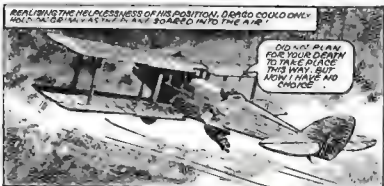
BY BILL HENRY & MIKE DOREY

A BRIDGE CALL HAS BROUGHT VICTOR DRAGO AND HIS ASSISTANT, BRADLEY, TO THE TOWER. IT'S AND BY THE AT OF THEIR LIVES - WRITER EDGAR HOLLIS. DRAGO KNOWS FOR WHAT THE PLAN IS - BUT HE'S NOT SURE THAT OF MORTALITY. THE MAN WHO CALLED IN DRAGO, EVEN DRAGO HAS HIS OWN LIFE THREATENED.

DRAGO'S TRAP TO LIFE THE KILLER OUT INTO THE CORN ARCADES TO HAVE FAILED AS THE ANONYMOUS CALLER'S FRIENDS TO ESCAPE IN THE AIR. A SCENE



THE KILLER'S TRAP FOR DRAGO'S MEASURES

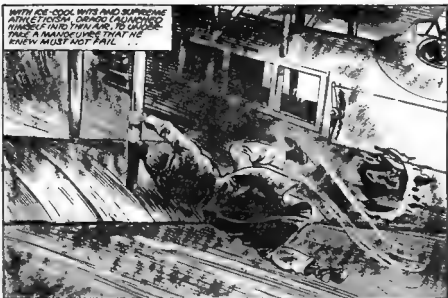




...BUT TO STRAP  
YOU OUT!

NOW, IT'S  
GO! TO GO!

WITH ICE-COOL WITS AND SUPREME  
ATHLETICISM, DRAGO LAUNCHED  
HIMSELF INTO THE AIR. TO OUTDO  
THREE MANEUVERERS THAT HE  
KNEW MUST NOT FAIL.



THE MANIC CAN'T GET  
AN ACCURATE SHOT  
IN AND KEEP THE  
PLANE ON COURSE!

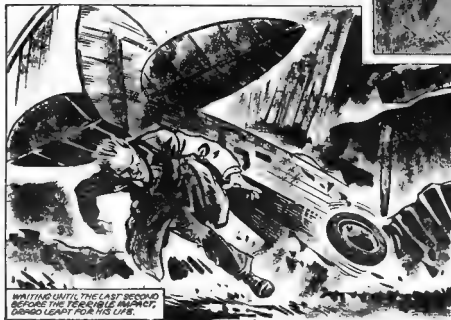
CURSE YOU,  
DRAGO!  
YOU'RE  
WEIGHTING  
THE CRAFT  
OVER.

THE PLANE LUNCHED OBASILY  
TO ONE SIDE AS IT PLUMMETED  
TOWARDS THE GROUND.



MY LORD, HE  
CAN'T DO  
EITHER!

WE'RE GOING  
TO CRASH!



WAITING UNTIL THE LAST SECOND  
BEFORE THE TERRIBLE IMPACT,  
DRAGO LEAPT FOR HIS LIFE.



GUY, YOU  
DRAG'S...  
YOUR  
ARM?

SLIGHTLY JAMMED. IT MAY AFFECT  
MY FORWARD THRUST AT TIMES  
HOWEVER, I FEEL IT'S ALREADY  
GONE. SET AND WATCH AGAINST  
ONE FINEST THE PILOT!

AMIDST THE WHEELS WAS THE BODY OF THE PILOT SPENCER WAS CONFRONTED BY A FACE HE HAD NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE AGAIN.

IT'S HOLLIS'S SECRETARY, GOLT!

BUT WE SAW HIM BEING MURDERED EARLIER ON! HE WAS A CREEPY DEAD!

THERE WAS NO CORPSE WHO FLEW THIS PLANE! REMEMBER, WE WERE WATCHING A TELEVISION SCREEN RELAYING PICTURES OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE GOLT'S MURDER. THE THING WAS A FAKE, A PUT-UP JOB!

BUT WHY? WHY LEAD US TO BELIEVE THAT GOLT WAS DEAD?

MOVING AT SPEED UNDER THE COLOM OF THE MIST, THE TWO MEN ARRIVED UNSEEN BACK AT TROLLHOUSE, CLIMBING UP TO A SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW ON THE FIRST FLOOR THEY PREPARED TO ENTER THE RAMBLING MANSION.

THAT'S IT, BOY. THANKS FOR THE LIFT UP. NOT OBTAIN, GET TO MOVE IN FIRST.

NOT AT ALL, SPENCER.

A DEAD MAN IS RARELY SUSPECTED OF CONTINUING TO CARRY OUT CRIME.

AFTER ALL, HE DOES HAVE THE PERFECT ALIBI...

THE FINAL PIECE HAS FALLEN INTO PLACE IN THIS IS SAWI SPENCER. ALSO THE FACTS IT MEANS IS NOT A PRETTY ONE. WE MUST RETURN TO TROLLHOUSE, BECAUSE IT IS TOO LATE.

UMMMMMPPHHH!

AFTER ALL IT'S GOOD EXPERIENCE FOR YOU.

LET HIM GO NOW, LOFTS!

IT'S TIME FOR BOTH OF US TO LAY OUR CARDS ON THE TABLE. I KNOW THAT YOU AGENT HOLLIS'S BUTLER, YOU'RE HIS BODYGUARD, A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN WITH IRON BICEPS IS A BARRY, AND WHEN YOU SERVED WE ROSE IN A WAY THAT ONLY ONE THING A REAL BUTLER WOULD DREAM OF DOING: YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY!

I ALSO KNOW THAT NEITHER YOU NOR HOLLIS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDERS...

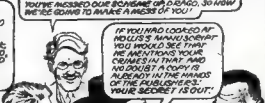
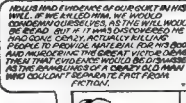
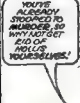
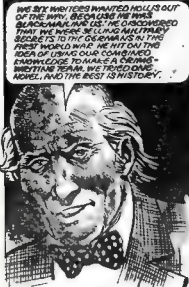
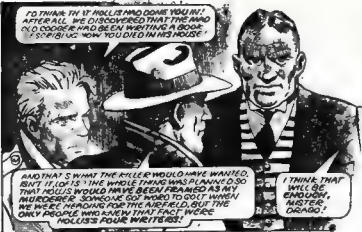
WE NEVER SAW WHO MADE THE FIRST SHOT, BUT WE KNOW THAT IT WAS MADE IN A PLACE ROOM, AND, DESPITE THE FACT THAT YOU ENTERED TO SURPRISE THE MARKSMAN, HE STILL GOT HIS SHOT IN... AND IT WAS DEAD ON TARGET!

WE PLANNED SAW HOLLIS TAKING A POT SHOT AT US, YET FROM NEXT TO NO DISTANCE, WITH NO DISTRACTIONS, AND IN GOOD LIGHT HE WAS HOPELESSLY OFF THE MARK. THOSE SHOTS WERE FIRED BY TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE!

'AND ON GU! WE BOTH SAW HOLLIS TAKE A POT SHOT AT US AFTER HE FAILED TO KILL YOU WITH HIS FIRST SHOT!

SUPPOSE YOU HAD ENTERED A FEW SECONDS LATER THAN YOU DID, SPENCER. YOU FIND MY LIFELESS BODY, THEN YOU FIND HOLLIS STUNNING THE MURDER WEAPON. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE SUPPOSED THEN?







IN HIS HASTE TO READ THE MANUSCRIPT, SALT HAD NEGLECTED TO KEEP HIS GUN TRAINED ON THE DETECTIVES. ORFIDO SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY, AND WITH THE SPEED OF A PANTHER...



SO THAT JUST LEAVES YOU, ODOOR! MASTER OF ARMOURY AND WEAPONS, WHO WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO A SPOT OF VIOLENCE.



WHAT ABOUT HOLDS, GUY?

IN SOME WAYS HIS WRITERS GOY WHAT THEY WANTED. NOBODY MIND HAS BEEN PUSHED INTO ITS OWN FANTASY WORLD. HIS WRITERS NOW HAVE DONE HIS WRITING DAYS ARE OVER. HE IS A BROKEN MAN!

SPEISER WAS ALSO QUICK TO REACT TO THE SITUATION



WITH THE STORM SUBSIDED, GUY WAS ABLE TO BRING THE POLICE ACROSS FROM THE MAINLAND...



DO THEY FACE TRIAL FOR THEIR ORIGINAL CRIMES, AN' A SIGHT MORE ON TOP FOR TRYING TO KEEP THINGS SECRET?

LOOKS LIKE THE TERROR OF TROLL ISLAND WILL NEVER BE PUBLISHED!

I FEAR NOT THIS IS ONE STORY WHICH IS BEST FORGOTTEN. THE IDEA OF FRAMING A CRIME WRITER WITH HIS OWN CRIMES WAS AN INGENUOUS ONE...



AND IT WAS A NOVEL IDEA FOR MURDER!

**THE END**

NEXT WEEK: THE FLASK OF DOOM!

# VICTOR DRAGO



and the

## FLASK of DOOM

**H**aggard and hollow-eyed, his face grey with fear, a man clutching an oblong parcel stood huddled in the shelter of a telephone box.

He appeared to be trying to screw up the courage to launch himself into the bustling crowd of travellers which separated him from the railway station left-luggage counter.

His jangling nerves were on edge. The sound of a sudden explosive hiss of steam made him jump.

"Maybe I was a fool to do this," he muttered to himself. "If they find out—"

He took a final cautious look round to make sure that no-one was watching. Then he made a blind dash.

He reached the counter and put his parcel down with a shudder.

Without even looking at him, an attendant scooped up the coppers the frightened man put down beside the parcel. He clapped a label on the parcel and handed over a numbered ticket.

With trembling fingers the frightened man took the ticket and with another cautious look over his shoulder

he edged behind a trolley piled with mail bags.

He fumbled in his pocket, took out an envelope which already bore a tuppenny-ha'penny stamp, and was addressed to 'Victor Drago, Baker Street, London'. He slipped the ticket into the envelope and sealed it.

Once more he peered out cautiously before making a quick dash for a nearby pillar box.

He drew a great sigh of relief as the envelope slid safely into the slot. The terror slowly drained out of his features. . . normal colour began to return to his cheeks.

Whistles blew. He looked quickly at the station clock, then at the departure indicator.

"The train's almost due out. I daren't miss it," he thought.

He ran through the barrier, the train was starting to move. He struggled with a door handle. . . got it open . . . almost fell into the carriage. . . and started along the corridor.

There were few passengers on the train. He found an empty compartment, and sank into a corner seat with a sigh of relief.

"I did it, I got away with it," he thought to himself. "The rest is up to Victor Drago."

Suddenly the compartment door slid open again, with a sound that was somehow full of menace. Three men

came in. Their faces were expressionless yet managed to give an impression of fathomless evil.

Two of the men sat down opposite their victim, the other beside him.

"Hello, Chalky. We've been watching you," he said.

Chalky tried to answer, his throat moved but no sound came from his dry lips.

"Whose name was on that envelope you posted, Chalky?"

"I don't know what you mean," Chalky managed to whisper.

One of the men reached out, grabbed a fistful of Chalky's hair, and gave it a vicious twist, causing him agonising pain as if he had been scalped.

"I got nothing to say," he managed to gasp.

One of his tormentors stood over him.

"I think you have," he said, and punched him hard on the side of the face. "We haven't started on you yet. Why make it hard for yourself?"

## HORRIFIC FIND

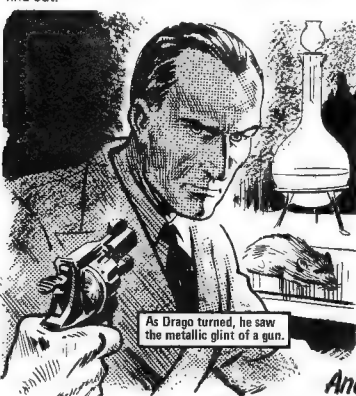
**V**ictor Drago, the most celebrated private detective of his day, a man whose reputation as a relentless sleuth had made his name feared throughout the underworld of crime, was seated at his desk going through his morning mail.

"Spencer!" he called sharply.

His hard-as-nails young assistant entered. Drago's keen, blue eyes had a slightly baffled look as he held out the luggage ticket that he had just taken from its envelope.

"Why should anyone send me that?" he asked.

"You'd better get down to the station right away and find out."



Spencer was gone half an hour. He returned carrying the parcel and placed it rather cautiously on Drago's desk.

"Better be careful how you open it," Spencer said. **"A lot of people would like to see you out of the way. It could be a bomb!"**

Drago didn't need reminding. His life had frequently been threatened. He had escaped death by a hairsbreadth more times than he could remember.

He cut through the wrappings delicately with a paper-knife.

They revealed a large shoebox. Drago lifted the lid. **Inside was a vacuum flask.**

"Look out," whispered Spencer, as if he feared that even a loud sound could bring disaster. "It may be booby-trapped!"

"We'll take it into the laboratory," decided Drago.

He carried the flask with great care and began to unscrew the top over a sink. Something rattled out.

"It's full of ice," gasped Spencer.

"Not exactly," answered Drago. "I think whatever is in here has been packed with ice to preserve it."

He tilted the flask. Spencer looked in and then recoiled! Two tiny, sharp eyes were glaring at him from within the flask.

Drago gave the flask a shake.

A rat, dead and frozen stiff, clattered into the sink.

"A dead rat!" gasped Spencer. "Why should anyone go to all that trouble to send you a dead rat? Is it a joke?"

"I hardly think so," Drago said grimly. "The first thing to do is an autopsy. You'd better leave me for a while. I'm going to need all my concentration. I'll call you when I need you.

Drago's laboratory was fully equipped for carrying out the scientific examination of clues.

He soon became fully absorbed in his task, working with skill and precision.

He prepared a smear of the rat's blood, and put the slide into a microscope.

What he saw sent a chill of horror through him. He hoped wildly that he might be mistaken. But he looked again, very carefully, and knew that there was no mistake.

"Spencer!" he yelled.

He heard the door open behind him and without looking round he said, "Spencer. Unless I am completely wrong this is the most ghastly, the most horrifying case that has ever come our way."

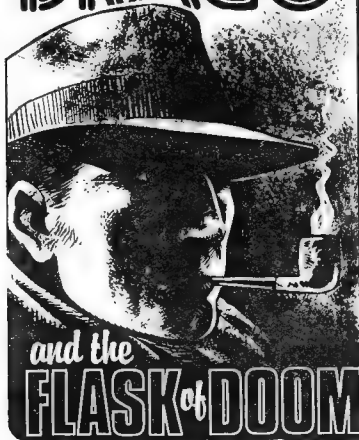
A voice behind him said, "You ain't talking to Spencer."

He turned. A hard-faced man stood in the doorway with a gun in his hand.

"You know too much, Mr. Drago," he said in a flinty voice. "And now my orders are to make sure you die!"

*Another exciting instalment, next week.*

# VICTOR DRAGO



**D**eath stared at Victor Drago through the barrel of a gun pointed at his heart! The great private detective stood at his laboratory bench, where he had just made a horrifying discovery. His ice-hard eyes gazed unflinchingly into the sneering, thick-lipped face of the man with the gun.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded coldly.

Drago had faced death many times in his long career of battling the evil forces of the underworld. His aim now was to divert the thoughts of the gunman away from his tightening finger on the trigger, to win himself time to figure out a way of turning the tables.

The gunman's glance moved towards a microscope on the laboratory bench, through which Drago had been examining a blood-smear from a dead rat, the dismembered remains of which were now in the laboratory sink.

The rat had been mysteriously delivered to Drago, packed in ice, in a vacuum flask.

"Chalky White told us what he'd done with the rat. He took a little persuading, but he doesn't stand pain so

good," said the gunman with a leer. "We've been watching him. We got suspicious. His trouble is that he's too soft-hearted. His conscience started to trouble him."

Drago's face remained expressionless.

Until now he had had no idea where the rat had come from. He had gained one small crumb of information, although the name of Chalky White meant nothing to him. It was something, a beginning. It was on the patient gathering of many such crumbs that the solving of some of his greatest cases had depended.

"Chalky had the right idea," Drago said. "If you had any sense you'd follow his example. Warn the authorities before it is too late . . . unless you want to unleash wholesale death."

Drago, watching intently, saw the gunman's concentration momentarily flicker away from his grip on the trigger.

Drago had survived many tight corners, through the speed of his highly-trained reflexes and his ability to judge the right moment for action.

He kicked out like lightning. His foot caught the gunman agonisingly on the kneecap. The man





The two men felt the violent shockwaves as an explosion shook the house!



## SECONDS TO DEATH!

**O**n the floor, Drago stirred slightly and tried to push himself up. His head pounded as if a blacksmith was using it for an anvil, and his mouth tasted like the bottom of a burnt-out pan that had been used to boil cabbage stalks.

The effort to rise made him break out into a sweat even though he felt icy cold.

"Spencer!" he croaked, calling for his assistant.

Nothing happened. He managed to call again, louder, as the effects of the blow began to ease.

He heard running feet.

Spencer burst in and rushed to help him up.

"What happened? I was out at the back, checking the car!"

Drago grabbed at his arm, gripping it hard.

"Quiet! Listen!" he hissed.

Spencer fell silent, a puzzled expression on his face.

"I don't hear anything — except a clock ticking," he said.

"But there isn't a clock!" Drago reminded him.

**"There's a bomb in here somewhere. Get out!"**

Drago pushed his assistant through the door, followed, and slammed the door behind them. Not a moment too soon.

**An explosion shook the house. The door blew off its hinges.** From within the laboratory came the sound of breaking glass and the noise of cascading plaster as the ceiling caved in.

Outside in the street the three men sat waiting in a parked car.

They saw the glare in the laboratory as the bomb went off. Glass fell from the shattered windows and black smoke boiled from them.

"Let's go," grinned the gunman. "We've seen the last of Drago."

Drago heard the car start up and lurched to the front of the house in time to see it drive away.

"Spencer! Get our car. We've got to follow. We mustn't lose sight of them. It's a matter of life and death."

***Final Part next week. Don't miss it!***

howled in pain and surprise. He was already buckling to the floor when the gun went off, aimlessly.

Drago delivered a chopping blow with the edge of his hand, and his victim went sprawling face down on the floor. Drago stooped to grab him by the collar, intending to turn him over and search his pockets for clues.

At that moment he felt a shattering blow on the back of his head. A million blobs of coloured light seemed to explode inside his skull before he blacked out.

Two more men had tiptoed silently into the laboratory. One carried a Gladstone bag, the other was swinging a large acid bottle which he had picked up from a shelf on the way in, and used to stun Drago.

The gunman dragged himself off the floor, rubbing the side of his head and glowering.

"What kept you?" he snarled.

He looked down at Drago.

"He's got to die," he said. "He knows the lot — except, perhaps, where the stuff is."

He turned to the man with the bag.

"Have you brought the bomb?" he asked.

"Sure," nodded the other. "But do we have to do it this way? Why don't you just put your gun against his ear and pull the trigger?"

"Use your loaf. If they find him with his brains scrambled by a bullet, they'll know it's murder! This way, they find him in ribbons in his laboratory and they'll think he accidentally blew himself up doing some experiment."

The gunman opened the bag and took out a skillfully made time bomb. He started the mechanism going and carefully set the timing device.

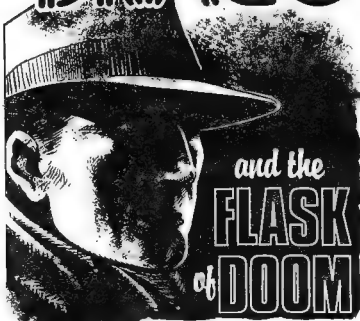
"That gives us two minutes to get clear," he said.

There was a waste tub under the sink. He placed the bomb inside carefully, and put the lid on the tub.

"Right," he said. "Let's move!"



# VICTOR DRAGO



**T**he car ahead is stopping and the men are getting out. We mustn't let them see us. Hold tight."

Victor Drago, the famous private detective, called a sharp warning to his assistant, Spencer.

Drago's skill as a driver could have won him a fortune on the racing circuit. He braked suddenly and hard, yet kept perfect control as the speeding car was brought to an abrupt halt. He reversed swiftly into a tree-lined cart track they had just passed.

Drago climbed out and, keeping under cover, gazed at the winding country road which curved away across lonely marshes and mud flats to a grey and cold-looking estuary. A cargo ship was at anchor in the estuary.

The car Drago and Spencer had been following had stopped near an ancient barn-like building, with a wooden jetty, at the water's edge. There was not another building in sight, in the whole sweep of this harsh, bleak, hostile landscape.

It was the arrival of Drago's laboratory of a mysterious vacuum flask, containing the unexplained body of a dead rat, that had started Drago and his assistant on a relentless chase. The three men he was now watching had broken into his laboratory while he was examining the rat for clues. The intruders had blown up the laboratory and left Drago for dead. And, without the timely arrival of Spencer, he would have been blown to pieces!

Drago believed he had solved the sinister secret of what had killed the rat, but he had still to discover why it had been sent to him, and why the would-be killers had been so desperate to stop him from discovering the truth.

But now things were beginning to happen out in the estuary. A motor barge had left the side of the cargo ship. It was piled high with bulging sacks. The vessel came alongside the jetty. Men unloaded the sacks and carried them into the barn.

Drago raised a pair of binoculars to his eyes, and through them watched a bearded man, with a nose like a vulture's beak, approach the trio who had destroyed the laboratory.

At that distance it was impossible to hear what was said, but that was no handicap to Drago, who was highly skilled in lip-reading.

"Well, Morrey, did you get rid of Drago?" the bearded man asked.

"Sure, Mr Kerr. By now they'll be scraping what's left of him off the ceiling."

"Nice work. We've nothing more to worry about. This is the last load. The lorries are on their way to pick it up."

Drago watched the men return to the anchored ship, and turned to Spencer.

"Come on. I want to take a look inside that barn," he rapped. "Careful how you move. Keep some cover between you and the ship."

"Do you suppose they're smuggling something?" whispered Spencer as they crept cautiously towards the barn.

"In a way, I suppose you could call it that," agreed Drago. "Morrey is certainly going to great lengths to get his cargo ashore without the authorities inspecting it."

They reached the barn and eased inside. The place was crammed from floor to rafters with bulging sacks. Drago opened a clasp knife, and slit one. Spencer watched a torrent of white grains come cascading out.



"Rice!" he exclaimed, startled. "But no-one smuggles rice."

"They might," said Drago, "if they discovered they stood to lose a fortune because it would have to be destroyed if anyone found out what was wrong with it."

"What are you driving at?"

"Bubonic plague! That's what the rat was carrying. This stuff must be contaminated."

"If it gets sold — reaches the shops —"

"We've got to make sure it doesn't. Get back to the car. There was a telephone box in the village we came through about two miles back. Call Detective-Inspector Carter. We're going to need some help before this is over."

"I'll make sure of him this time," he stormed.

"I hope Kerr is paying you well for this," taunted Drago. "What's the going rate for risking **Black Death** to the population of this country?"

"Eh?" choked Morrey, his eyes popping like poached eggs.

"Bubonic plague. That's what you're playing around with."

Morrey swung on Kerr, sweating with terror.

"Is he bluffing? You told us it was only Asian flu, those two crewmen died of on the voyage over. Why, you crafty—"

It was the chance Drago had been waiting for.

He pounced on Kerr and tore the oil lamp from his grasp. In the moments of wild confusion that followed



## SHOCK TACTICS

Spencer sped away and Drago settled down to wait.

Time passed, the daylight began to fade. Deep shadows filled the barn.

Drago heard the sound of motor vehicles approaching, and his hopes rose, but when he peeped out he saw that it was not the hoped-for police, but the first of a long convoy of empty lorries.

Footsteps sounded outside. Drago crouched down in the shadows. He saw Kerr open the door of the barn, take out an oil lamp from a hook, and light it.

His men followed him inside.

"Right," Kerr said. "Let's get this stuff shifted. I want it all safely inside the London warehouse before daylight."

Drago realised he couldn't afford to wait any longer for an arrival. He decided on shock tactics. . . and, suddenly, he stepped out into the glare of the lamp-light.

"Drago!" yelled Morrey.

"You bungling fool. I thought you said he was dead?" accused Kerr.

Morrey had a gun in his hand,

he swung the lamp above his head and hurled it at the mound of rice sacks.

### The lamp exploded!

Burning oil splattered across the barn. The sacks began to smoulder and flare. Choking smoke quickly filled the barn.

Kerr and his men, staggered out, gasping and half-blinded.

The timbers of the barn itself were going up in sheets of flame and whirling funnels of sparks.

When Spencer arrived back, followed by police patrol cars with Detective-Inspector Carter in the lead vehicle, the smouldering grain and blazing building was roaring like a blow-torch.

Drago staggered towards them out of the suffocating heat.

"Spencer said you needed help," grunted Carter. "Seems like you've managed fairly well on your own, as usual."

"Never mind," grinned Drago. "You and your men are in time to clean up the rubbish."

### THE END

**CHILLING NEW STORY, next week!**

# VICTOR DRAGO *and the*

## HORROR of the MUMMY'S CURSE

### PART 1



**V**ictor Drago was a brilliant driver, but there was no way he could have avoided a smash!

An elderly man, white-faced and haggard with horror, his staring eyes blinded with terror, rushed out of a doorway as though pursued by fiends and stumbled straight into the glare of Drago's headlights.

Drago's reactions were so fast that his foot was already slamming the brake before his assistant, Spencer, yelled a warning.

"Look out! You'll hit him!"

Locked tyres screeched and left a trail of smoking rubber on the roadway. The plunging car avoided the shocked man by inches as it went into a broadside slither and climbed the kerb. But the man, as he turned to dodge, tripped, fell sprawling in the road and knocked himself out.

Drago, leaping from the car to go to his aid, was aware of people coming from several directions.

As he dropped to one knee an anxious voice behind him said:

"What a terrible thing to happen. Poor Simpson. I can't think what came over him. Is he — is he dead?"

Drago glanced up at his questioner, a grey-haired, elderly man.

"He stunned himself when he fell. I don't think he has come to any serious harm."

"I saw it all happen," said a new voice.

A man in overalls had arrived, he gestured backwards along the block of buildings to a massive machine that stood on the corner. It was mounted on a pair of caterpillar tracks, and had a tall crane arm from which a massive metal ball hung on a stout steel chain.

"I was up in the control cab," he told Drago. "It wasn't your fault. In fact, if this bloke ain't dead he's got you to thank. It was a miracle, the way you avoided hitting him."

Drago nodded his thanks and turned to the grey-haired man.

"Can you throw any light on this?"

"My name is Forbes. This building is the old city museum and I am the curator. The whole block is soon to be demolished. We are packing the exhibits to move to a big new building. Simpson was working on his own in one of the store-rooms when we heard him scream. Something must have happened to send him fleeing from the building in blind panic. Then the next we heard was the screech of your brakes."

Spencer pointed, as Simpson's eyelids fluttered.

"He's coming round. We can't leave him lying in the road. Let's carry him back inside the museum."

Simpson's eyes came wide open. Stark terror blazed



from them. Suddenly he reached up and grasped Drago's sleeve in a desperate grip.

"No!" he gasped hoarsely. "Don't take me back in there!"

"Why not?" asked Drago gently. "What is there to be afraid of?"

Simpson turned his haunted eyes on the curator.

"There's a curse on the place," he whispered. "The pharaoh Ramtoth—"

"Nonsense," the curator said sharply. "Ramtoth can't harm anyone. He has been dead and lying inside his sarcophagus for five-thousand years."

"Not any more," cried Simpson, his voice becoming hysterical. "He's come back to life, just as the inscription on his tomb foretold. He's roaming the museum and looking for victims. I've seen him."

## REINCARNATION

Drago turned sharply to Spencer.

"Find a telephone and call a taxi to take Simpson home. Arrange for a doctor to see him at once. When you've done that, join me here."

The curator was looking intently, impressed by the masterful way Drago was taking command of the situation.

"I recognise you now. I should have known. You're Victor Drago, the celebrated private detective," he said with a touch of awe in his voice. "It may prove fortunate for the museum that it was your car that was passing. I am beginning to think we may have need of your services."

"Shall we go in and see if we can find out what it was that so upset Simpson?" suggested Drago.

The main galleries of the building were partly dismantled and littered with wooden crates. Workmen had been packing the exhibits but now stood in frightened groups, whispering in undertones. The curator frowned at the sight and clapped his hands angrily.

"Come on now. You're being paid to work against the clock. We've got to get this building emptied so that the contractors can start demolishing the block."

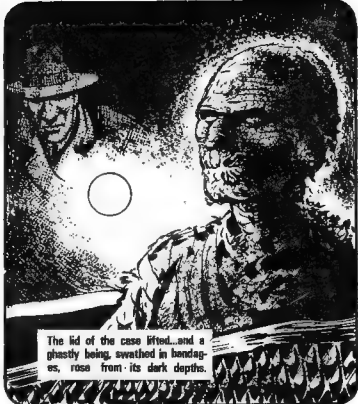
He led the way up a staircase to an upper storey of smaller rooms.

"This is where we store the part of the collection for which we have no room for exhibition in the galleries. It will be better when we get to our larger modern building," he explained. "This is the room where Simpson was working."

Drago's quick glance took in the packing cases, the jumble of dusty objects, ancient weapons and other relics of bygone ages, waiting to be wrapped and stowed away.

Laid on a pair of trestles was an elaborately carved mummy-case from some long-buried Egyptian tomb. Drago studied the inscription on it, and then gently raised the lid.

He gazed down at the figure inside, a mummy almost entirely wrapped from head to foot in age-old, faded bandages.



"Ramtoth," he murmured. "Is he the cause of all the trouble — or isn't he? He looks harmless enough now."

As he gently replaced the lid he heard a footstep in the doorway, and turned. It was Spencer returning.

"I've sent Simpson home, and arranged for his doctor to check him over and give him a sedative."

"Good. Now we're going to give this room a thorough going-over," rapped Drago. "What sent Simpson screaming out into the street? We need some clues. Don't miss anything."

Drago and Spencer were searching carefully and systematically through the room when it was abruptly plunged into darkness.

From the startled voices that came from below it was obvious that the lights had failed everywhere in the building.

Drago reached into his pocket for the flashlight—he always carried.

As he did so he heard a sinister creaking from the mummy case behind him.

He snapped the light on and whirled round. The torch beam revealed a sight that made his scalp crawl.

The lid of the case was being lifted — from the inside!

Words came from Spencer in a hoarse whisper.

"You said the thing in there was dead!"

Erily the bandage-swathed figure sat up. The stunned silence was shattered by a sudden clatter as the raised lid was flung aside.

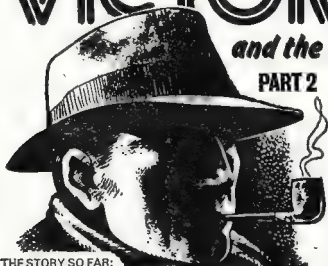
Then, with menacing, deliberate movements the ghastly being began to climb out.

***DON'T MISS next week's episode!***

# VICTOR DRAGO

## and the HORROR of the MUMMY'S CURSE

### PART 2



#### THE STORY SO FAR:

*Victor Drago, the famous private detective, had come within inches of knocking down a terrified man who had dashed out of a museum. The museum and adjoining buildings were about to be demolished and the man had been helping to peck the exhibits when he suddenly ran, screaming, into the street. He declared that a five-thousand year old mummy of Ramtoth, an Egyptian pharaoh, had come alive. Drago and his assistant, Spencer, entered the museum to investigate...*

**D**rago, hardened though he was to serie and blood-chilling experiences, felt a moment of numbing shock as the beam of his flashlight lit the awesome, menacing figure of the bandage-wrapped mummy.

The instant of shock passed, Drago leapt at the uncanny creature, which recoiled and crouched warily.

"Spencer! Slam the door!" rapped Drago. "Don't let it get out of the room."

Spencer sprang to obey, but the mummy

snatched up a pike from among a collection of ancient weapons stacked against the wall and lunged murderously. Spencer flung himself aside and landed clumsily in a pile of exhibits which clattered across the room in all directions, impeding Drago and giving the hideous Ramtoth the chance to flee through the door.

"After it," yelled Drago.

He raced out on to the stairway and gazed upwards.

"It's making for the roof!" he shouted.

They pounded in pursuit. Overhead, an unlatched attic window banged in the wind.

They reached it, and looked on a shadowed expanse of roofs at varying levels, where the buildings were awaiting demolition. Most of them already empty and falling derelict.

"Which way did it go?" gasped Spencer.

Drago pointed.

The eerie figure of Ramtoth, ghostlike in the gloom, was making a swooping leap across a narrow alley from the edge of the museum roof down to the lower parapet of an adjoining building.

Drago and Spencer scrambled in pursuit, slithering down a slope of wet slates. A chill wind howling mournfully in the forest of chimney stacks, threatened to sweep them into the darkness.

Spencer was the first to reach the edge. He glanced across at the neighbouring roof, then down at the



The light gleamed eerily on the pike blade as the awesome figure lunged murderously at the two men.



gamy gap between them, and shuddered at the idea of jumping across.

But Drago had nerves of steel. He did not hesitate except to give his assistant a sharp order.

"Wait here, Spencer."

He took a flying leap and landed on his hands and knees. Picking himself up he saw his quarry scrambling across the sloping roofs.

He saw the ghostly figure stumble and heard it utter a wild cry as it started to slide down a slope.

"I've got it!" Drago thought triumphantly.

But at that moment, the spectral figure managed to stop its slide by gaining a clawing hand-hold, pulling itself on all fours to the ridge and disappearing over the other side.

## DISASTER!

**D**rago followed, only to stop abruptly when he saw at his feet something white that streamed and fluttered in the wind.

He stooped to examine it and saw it was a strip of white fabric, now caught between two jagged slates. He realised that it must have been torn from the figure when it fell.

He freed it carefully, folded it and put it in his pocket.

From across the gap Spencer watched him anxiously.

Drago started to climb towards the ridge over which his quarry had disappeared.

Loose slates skidded away under his feet. They went sliding down the roof with a clatter. At the same time rotten timbers gave way under Drago's weight. A hole appeared in the roof and he plunged through it, throwing up his arms. He managed to grab the crumbling edge of the hole, and dangled by his fingertips, while the weakened roof gave out ominous creaking sounds as his body swung helplessly.

Spencer forgot his fears and took a desperate leap to come to Drago's aid.

"Take it easy!" called Drago. "Lie flat and crawl, or you'll have us both down."

Spencer squirmed towards him. Timbers snapped with a sound like pistol shots. Another avalanche of slates went thundering down the roof.

Spencer reached the edge of the hole. He grasped Drago by the wrists and started to pull.

From the street below came the explosive roar of an engine starting up.

Spencer turned to stare. He couldn't believe his eyes.

Parked at the corner was a large machine, with a crane arm from which a huge metal ball hung by a steel chain, which was to be used in knocking down the buildings.

The machine was lumbering forward, and in the control cabin was the fantastic figure of Ramtoth.

"It's uncanny. Impossible!" gasped Spencer. "The thing just couldn't have got down there and out into the street in these few seconds — unless it had supernatural powers."

The towering crane arm was swinging round.



The rotting timbers gave way beneath his weight and Drago plunged through the roof scattering loose slates as he went.

Ramtoth had its bandaged head tilted backwards, as if staring up at the roof with evil triumph.

The massive ball was released, and crashed against the wall. The building shook. A vast crack appeared, and grew, like a devouring snake, until the whole corner of the building broke away, leaned outwards, split, and cascaded like thunder into the street.

Drago, with Spencer tugging at his arms, was struggling, desperately to haul himself up.

"Hurry," he panted. "The thing is getting ready for another attack. The next blow could bring the entire building down underneath us!"

**MORE EXCITEMENT NEXT WEEK!**

# VICTOR DRAGO

## AND THE HORROR OF THE MUMMY'S CURSE!

THE STORY SO FAR: *Victor Drago, the famous private detective, and his assistant, Spencer, were trying to solve the eerie mystery of the five-thousand-year-old mummy of Ramtoth, an Egyptian pharaoh, which had seemingly come to life and trapped them on the roof of a building adjoining a museum. The uncanny creature was attacking them by pounding the building with a great metal ball hanging by a steel chain from the arm of a crane.*

**T**he steel ball struck a second time, with a sound like the crack of doom.

Spencer, sprawling flat on the tiles, was hanging grimly on to Drago who had crashed through the collapsing roof and was dangling by his wrists.

The building shuddered! Spencer felt the roof lurch under him. His ears were deafened as an avalanche of loose tiles thundered past his head.

Drago started to yell a warning to his assistant, but then everything started to cave in all round him. He felt himself falling through a choking cloud of debris and dust, and landed cat-like amid dirt and rubble on the quaking floor of an attic. Spencer thudded down beside him.

Drago got up unsteadily, bruised, cut and bleeding, his clothes torn. He staggered painfully to his half-stunned assistant and helped him to his feet.

"I think I'll live," he grunted.

"Then let's get out of here," rapped Drago.

They stumbled through choking clouds of dust, as the building shuddered and crumbled under pounding blows.

Safely in the street again, they were just in time to see the blood-chilling figure of Ramtoth dart into the shattered doorway of one of the condemned buildings.

"After him!" panted Drago.

Spencer started in pursuit, then skidded to a halt...his face had an expression of disbelief and panic as he pointed upwards.

"Look!" he choked. "It's impossible, but —"

Drago gazed upwards. The hideous figure of Ramtoth was capering across the rooftops, out of reach.

"It's uncanny — supernatural," he whispered. "How could it be in two places at once?"

Drago turned on his heel and re-entered the museum, where he was met by the distressed curator.

"What happened, Mister Drago?"

"I'm still not sure, but I'm beginning to get a few ideas," rapped Drago. "I want to take another look at its coffin."

It was back in its place, in the storeroom.

"Who closed the lid?" demanded Drago.

"Nobody!" insisted the curator, amazed. "Everybody is so scared that no one would have the nerve to come near it."

Drago lifted the lid.

Spencer and the curator gasped. The mummy of Ramtoth lay inside, apparently undisturbed, and very definitely five-thousand years dead.

"I don't believe it," whispered Spencer.

Drago took a folded strip of white cloth from his pocket, then bent over the mummy and examined it closely.

"Significant!" he murmured. "This strip of cloth was ripped from the creature we pursued across the roof. These wrappings are intact. This is not the being we saw climb out of the coffin. Someone took this thing out and hid it, and then put it back."

He turned to his assistant.

"Take the car. Go home and fetch Brutus, our bloodhound. I'll wait here."

Drago took a strip of white cloth from his pocket and bent over the mummy of Ramtoth.



# HIDDEN TUNNEL

**S**pencer hurried away, and while he was gone Drago spent his time making a careful scrutiny, first of the ancient Egyptian coffin and its sinister contents, and then of the storeroom.

By the time Spencer returned Drago had formed a clear theory of the true explanation of the mummy's terrifying behaviour, but he needed the bloodhound to help prove it.



"I've sent for our old friend Detective-Inspector Carter," he told Spencer, "but I'm not sure we ought to wait for him."

He let the bloodhound get the scent of the strip of cloth.

Brutus quested round the storeroom, muzzle to the floor, for several minutes, then suddenly bounded through the door, and up the stairs towards the roof.

Drago and Spencer followed. The hound reached the parapet across which the mummy had leapt when the detective had first pursued it. Brutus growled, uneasily, moving restlessly up and down the parapet.

"He's lost the scent," rapped Spencer, "and we're wasting valuable time." He broke off, as the hound tensed as if about to leap across to the roof of the adjoining building. "**Brutus! No! Come back!**"

Drago had decided they would retrace their steps, re-enter the building from the street, and trust Brutus to pick up the scent again from there.

Except for the museum all the buildings on the block were abandoned and derelict, awaiting the demolition workers who were to clear the site.

For a while it seemed that the bloodhound was baffled as it prowled about in the debris and rubble, then the creature suddenly grew excited, pawed open a door and bounded down wooden stairs that led to a cluttered basement. Brutus headed straight for a section of the far wall, which appeared to have been boarded up after partly collapsing, and pawed at the floor, growling excitedly. Drago swung his flashlight on to the spot, and Spencer smothered a gasp. **The boards were swinging towards them.**

He realised that the boards formed a disguised door. As it opened he saw, in the beam of the torch, the

menacing figure of the mummy, with, behind it, the curving darkness of a tunnel, lit by oil lamps.

For a moment the creature stood as if transfixed, then turned as if to flee down the tunnel. Drago pounded, grabbed it by one arm, and swung it round, slamming it against the side of the tunnel with stunning force.

The creature slumped, face down. Drago bent over it, and pointed with a grunt of satisfaction to a zip-fastener - running down the mummy's back.

"Just an ordinary man dressed up in a scary costume," he said.

"That still doesn't explain how he managed to be in two places at once," muttered Spencer, still unconvinced.

Drago drew his gun, hauled his groggy victim to his feet and swung him in the direction of the tunnel.

"Lead on, and keep your mouth shut," he ordered, giving a warning jab between the shoulder-blades with the muzzle of the gun.

They rounded the curve and came in sight of perspiring men, stripped to the waist, extending the tunnel with picks and shovels.

"What's going on here?" gasped Spencer.

"You won't live long enough to find out," said a voice behind them.

**Spencer swung round, to find himself menaced by a second mummy-swathed figure, clutching a gun.**

"Does that solve your problem, Spencer?" asked Drago quietly. "It was already obvious to me that there were two of them."

Brutus gave a threatening growl. The second mummy turned its head sharply towards the sound. Drago grabbed his chance. He leapt and knocked the gun aside.

It went off as it fell, filling the tunnel with a thunder of noise. An alarmed yell came from the lamp-light gloom.

"Drago! Are you all right?"

Carter came pounding in, followed by a squad of his men.

"What the—?" he gasped.

Drago stopped to pick up the fallen gun.

"I think you'll find," he said, "That they've been using this derelict block to tunnel through to the bank vaults across the street. The decision to clear the site left them with several yards still to go. They needed more time, so they had to figure some scheme to scare people away."

Spencer nodded. The once-frightened assistant now spoke almost cockily to the incredulous Carter.

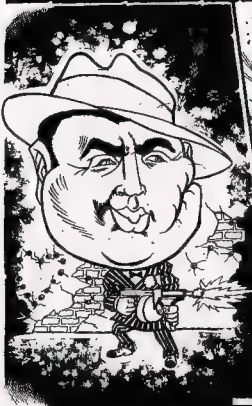
"Yes, Inspector — me and the guv'nor have gone into solving crimes before they're actually committed now," he said.

"Don't forget Brutus," remarked Drago...and the famous detective was smiling to himself as he concluded: "Perhaps the Inspector would like him as a new addition to his force in the future!"

**A NEW, ALL-PICTURE VICTOR DRAGO  
ADVENTURE STARTS NEXT WEEK!**



## VICTOR DRAGO'S BLACK MUSEUM of VILLAINS



ALPHONSE "SCARFACE" AL" CAPONE WAS BORN IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, IN 1899. HE BECAME A SMALL-TIME HOODLUM WITH NOTHING TO OFFER THE WORLD BUT VIOLENCE.



IN 1919 HE FLED TO CHICAGO AFTER KILLING A MAN IN A DANCE HALL BRAWL.

CAPONE WENT TO WORK AS A BOUNCER FOR GANG LEADER **JOHNNY TORRJO** - SOON, HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE GANGSTER'S PROTECTION RACKET.



Y-YEAH SURE, MR. CAPONE! ...I'LL PAY!

IN AMERICA 50 YEARS AGO, THEY HAD A SPECIAL NAME FOR GUNFIRE. THEY CALLED IT "CHICAGO LIGHTNING"! THE PHRASE WAS CHILLINGLY APT BECAUSE - IN A CITY OF ROBBERY, POLITICAL CORRUPTION AND GANGLAND SLAYINGS - THE HARSH RATTLE OF SUB-MACHINE GUN FIRE ECHOED DAILY AROUND THE STREETS. THE SELF-STYLED RULER OF THIS EVIL EMPIRE WAS...

# AL CAPONE

THESE WERE THE YEARS OF PROHIBITION, WHEN ALL ALCOHOLIC DRINKS WERE BANNED BY LAW. - FOR THE UNDER-WORLD IT MEANT A CHANCE TO GET MORE ILL-GOTTEN GAINS. TORRJO WENT INTO THE LIQUOR RACKET. HE MADE HIS OWN, AND HIJACKED THE BEER CONVOYS OF RIVAL GANGS.

C'MON OUTTA THERE, PUNK - WE'RE TAKIN' THESE TRUCKS OVER!

OKAY, OKAY - DON'T SHOOT, YOU GUYS!



THE MOBSTERS LIVED BY A RUTHLESS "GUN LAW" OF THEIR OWN. WHEN IRISH GANG-BOSS **DION O'BANION** GOT TOO BIG FOR TORRJO'S LIKING HE WAS MERCILESSLY DEALT WITH...

THIS IS YOURS, O'BANION!

FLOWERS

AAAAGH!



O'BANION'S MOB HIT BACK. TORRJO LIES AMBUSHED OUTSIDE HIS HOME, BARELY ESCAPING WITH HIS LIFE.



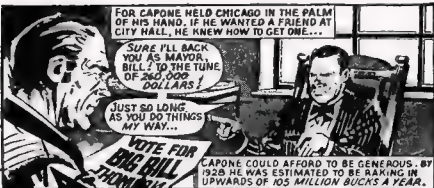
WISELY, HE DECIDED TO GO WHILE HE WAS AHEAD, AND RETIRED FROM THE SCENE...





...LEAVING AL  
CAPONE KING OF  
THE CHICAGO  
MOBS.

HE RULED FROM THE TOP FLOORS OF  
THE HOTEL LEXINGTON, WHERE HE  
LAVISHLY ENTERTAINED VISITING  
GANGSTERS, MOVIE STARS — EVEN  
POLITICIANS.



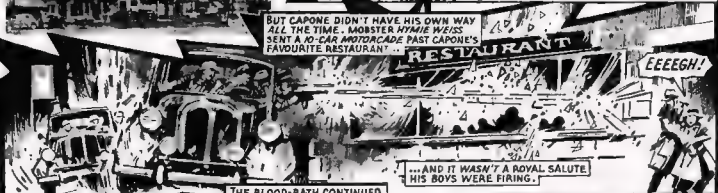
FOR CAPONE HELD CHICAGO IN THE PALM  
OF HIS HAND. IF HE WANTED A FRIEND AT  
CITY HALL, HE KNEW HOW TO GET ONE...

SURE I'LL BACK  
YOU AS MAYOR,  
BILL! TO THE TUNE  
OF 250,000  
DOLLARS!

JUST SO LONG  
AS YOU DO THINGS  
MY WAY...

VOTE FOR  
**BIG BILL**  
THOMPSON!

CAPONE COULD AFFORD TO BE GENEROUS. BY  
1928 HE WAS ESTIMATED TO BE RAKING IN  
UPWARDS OF 105 MILLION BUCKS A YEAR.



BUT CAPONE DIDN'T HAVE HIS OWN WAY  
ALL THE TIME. MOBSTER HYMIE WEISS  
SENT A JO-CAR MOTORCADE PAST CAPONE'S  
FAVOURITE RESTAURANT...

RESTAURANT

EEEEH!

...AND IT WASN'T A ROYAL SALUTE.  
HIS BOYS WERE FIRING.



AL WASN'T AMUSED. A MONTH LATER  
HYMIE WAS PUT "ON THE SPOT" OUT-  
SIDE CHICAGO'S HOLY NAME  
CATHEDRAL.

AAAARGH!

THE BLOOD-BATH CONTINUED,  
CULMINATING IN THE DAY THAT  
GANG-BOSS DEBARGE "BUGS"  
MORAN WAS LATE FOR AN  
APPOINTMENT AT HIS NORTH-  
SIDE H.Q. MORAN SPOTTED  
WHAT LOOKED LIKE A POLICE  
CAR IN THE  
STREET  
OUTSIDE.

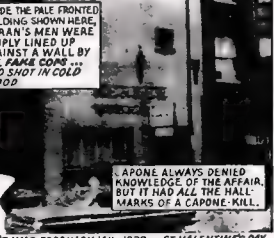


THE COPS  
BUGS...

YEAH, LOOKS  
LIKE A SHAKE-  
DOWN. LET'S BEAT  
IT.

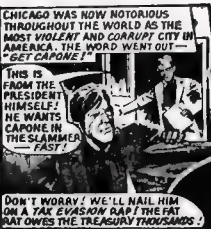
BUT IT WASN'T THE COPS AT ALL...

INSIDE THE PALE FRONTED  
BUILDING SHOWN HERE,  
MORAN'S MEN WERE  
SIMPLY LINED UP  
AGAINST A WALL BY  
THE FAME COPS...  
AND SHOT IN COLD  
BLOOD



CAPONE ALWAYS DENIED  
KNOWLEDGE OF THE AFFAIR,  
BUT IT HAD ALL THE HALL-  
MARKS OF A CAPONE-KILL.

IT WAS FEBRUARY 4th, 1929 — ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



CHICAGO WAS NOW NOTORIOUS  
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS THE  
MOST VIOLENT AND CORRUPT CITY IN  
AMERICA. THE WORD WENT OUT—  
"GET CAPONE!"

THIS IS  
FROM THE  
PRESIDENT  
HIMSELF!  
HE WANTS  
CAPONE IN  
THE SLAMMER  
— FAST!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL NAIL HIM  
ON A TAX EVASION RAP! THE FAT  
RAT OWES THE TREASURY THOUSANDS!



IN OCTOBER, 1931, CAPONE WAS FINED NEARLY  
100,000 DOLLARS, AND SENT FOR 11 YEARS TO THE  
GRIM, ESCAPE-PROOF ISLAND PRISON OF ALCATRAZ



WHEN HE FINALLY CAME OUT OF JAIL,  
CAPONE WAS A BROKEN MAN, HIS  
BRAIN DESTROYED BY DISEASE. HE  
DIED HALF-MAD, IN APPALLING PAIN.  
IT WAS A FITTING END TO A RUTHLESS  
AND VICIOUS THUG.





# VICTOR DRAGO

## AND THE CHINA-TOWN TERROR

Part 1

BY F. PEPPER & MIKE DOREY

LONDON, 1929. IT WAS A WILD AND STRAY WINTER'S NIGHT. SPENCER, ASSISTANT TO VICTOR DRAGO, THE WORLD'S FAMOUS PRIVATE DETECTIVE, WAS WORKING IN THE GROUND-FLOOR CONSULTING ROOM.



SPENCER WAS UNAWARE OF ANYTHING UNUSUAL UNTIL A WARNING BECAME FROM BEUTUS ALERTED HIM.



THE TEARDOOR HAD BEEN INSTALLED TO ENABLE DRAGO TO ENTER AND LEAVE THE HOUSE SECRETLY BUT IT WAS AN UNFAMILIAR FIGURE THAT SPENCER SAW COMING THROUGH IT NOW.



AS THEY SPED THROUGH THE DESERTED, RAIN-SWEEPED STREETS, DENO EXPLAINED THEIR MISSION.

I HAVE SPENT THE EVENING IN CHINATOWN, AFTER RECEIVING A MESSAGE FROM WILHELM, ONE OF MY SECRET INFORMANTS IN THE LIM-HOGE AREA. HE HAS PASSED ON TO ME REMOIRS OF A DEEP AND SINISTER PLOT!

A MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL, KNOWN AS LUN FANG, IS ABOUT TO UNLOOSE A SCEN OF TERROR.

SIR CHARLES, WHO SPENT SOME YEARS ABROAD IN THE EAST, IS OBLIGED TO BE HIS FIRST VICTIM, UNLESS WE CAN PREVENT IT.

DENO STOPPED THE CAR OUTSIDE THAMES MANOR'S

I THINK WE'RE IN TIME. THERE'S A LIGHT ON IN SIR CHARLES' FLAT.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT SIR CHARLES WAS BY HIS FIRESIDE WHEN HE HEARD A STRANGE SOUND.

WHAT CAN THAT BE?

HELP ME! OPEN THE WINDOW! HELP!

ODD! HOW CAN THERE POSSIBLY BE ANYONE OUT THERE? THIS FLAT IS FIVE STORIES ABOVE THE STREET.

NEXT MOMENT - THE IMPOSSIBLE!

FLAMIN' 'ECK! HE'S FLYING!

W-H-O'S THERE?

THE SCOUTS RUSHED UP TO THE EMORY FLAT.

SIR CHARLES HAS VANISHED, BUT WHAT SORT OF ORIENTAL SORCERY CAN MAKE A MAN FLY OUT OF THE WINDOW AND DISAPPEAR?

LIN FANG HAS OUTWITTED US! THIS WILL HAVE TO BE REPORTED TO OUR OLD FRIEND DETECTIVE INSPECTOR CARTER, BUT I AM PLEDGED NOT TO TELL THE POLICE OF MY INFORMANT WU-CHAN, SO WE WILL CALL ON HIM IN THE MORNING.

THE NEXT MORNING, IN A DIRTY LIMEHOUSE STREET

WHAT'S GOING ON, GUY?

TODAY IS A CHINESE FESTIVAL.

WU-CHAN - LAUNDRY

THE MOMENT THEY ENTERED WU-CHAN'S:

LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

I'M AFRAID WE'RE TOO LATE!

WU-CHAN! HE HAS BEEN MURDERED!

TRAITOR

THE INK ON THAT SIGN IS STILL WET. WE MISSED THE KILLER BY SECONDS, HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY.

COME ON!

WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM IN THIS GROWD? HE'S GOT AWAY!

CHAN-LAUNDRY

NO BODICER, I THINK NOT!

WHAT HAS AROUSED THE GREAT DETECTIVES SUSPICION? SEE NEXT WEEK!  
DANGER FROM THE DRAGON!



# VICTOR DRAGO'S Black Museum of VILLAINS

# The HANGING JUDGE

Life in 17th century  
England was  
CRUEL, HARD AND  
SHORT...

STRIP  
THE SCOUND  
UP - STRETCH  
HIS NECK!

STOP PUSHIN!  
I'VE BEEN WAITIN'  
FOR HOURS TO  
SEE THIS!

HANGING WAS COMMONPLACE AND CROWDS FLOCKED TO THE GALLOWS TO SEE THE EXECUTIONS, WHICH WERE PUBLIC EVENTS



SOMETIMES JUSTICE BECAME  
A MOCKERY WHEN THE JUDGES  
WERE EITHER INCOMPETENT  
OR TOO BORED TO CONDUCT  
PROPER TRIALS

THERE'S NO POINT  
IN CONTINUING  
THE CASE, YOUNG  
OBVIOUSLY GUILTY  
AND YOU SHALL  
HANG. TAKE  
HIM AWAY.

BUT  
WAIT  
I AM  
INNOCENT  
I HAVE  
WITNESSES!

BUT HANGING  
WAS NOT THE  
ONLY MEANS  
OF EXECUTION.  
THERE WERE  
OTHER HIDEOUS  
WAYS TO PUT  
A MAN TO  
DEATH.

A SENTENCE OF BEHEADING,  
OR OF DEATH BY THE SWORD  
WAS ALL TOO OFTEN PASSED.



THE MOST NOTORIOUS JUDGE  
OF THE CENTURY WAS  
**GEORGE JEFFREYS**. BORN  
IN 1649 HE CAME FROM A  
WEALTHY FAMILY AND  
RECEIVED A GOOD  
EDUCATION AS A YOUNG  
MAN HE STUDIED LAW AND  
SOON HIS QUICK WIT AND  
PERSUASIVE DELIVERY IN  
COURT WON HIM  
INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS. BY 1668  
HE WAS CALLED TO THE BAR  
AND WAS ATTENDING COURT  
AT THE OLD BAILEY IN LONDON  
HIS REIGN OF TERROR HAD  
BEGIN!



YOUR  
KIND AIN'T  
WELCOME  
AMONG GOD  
FEARIN' PEOPLE!

EEEEEH!

IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES  
II RELIGIOUS FEELINGS  
RAN DEEP ALTHOUGH  
THE Y WORSHIPPED THE  
SAME GOD, MEN KILLED  
ONE ANOTHER, EACH  
REFUSING TO ACCEPT  
THE OTHER'S RELIGION.

I WORSHIP  
WHERE I  
PLEASE  
ARRSH!



YOU ARE GUILTY OF TREASON AGAINST YOUR KING AND YOUR COUNTRY YOU WILL GO TO THE GALLOWES.

JEFFREYS WAS KNIGHTED AND MADE A JUDGE. HE ENJOIED THAT BY FAR MEANS OF OTHER WAYS. THE CROWN NEVER LOST A CASE.

LET'S SEE IF SOME ARMY CAN MAKE JEFFREYS RECONSIDER HIS VERDICT.

BUT THE JUDGE, WITH HIS TASTES FOR GOOD WINE AND EXPENSIVE LIVING, COULD BE PERSUADED TO CHANGE HIS MIND.



DON'T SEE WHY NOT ANDREWS PERHAPS I WAS A LITTLE HASTY...

SO IF I SUBMIT THE EVIDENCE THERE MIGHT BE A NEW TRIAL, JUDGE.

WHEN JAMES II CAME TO THE THRONE JEFFREYS WAS MADE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND. HE COULD DO NO WRONG ONE OF HIS EARLY VICTIMS, TITUS OATES, WAS A THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE MONARCHY AND A THORN ENEMY OF THE HANGING JUDGE.



MAY YOU ROT IN HELL, JEFFREYS.

THE PILLORY WILL BE JUST THE START FOR YOU, OATES.



OATES WAS FOUND GUILTY OF RAISING RELIGIOUS FEELINGS AGAINST THE MONARCHY. HE WAS NOT ONLY GIVEN LIFE IMPRISONMENT BUT ALSO 3,000 LASHES AND SENT TO THE STOCKS A BARBARIC SENTENCE.

HANGINGS TOO GOOD FOR YOU, OATES YOU'LL REALLY SUFFER UNDER THAT LASH!

AMRRGH!



LONG LIVE THE KING!

DEATH TO THE ROYALIST FIGS!

I WILL TRY THE REBELS AND SEE THAT JUSTICE IS UPHOLD.

RATHER THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH LED A VAST PROTESTANT UPRISING AGAINST THE KING. HIS POORLY ARMED MEN SET OUT FROM SOUTH-WEST ENGLAND TO MEET THE KING'S ARMY. THE ROYALISTS CRUSHED THEM, KILLING HUNDREDS, EXECUTING MONMOUTH AND TAKING MANY PRISONERS.



SO THE JUDGE LIVED UP TO HIS NAME. THE TRIALS BECAME KNOWN AS THE BLOODY ASSIZES AS JEFFREYS SENT OVER 300 MEN TO THE SCAFFOLD AND ANOTHER 300 TO HARD LABOUR IN THE COLONIES. ONLY THOSE WITH ENOUGH MONEY COULD BUY THEIR LIVES FROM HIM.

THE ENEMIES OF THE KING MUST PERISH... I AM THE LAW OF THE LAND.



IN 1688, WHEN JAMES II REIGN CAME TO AN END AND HE FLED THE COUNTRY, JEFFREYS ALSO DECIDED HIS LIFE WAS IN DANGER FROM THE NEW MONARCHY. HE TRIED TO BOARD A SHIP AT WHIPPING, BUT WAS RECOGNISED WHEN HE ENTERED A DOCKSIDE INN.

I SHALL NOT BE RECOGNISED HERE - A LAST DRINK BEFORE I BID FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

JEFFREYS WAS ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON WHERE HE DIED A YEAR LATER OF ILL-HEALTH. HIS EXAMPLE OF JUSTICE - AS HE SAID IT - WAS A SAD ONE. THE BRITISH SYSTEM TODAY IS BASED ON ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS TO ONE AND ALL, RICH OR POOR.



HEY, EBENEZER, THAT LOOKS LIKE THAT JUDGE WHATSISNAMS... JEFFREYS.





# VICTOR DRAGO

## AND THE CHINA-TOWN TERROR!

PART 2

BY F. PEPPER & MIKE DOREY

LONDON IN 1929, VICTOR DRAGO, THE FAMOUS PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND HIS ASSISTANT, SPENCER, WERE TRYING TO SOLVE THE SERIE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR CHARLES NEWMAN WHO HAD VANISHED AFTER APPEARING TO FLY OUT OF THE FIFTH FLOOR WINDOW OF HIS LUXURY FLAT. DRAGO BELIEVED THAT AN EVIL ORIENTAL CALLED GIM FANG WAS RESPONSIBLE AND THE TRAIL HAD LED THEM TO LONDON'S LINDOLDS DISTRICT, WHERE A CHINESE FESTIVAL WAS BEING CELEBRATED.

THAT CHINESE DRAGON, SPENCER! WE MUST NOT LET IT OUT OF OUR SIGHT!



THERE WERE SIX PEOPLE HANGING UP THE DRAGON ORIGINALLY BUT NOW THERE ARE SEVEN.

OUR KILLER MUST BE THE CHINA MAN!

WHAT'S THE GUY NOR?



YES - AND WITH FIRE IN ITS HEAD! I'VE GOT SPENCER!



THERE'S A GUN AIMED AT US!



THE DOOR BEHIND THEM SWUNG OPEN AS THEY DIVED FOR COVER.

WE ARE DEALING WITH A CUNNING AND RUTHLESS SPENCER!

THE MURDERING FIEND!

WE'RE TRAPPED! IN FANG'S ASSASSINS WILL BE WAITING FOR US AS SOON AS WE SHOW OURSELVES OUTSIDE!

THEN WE MUST FIND ANOTHER ROUTE TO SAFETY. THERE APPEARS TO BE A LIGHT BEHIND THAT CURTAIN. FOLLOW ME CAREFULLY.

THEN, INCREDIBLY

SIR CHARLES NEWMAN NOW THE DEUCE DID YOU GET IN THERE?

THE LAST TIME HE SAW HIM HE WAS FLYING OUT OF THAT WINDOW!

MOVE QUICKLY, SPENCER! WE'LL SOON HAVE HIM ONE OF THE VILE CREW

STOP! DON'T COME ANY NEARER!

THE WARNING CAME TOO LATE!

AAAAHHH!

BEFORE DRAGO COULD PROTECT HIMSELF, HE WAS ATTACKED FROM BEHIND AND A SURFACING PAD PRESSED OVER HIS FACE

AAAAHHH!

AT LAST DRAGO AND SPENCER WERE DUMPED ON A THICKLY CARPETED FLOOR

WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WHY WERE WE HERE?

LOOK THIS WAY AND YOU WILL SEE...

WE WILL DELIVER THEM TO OUR MASTER. HE WILL DECIDE HOW TO DISPOSE OF THEM.

THEY LANDED IN A DIRTY CELLAR AND

WE'RE SURROUNDED

YES. SURROUNDED BY MORE OF FANG'S VILE MEN



IT WAS VERY STUPID OF YOU, DRAGO, TO PIT YOUR CHILDISHLY FEELING WITS AGAINST MINE!

LIN FANG!



BUT I CANNOT HAVE YOU MESSING IN MY AFFAIRS BECAUSE YOU APPEAR TO KNOW TOO MUCH! YOU WILL HAVE TO BE DESTROYED!



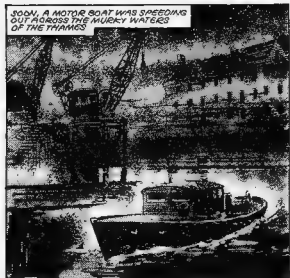
REMOVE THE GUN AND THE KEYS RETURN THE OTHER OBJECTS TO THEM!



NOW, PUT THEM IN THE TRUNK!



FAREWELL, DRAGO!



TODAY, A MOTOR BOAT WAS SPEEDING OUT ACROSS THE MURKY WATERS OF THE FRANKS!



IT IS DONE THEY WILL TROUBLE OUR MASTERS NO MORE!

AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THEM!

IS THIS THE END OF DRAGO AND HIS ASSISTANT? FIND OUT THE NEXT WEEK!



**VICTOR DRAGO'S  
BLACK MUSEUM  
of VILLAINS**

# BILLY THE KID



BORN HENRY McCARTY IN NEW YORK IN 1859, HE WAS BROUGHT WEST BY HIS FAMILY WHILE STILL A CHILD. ALWAYS TROUBLESOME, HE LEFT HOME AND SOON DRIFTED INTO A LIFE OF VIOLENCE...

**REWARD**  
(\$5,000.00)

Reward for the capture, dead or alive, of one Wm Wright, better known as

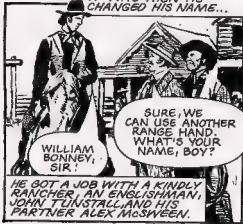
**"BILLY THE KID"**

Age, 18. Height, 5 feet, 3 inches. Weight, 125 lbs. Light hair, blue eyes and even features. He is the leader of the worst band of desperadoes the Territory has ever had to deal with. The above reward will be paid for his capture or positive proof of his death.

JIM DALTON, Sheriff

**DEAD OR ALIVE!  
BILLY THE KID**

BILLY WAS ARRESTED BUT ESCAPED AND FLED TO LINCOLN COUNTY. IT WAS THEN HE CHANGED HIS NAME...



WILLIAM BONNEY, SIR!

SURE, WE CAN USE ANOTHER RANGE HAND. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BOY?

HE GOT A JOB WITH A KINDLY RANCHER, AN ENGLISHMAN, JOHN TUNSTALL AND HIS PARTNER ALEX MCSWEIN.

HE GUNNED DOWN HIS FIRST VICTIM, A FORT GRANT BLACKSMITH NAMED CAHILL, WHEN HE WAS ONLY EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD. THE MAN COINED BILLY, AND ONE DAY HE RILED THE BOY TOO MUCH.



STAY BACK, YOU BIG OX...

WHY YOU LITTLE SQUIRT...  
ARRRRH!

THE LINCOLN COUNTY WARS WERE RAGING. SMALL RANCHERS ACCUSED MEN LIKE TUNSTALL OF MONOPOLISING THE LAND...



IT'S THE HIRED GUNS FROM THE CHISUMBAR RANCH!

THE SMALL OUTFITS WERE HEADED BY TWO MEN, DOLAN AND MURRAY AND THEY SET OUT TO RUIN TUNSTALL. EVENTUALLY THEIR MEN AMBUSHED AND KILLED HIM...



GET ME BACK HOME, BILLY. I'M DYING...

I'LL HUNT DOWN EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM...  
MR. TUNSTALL...

ALTHOUGH THE LAW WAS IN THE PAY OF DOLAN AND MURPHY THE KID RODE INTO TOWN AND BLASTED DOWN TWO OF THEIR MEN...

THIS IS FOR MR. TUNSTALL, YOU RATS!

Sheriff's Office

IT'S BONNEY... GET 'IM!

AARRGH!

BILLY CAUGHT A SLUG IN THE LEG AND HEADED FOR A DOCTOR WHO WAS A FRIEND OF TUNSTALL'S...

THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO, KID. BY THE SOUND OF IT THE WHOLE TOWN IS LOOKING FOR YOU...

THANKS, DOC. I'LL GIT GOIN' NOW, BUT LINCOLN AIN'T HEARD THE LAST OF ME!

LATER, WITH A NEW BUNCH OF GUNHANDS, BILLY SHOT IT OUT WITH DOLAN AND MURPHY'S BOYS AT MCSWEEN'S HOUSE. THE PLACE WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND AND MCSWEEN WAS KILLED.

HOLD YOUR FIRE, PAT... WE GIVE UP!

NO TRICKS NOW, BILLY, OR WE'LL BLOW YOU APART.

HE WAS TRIED AND SENTENCED TO HANG, BUT LINCOLN COUNTY JAIL COULDN'T HOLD HIM.

PAT GARRETT WAS ELECTED SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY AND ORDERED TO HUNT DOWN BILLY AND OTHER GUN-SLINGERS IN THE TERRITORY.

GARRETT AND THE KID WERE ACQUAINTANCES, AND THE LAWMAN TRACKED HIM DOWN. BY THIS TIME THE KID WAS WANTED FOR ROBBERY AND MORE KILLINGS.

YOU CAN KEEP THAT PMS SWELL. I AIN'T STAYIN' FOR SUPPER!

HE ESCAPED, RUTHLESSLY SHOOTING DOWN TWO MEN AS HE FLED.

GARRETT KNEW HE OFTEN STAYED WITH A FRIEND, PET MAXWELL, AT HIS HOUSE AT FORT SUMNER ONE NIGHT IN 1881...

STAY HERE, BOYS. KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED! I'M GOIN' IN!

AS THE LAWMAN ENTERED, THE KID HEARD SOMETHING AND CAME TO INVESTIGATE, CALLING OUT IN SPANISH, 'WHO IS THERE?' GARRETT TOOK NO CHANCES, HE PULLED THE TRIGGER.

THE EXACT NUMBER OF MEN BILLY THE KID KILLED IN HIS SHORT LIFETIME IS NOT KNOWN. BUT HE AND OTHER OUTLAWS OF THE PERIOD LIVED BY THE LAW OF THE GUN AND THEY DIED BY IT.





# VICTOR DRAGO

## AND THE CHINA-TOWN TERROR!

PART 3

BY F. PEPPER & MIKE DOREY

LONDON 1929 THE FIVE CHINESE GANG LEADER LIN FANG, WAS CAPTURED THE WORLD FAMOUS PRIVATE DETECTIVE VICTOR DRAGO, AND HIS ASSISTANT, SPENCE. THE SCOTLAND YARD HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR A TRUNK WHICH WAS THROWN INTO THE MURKY WATERS OF THE RIVER THAMES.



INSIDE THE TRUNK:



LIN FANG THOUGHT HE HAD TAKEN AWAY ANY MEANS OF ESCAPE. BUT HE OVERLOOKED THIS MOUNTAIN PEN...

WHICH CONTAINS A MOUNTAIN SAW OF THE TOUGHEST STEEL

I CAN CUT OUR ROPE AND SWIM AROUND THE LOCK!

SECONDS LATER:



WITH LINDS AT BURSTING POINT, THE DETECTIVES REACHED THE SURFACE

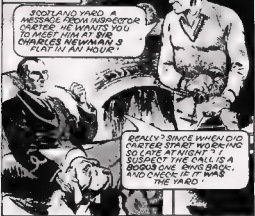


LIN FANG MUST RECKON THAT HE'S BEEN THE LAST OF US

I WAS OF A SIMILAR OPINION FOR A WHILE, SPENCE

WE WERE SECONDS AWAY FROM A WATERY TOMB

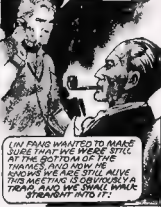
THE DETECTIVES BARELY HAD TIME TO RECOVER FROM THEIR ORROR, WHEN THE PHONE RANG IN THEIR APARTMENT



SCOTLAND YARD, A MESSAGE FROM INSPECTOR CARTER. HE WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM AT SIR CHARLES NEWMAN'S FLAT IN AN HOUR

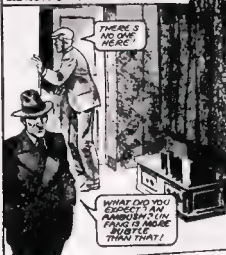
REALLY? SINCE WHEN DID CARTER START BEING SO LATE AT NIGHT? I SUSPECT THE CALL IS A BOOBY TRAP. RUN BACK, AND CHECK IF IT WAS THE YARD

CARTER LEFT SOME TIME AGO, YOU SAY? NO, THAT'S ALL, THANKS!



LIN FANG WANTED TO MAKE SURE THAT WE WERE STILL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE THAMES, AND NOW HE KNOWS WE ARE STILL ALIVE AND MEETING. SO CURIOUSLY A TRAP, AND WE SHALL WALK STRAIGHT INTO IT!

IT HAD BEEN AT THE FLAT WHERE SIR CHARLES HAD BEEN SEEN BY THE DETECTIVES HAD BEEN TRYING TO LEAN OUT OF THE WINDOW BUT THIS TIME WHEN DRAGO AND SPENCER ARRIVED



THERE'S NO ONE HERE

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT AN ARABIAN'S LUN FANG IS MORE WILDER THAN THAT!

BUT LIGHTNING REFLEXES AND INMEDIABLE STRENGTH DRAGO TURNED THE PAIR ON HIS WOULD-BE CAPTIVE

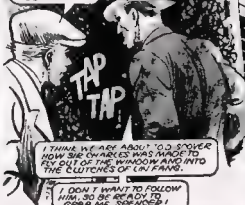


SO THAT'S HOW SIR CHARLES VANISHED FROM THIS ROOM

WE'LL TAKE HIM BACK WITH US

SUDDENLY...

LISTEN! THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE! BUT WE'RE ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE BUILDING!



I THINK WE ARE ABOUT TO DISCOVER NOW SIR CHARLES WAS MADE TO LEAN OUT OF THE WINDOW AND INTO THE CLUTCHES OF LUN FANG

I DON'T WANT TO FOLLOW HIM, SO BE READY TO GRAB ME, SPENCER!

AAAAHHHHH!

YES AND NOW HE CAN ROBE A FELLOW TO BE SOME QUESTIONING

AS DRAGO LEANED OUT OF THE WINDOW...



TO SPENCER'S BEWILDERMENT DRAGO DID NOT HEAD STRAIGHT HOME, BUT TOOK A ROUND-ABOUT ROUTE THAT LED THROUGH THE MOST SINISTER PART OF THE LUNARLY DISTRICT OF LONDON, SUDDENLY...



AAGH! WE'RE SKIDDING!

LOOKS OUT! LUN FANG'S MAN IS GETTING AWAY!

DOES THE GUY WHO REALLY THINK HE CAN MAKE HIM TALK? I GET THIS TOO TERRIFIED OF LUN FANG TO OPEN HIS MOUTH!

LET BRUTUS OUT OF THE  
BOOT. OUR FRIENDS WILL  
LEAD US TO LIN FANG.

YOU HAD ME FOOLED!  
I THOUGHT THE SPOD  
WAS AN ACCIDENT!

HE IS HERE!  
YOU'VE JUST  
ARRESTED LIN  
FANG!

DEAGO!  
YOU HAVE  
CHEATED  
DEATH A  
SECOND  
TIME!

THE WHOLE BUILDING WAS  
SUDDENLY FILLED WITH  
NOISE AND CONFUSION.

THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED  
HELP, DEAGO. I'VE HAD  
MEN COVERING YOU EVER  
SINCE YOU LEFT YOUR  
HOUSE. I'LL TAKE OVER  
NOW.

INSPECTOR CARTER!  
YOU BLUNDERING  
FOOL.

MEANWHILE—

MY PATIENCE IS AT  
AN END, CHARLES  
NEWMAN.

YOU WILL REVEAL  
THE SECRET TO ME  
NOW, OR...

MASTER!  
MY FRIEND  
HAS IS

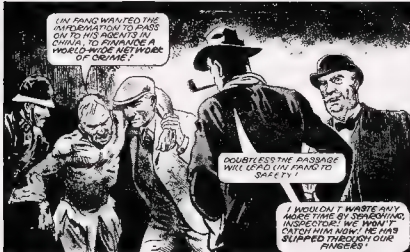
YOU HAVE  
STOPPED ME,  
DEAGO, BUT  
YOU WILL NOT  
CATCH ME!

NOWHIST THE CHAGS LIN FANG HAD  
REACHED A SECRET DOORWAY  
SET IN THE WALL.



SIE CHARLES EXPLAINED WHY LIN FANG HAD OF RETURNED HOME.

I HAD JUST RETURNED TO ENGLAND AFTER DISCOVERING THE SITE OF ANCIENT, LONG-LOST MANDARIN TREASURE!



NEXT WEEK: THE KILLER FROM GOBLIN LOCH.

# IT'S YOUR TURN

★ GREAT ★  
★ WRITING ★  
Competition!

The Second World War is in a crucial situation, and a new, terrifying bomb that could alter the shape of the Western World has been dispatched by Germany's tyrant dictator, Adolf Hitler! Fortunately, it is no more than imagination, but if you can write a story around the cover of this issue then some money could be on its way to you!

Stories must be no more than 300 words in length, and they must clearly relate to the cover picture, but — apart from that — the rest is up to you! When you have finished your tale complete the entry coupon — attach it to your story and post to:— **TORNADO/IT'S YOUR TURN** No. 3, 55, EWER STREET, LONDON SE9 6YP. Closing date is Friday, July 20th 1979.

# ★ £20 ★

FIRST PRIZE

# PLUS FIVE £2 runner-up prizes!

## IT'S YOUR TURN

### ENTRY COUPON ③

Post to: **Tornado/IT'S YOUR TURN** No. 3, 55, EWER STREET, LONDON SE9 6YP.

Name .....

Address .....

..... Age .....

I certify that this is the entrant's own unaided work .....

(Signature: Parent/Guardian).

Closing date: Fri., July 20th, 1979

### RULES.

Stories may be typed or clearly written in pen, ink or biro and must be written on one side of the paper only. Each entry must be accompanied by a fully completed entry form. Stories must be the unaided work of the entrant and must be their own original work. The first prize will be awarded for what the Editor considers to be the story which most aptly relates to the cover picture; remaining prizes will go to writers of next best entries. The first prize-winning story will be published in **TORNADO** and the Editor reserves the right to amend this for the purposes of publication.

The competition is open to readers in the United Kingdom and Eire, except children of employees of IPC Magazines Ltd. and the printers of **TORNADO**.

The Editor's decision will be final. Prize-winners will be notified of their success by post. It is regretted that stories cannot be returned.





# VICTOR DRAGO'S BLACK MUSEUM of VILLAINS

IN THE POOR AREAS OF THE MID-WEST A NUMBER OF GANGS ROAMED AT WILL, ROBBING BANKS AND KILLING INNOCENT PEOPLE. THERE WAS JOHN DILLINGER, BABY FACE NELSON, THE MA BARKER GANG AND A CRAZY, DEADLY COUPLE WHOSE ODYSSEY OF VIOLENCE IS LEGEND...

POVERTY BREEDS CRIME, AND IN AMERICA DURING THE DEPRESSION OF THE 1930'S — WHEN MANY WERE UNEMPLOYED AND STARVING — CRIME WAS RIFE.



# Bonnie and Clyde

THEY MET IN DALLAS IN 1930, AND WITH THEIR HENCHMEN, W.D. JONES AND RAY HAMILTON, NO BANK IN THE MID-WESTERN STATES WAS SAFE.

THERE'S THE BANK, CLYDE HONEY, LET'S HOPE IT'S LOADED WITH GREEN STUFF!

LOOKS A PUSHOVER, BONNIE. GET THE ARTILLERY READY, FELLAS!



THE POOR LOOKED ON THEIR EXPLOITS AS DARING, ROMANTIC ADVENTURES...

THAT AIN'T MUCH OF A MAUL, W.D.

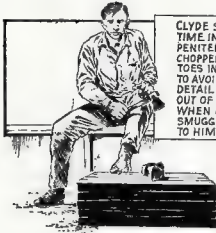
DAMMIT, THIS AIN'T NOTHING BUT A PIGGY BANK!

JUST ENOUGH FOR A HAMBURGER AN' BEER, THAT'S ALL!



...BUT FEW SAW THE TRAIL OF DEATH THE PAIR LEFT IN THEIR WAKE.

DON'T TRY AND STOP THE CLYDE BARROW GANG, COP!



CLYDE SPENT SOME TIME IN THE LOCAL PENITENTIARIES. HE CHOPPED OFF TWO TOES IN ONE PRISON TO AVOID A WORK DETAIL. HE BUSTED OUT OF ANOTHER WHEN BONNIE SMUGGLED A GUN TO HIM.

BUCK, CLYDE'S BROTHER AND HIS WIFE, BLANCHE, BECAME PART OF THE TEAM. THEY TOOK PHOTOS OF EACH OTHER TO SEND TO THE PRESS AND BONNIE COMPOSED POEMS ABOUT THEIR EXPLOITS.

JUST HOLD STILL, BOY. WAIT 'TIL THE NEWSPAPERS SEE THIS PICTURE!



HOW'S THIS, BONNIE...HOW DO I LOOK?

NOT NOW, CLYDE, I'M WRITIN' A POEM!



BY 1933 THE GANG WERE TOP OF THE 'MOST WANTED' LIST. THEY SWEEP THROUGH TEXAS AND KANSAS SEEKING PUBLICITY AND SNEERING AT THE LAW...



THEY ROBBED DOZENS OF BANKS AND STORES AND THEN THEIR LUCK BEGAN TO RUN OUT. BONNIE WAS HURT IN ONE OF THEIR HAIR-RAISING CAR RIDES.



LATER, BOTH W.D. AND HAMILTON WERE CAUGHT BY THE LAW. THEN BUCK WAS KILLED AND BLANCHE CAPTURED IN DEXTER, IOWA. WHEN THEY TRIED TO OUTSHOOT THE POLICE.



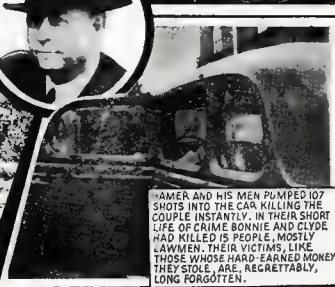
THEN, IN EARLY 1934, THE COUPLE STAGED A DARING JAIL BREAK AT THE TEXAS STATE PRISON FARM, FREEING HAMILTON.

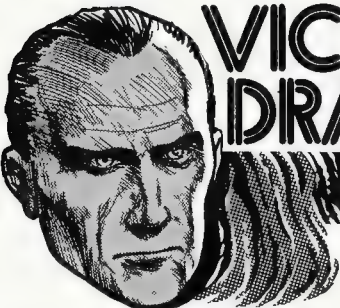


THE TEXAS LAW AUTHORITIES DECIDED THE GANG MUST BE STOPPED AND EMPLOYED TOUGH EX-RANGER FRANK HAMER TO TRACK THEM DOWN.



AFTER MONTHS ON THEIR TRAIL HAMER FOUND BONNIE AND CLYDE OFTEN VISITED THE FATHER OF ONE OF THEIR FRIENDS. HAMER GOT THE OLD MAN TO SET AN AMBUSH FOR THE COUPLE. THE PRICE: A LIGHT PRISON SENTENCE FOR HIS SON.





# VICTOR DRAGO *and the* KILLER *from* GOBLIN LOCH

**A** wild, terror-filled scream re-echoed through the ghostly evening mist that was beginning to rise from the twilight surface of a Highland loch.

"Confound it, Spencer! I'm afraid we are too late!"

The words, uttered in horror and dismay, came from Victor Drago, the world-famous private detective.

He and his assistant, Spencer, were in a motor boat, from which they had been watching the rugged, tree-clad shoreline.

Without having to be told Spencer immediately headed the boat at full speed in the direction of the cry, while Drago raised field glasses and focused them onto a craggy outcrop of rock.

The failing light and rising mist made it difficult to see for any great distance, but for a moment the figure of a man could clearly be picked out at the top of a crag. Wild, unspeakable terror was etched into every line of his face in a manner that no trick of the light could ever have fashioned. The man was staring into the surrounding dense thicket from which he had just appeared, and was obviously too shaken to notice where he was going. His arms were thrown up, and waving wildly as if trying to ward off some hideous menace.

A warning cry rose to Drago's lips, but was never uttered.

For, at that moment, the terrified man took another heedless backward step into empty space, overbalanced and plunged head first on to the cruel jagged boulders lapped by the rippling waves of the loch.

The motor boat arrived within seconds. Drago sprang out, clambered across the rocks and knelt beside the fallen man.

Drago looked down at him in silence for a few seconds, then gently searched the pockets of his jacket, and took out a wallet. Briefly the detective checked the papers it contained, then returned it to its owner.

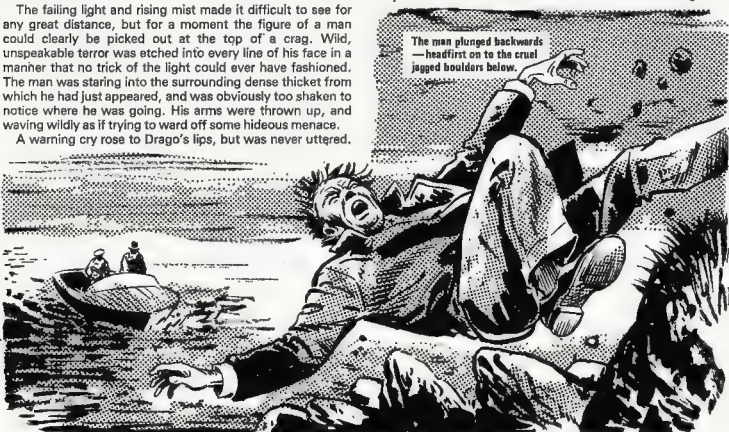
"He's our man all right," he said. "But we'll learn nothing from him now. The fall killed him instantly!"

## THE MONSTER

"Who is he?" asked Spencer.

"A reporter from the Daily Globe," said Drago. "Goblin Loch has attracted a lot of publicity recently since fresh reports have claimed that there is a monster living in it."

The man plunged backwards — headfirst on to the cruel jagged boulders below.





Drago turned and saw three men emerge from the mists of the narrow shore path.

Tourists have come swarming up here. Many people claim to have sighted it. Some have taken rather fuzzy photographs. A few even claim to have glimpsed some huge beast lumbering about on the shore."

"Takes some believing," muttered Spencer doubtfully.

"This chap reported to his paper that he was on the track of something sensational," went on Drago. "His editor got the impression that what he was planning to do could be dangerous. It made him uneasy. And, as the editor is an old friend of mine who has often helped me in the past..."

"You thought you would do him a favour and investigate," Spencer added knowingly. "And all along I thought this was going to be a holiday!"

"I had hoped the editor's fears were unfounded," conceded Drago. "But now we have a mystery to solve by picking up the trail of our unfortunate friend, the reporter."

Spencer shivered, haunted suddenly by dark, uneasy thoughts. The darkness was deepening and the mist was growing thicker. The brooding loch was taking on the aspect of some hag-ridden place that could be the haunt of unspeakable evil.

He jumped with fright as, from the thickets above there came a sudden alarming sound of something clumsily threshing around.

"There's something alive up there!" he gasped.

"Whatever there is up there, it will get away before we can climb the crag," observed Drago.

Spencer suddenly grabbed the detective's arm.

"Sssh," he whispered.

From somewhere nearby came the sound of footsteps, and muffled voices.

"Who's there?" called Drago sharply.

Three men emerged from a narrow path further along the shore. They were dressed in leather shorts and hiking jackets, thick stockings and heavy boots, and each man carried a large, bulging rucksack on his back.

"I'm afraid there's been a fatal accident," said Drago, eyeing them suspiciously. "Have you seen anyone — or

anything — out of the ordinary on your way down here?"

"Why should we have?" demanded one.

"Something, or somebody, attacked this man and caused him to fall to his death. Something was up there! We heard it," rapped Drago. "Didn't you?"

"Not a thing," insisted one.

"Are you trying to say that he was killed by the Goblin monster?" asked another.

"That remains to be seen," retorted Drago. "In the meantime, we better get him up to the hotel, and then notify the police."

## UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

The hotel was packed with visitors. Ever since the first sightings tourists had come swarming to the area, and the hotel was the only place on the loch where they could stay.

Drago and Spencer had already registered there, but not under their own names. Drago did not wish to advertise the fact that he was the world-renowned detective.

Eventually a police sergeant arrived, and began to question Drago.

"I understand, Mr Smith," said the sergeant, "that you and your friend saw the tragedy. What were you doing on the loch?"

The hotel owner, whose name was Craford, suddenly spoke.

"Wait a minute! You were in here earlier, asking about the dead man, and where you could find him."

"That's true," admitted Drago.

"Three other guests found you with the dead man. They'll swear there were no other people near that part of the lake; and **CERTAINLY NO MONSTER!**"

"What are you trying to say?" asked Drago.

"It's obvious. **YOU TWO MUST HAVE KILLED HIM!**"

\* \* \* \* \*  
**PREPARE FOR MORE THRILLS — NEXT WEEK.**



THE CIVIL WAR AND ITS AFTERMATH WAS THE CAUSE OF WIDESPREAD CRIME PARTICULARLY IN THE WEST OF AMERICA. THE FIGHTING WAS BITTER AND BLOODY.



**VICTOR DRAGO'S  
BLACK MUSEUM  
of VILLAINS**

# JESSE JAMES



MANY OUTLAWS STARTED THEIR CAREERS OF BLOODSHED WITH *QUANTRILL'S GUERRILLAS*, A SOUTHERN ARMY GROUP WHOSE PURPOSE EVENTUALLY BECAME SINISTER AND SUSPECT.

IT'S  
QUANTRILL  
AIIIIII!

THAT'S ME,  
BLUEBELLY...  
EAT LEAD!

IT WAS WHILE THEY WERE FIGHTING WITH QUANTRILL THAT *FRANK AND JESSE JAMES* MET THE *YOUNGER BROTHERS*. NEITHER PAIR HAD MUCH IN COMMON, BUT LATER THEY WERE TO TEAM-UP AND FORM THE MOST WANTED GANG IN THE WEST.



Cole  
Younger

Jesse  
James

Bob  
Younger  
(rear)



LED BY JESSE, THE GANG WERE INVOLVED IN SEVENTEEN ROBBERIES BETWEEN 1866 AND 1875 DURING WHICH THEY STOLE \$200,000 FROM BANKS, RAILROADS AND STAGE COACH LINES. AT ONE TIME SIXTEEN MEN RODE WITH THE OUTLAWS AND ALL WERE SOUTHERN SYMPATHISERS.

THE WAR HAD ITS OWN BITTER MEMORIES FOR JESSE JAMES. HE HAD BEEN BADLY WOUNDED WHILE CARRYING A FLAG OF TRUCE DURING A RAID ON THE TOWN OF LEXINGTON...



I AM NOT ARMED  
I JUST WANT  
TO TALK...  
UGH!

THIS IS THE ONLY  
LANGUAGE YOU  
MURDERIN'  
SOUTHERNERS  
UNDERSTAND!

The James Boys and the Younger Brothers





BY COMMAND OF THE GOVERNMENT YOU ARE ORDERED TO VACATE THIS LAND.

BUT THIS IS OUR HOME...

AFTER THE WAR THE NORTHERN ARMY WAS SEIZING PROPERTY AND LAND. THERE WAS NO WORK, AND MOST SOUTHERN FAMILIES FACED POVERTY... MANY TURNED TO CRIME.



HERE SHE COMES, FRANK...

...AN' RIGHT ON TIME, JESSE. READY, COLE?

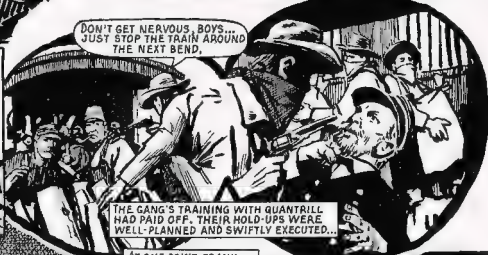
SURE, FRANK. WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

ALONG WITH THE YOUNGERS, WHOSE BROTHER JIM HAD JOINED THEM, THE JAMES BOYS SET OUT TO MAKE A LIVING IN THE ONLY WAY LEFT TO THEM.



WEARING LONG WHITE LINEN COATS TO CONCEAL THE MANY GUNS THEY CARRIED, THEIR FIRST RAID WAS ON A BANK AT LIBERTY, MISSOURI. THEN THEY HIT THE RAILROADS...

THIS IS IT, JESSE... THE MAIL CAR!



DON'T GET NERVOUS, BOYS... JUST STOP THE TRAIN AROUND THE NEXT BEND.

THE GANG'S TRAINING WITH QUANTRILL HAD PAID OFF. THEIR HOLD-UPS WERE WELL-PLANNED AND SWIFTLY EXECUTED...



...AND THERE WERE PLENTY OF CORRUPT LAW OFFICERS OR SOUTHERN SYMPATHISERS, TO SHELTER AND ASSIST THEM WHEN THE GOING GOT ROUGH.

C'MON INSIDE, JESSE. ALL WE'VE GOT IS BEANS AN' COFFEE, BUT YOU AN' THE BOYS ARE WELCOME TO IT!

BLESS YOU, MA'AM!

AT ONE POINT FRANK AND JESSE HAD MOVED TO TENNESSEE WITH THEIR FAMILIES WHERE THEY TRIED TO SETTLE DOWN, BUT THEY SOON DRIFTED BACK TO THEIR OLD DAYS!

WE CAN TAKE THIS BANK AT NORTHFIELD EASY, COLE!

YEAH, THE BOYS ARE GONNA RAID INTO TOWN ONE AT A TIME, AS WE PLANNED.



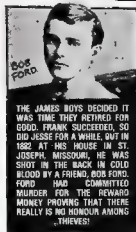
THE NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA RAID WAS A MESS! SOMEBODY RECOGNISED ONE OF THE GANG AS THEY ENTERED THE BANK AND THE TOWNSPEOPLE OPENED FIRE ON THEM. THE JAMES AND YOUNGER BOYS GOT AWAY LEAVING TWO OF THEIR MEN DEAD IN THE STREET.

IT'S AN AMBUSH! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! ARRGH!

THE GANG SPLIT-UP. LATER THE YOUNGER BROTHERS WERE CAUGHT IN THE TOWN OF HANSKA SLOUGH. ALL WERE BADLY WOUNDED. BOB DIED IN PRISON AND JIM COMMITTED SUICIDE. ONLY COLE SURVIVED.



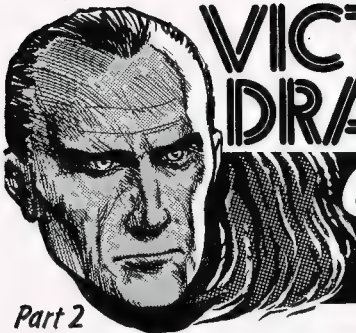
ARRGH!



BOB FORD

THE JAMES BOYS DECIDED IT WAS TIME THEY RETIRED FOR GOOD. FRANK SUCCEEDED, SO DID JESSE FOR A WHILE, BUT IN 1892 AT HIS HOUSE IN ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, HE WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY GOLD BLOOD BY A FRIEND, BOB FORD. FORD HAD COMMITTED MURDER FOR THE REWARD MONEY PROVING THAT THERE REALLY IS NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES!





# VICTOR DRAGO and the KILLER from GOBLIN LOCH

*Victor Drago, the world-famous private detective, and his assistant, Spencer, were the only witnesses of the strange death of a newspaper reporter. Apparently terrified, the man had fallen from a rocky crag at the edge of Goblin Loch in the Scottish Highlands. Local legend suggests the loch is inhabited by a strange monster.*

## Part 2

It's obvious what happened to that poor reporter. These two men must have killed him!" Craford, the Scottish hotel owner, finished speaking, and challengingly stared at the two accused men, Drago and Spencer.

Drago's eyes narrowed with surprise. Was Craford's accusation genuine, or was he trying to turn suspicion away from something else?

"A word in private, sergeant," requested Drago of the police officer who had been called in to investigate the case.

Outside, Drago produced an identity card. The officer whistled in surprise.

"Victor Drago! Theft there's more in this than meets the eye."

"I've been retained by the dead man's newspaper. He was sent up here to do a routine piece on the legend of the monster in the loch. But it seems that he stumbled on something too big, and too dangerous for him to handle. His paper became alarmed for his safety. He died, in very eerie circumstances, before I had a chance to speak to him.

"It seems to me there are only two possibilities. Either the reporter was silenced because he knew too much — or there really is a monster, and it killed him!"

"Well, sir," began the sergeant, "I've never seen it myself, but a lot of people reckon they have. Most of the sightings have been in the early morning, when there's mist on the loch, or in the evening when the light's fading."

"Spencer and I will spend tomorrow making a thorough search. I'll be in touch," promised Drago.

## THE SEARCH

Drago and his assistant spent the whole of the following day among the wooded, rocky slopes that surrounded the loch, beginning at the spot where the reporter had met his mysterious death.

The havoc of smashed and trampled undergrowth only added to the mystery.

"It looks as if he came face to face with some enormous wild creature," said Spencer. "The monster of the loch must exist, after all."



Drago gasped as he recognised the shabbily dressed man who had just entered the hotel lounge.

"If it does, it must possess some extraordinary powers," Drago pointed out. "How did it get here? How did it leave? It would have left a train of destruction as it made off, and there is no sign of one."

"Could it have flown?" asked Spencer doubtfully.

"A sort of dragon? No. That's too much to believe. Besides we would have seen it."

As the day went on they were more and more hampered by parties of sightseers. The morning newspapers had headlined the tragedy and brought visitors swarming to the spot hoping for a glimpse of the monster.

At one point Spencer uttered a sharp exclamation.

"I think we're being spied on, guv'nor."

Spencer had spotted a flash of light, the sun glinting on a pair of binoculars, across the loch. Drago raised his own glasses to his eyes. He saw three men, with bulging rucksacks on their backs, climbing a narrow, winding path. They were the same three men from the hotel who had been first on the scene when Drago and Spencer had found the dead reporter.

"Interesting," murmured Drago. "I believe things may be falling into shape!"

## STILLWELL

It was late by the time Drago and Spencer returned to the hotel for an evening meal. So many sightseers had arrived during the day that every table in the dining room was already taken. The detectives sat in the lounge waiting until a table became vacant.

Spencer was idly thumbing through a magazine when he heard Drago catch his breath with excitement.

"That man who has just come in. We've got him on our files."

The man was shabbily dressed, and his sharp-nosed, ferret-eyed face had an expression of low cunning. Spencer, watching him cross the lounge to the reception desk where Craford was on duty, felt that the face was vaguely familiar from the past, but could not put a name to it. He did not

share Drago's amazing memory and fantastic power of instant recall.

The newcomer was leaning across the desk and talking in low tones to Craford, whose normally flushed cheeks had turned chalk white.

"Stillwell!" whispered Drago. "About three years ago. A blackmail case. He was craftsman in the property workshop of a film company—"

Craford had come out from behind the desk. The pair were going up the stairs. Drago sprang to his feet.

"Our room is over Craford's private apartment. I've got to find out what's going on! Come on!"

Drago reached his room, flung open the window, and leaned out into the darkness. He saw a light come on in a room two floors below.

"Get the sheets off my bed. Make a rope," he rapped.

Spencer obeyed swiftly, and lowered Drago through the dark to the sill below. The window was slightly open. Drago clung to it with his finger-tips. Cautiously he peered in.

Stillwell stood by the door, his thin lips twisted venomously. Craford was staring back at him, bulging-eyed.

"I've come for me share, or I'll blow your racket sky-high," Stillwell was saying. "You've got until the morning to think it over."

He went out. Craford glared murderously at the closed door. He picked up a telephone, and used his private, internal switchboard.

"He's turned up," Drago heard him say. "I know he would. You've got to shut him up. Now! Before he blabs to anyone!"

Drago tugged at the sheets and looked upwards.

"Pull me up," he whispered. "Things are moving fast. Stillwell has walked into a murder trap."

The two men faced each other as Drago watched from his vantage point.



CAN THE GREAT DETECTIVE PREVENT THE DEATH OF THE MYSTERIOUS STILLWELL? WILL THE MONSTER OF GOBLIN LOCH CLAIM ANOTHER VICTIM?  
DON'T MISS THE FINAL EPISODE — NEXT WEEK!



# VICTOR DRAGO'S BLACK MUSEUM OF VILLAINS

NAZISM WAS THE CREATION OF ONE MAN—A MAN WHOSE MONSTROUS LUST FOR POWER INDIRECTLY DESTROYED MORE HUMAN BEINGS THAN ANY TYRANT BEFORE HIM. THAT MAN WAS...



HITLER WAS BORN IN AUSTRIA IN 1889. HE WANTED TO BE AN ARTIST, BUT WAS A FAILURE. IN 1908, HE COULD BE SEEN ON THE STREETS OF VIENNA TRYING TO SELL PICTURE POSTCARDS PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

HIMMEL!  
I WOULDN'T  
TAKE THIS RUBBISH  
EVEN IF YOU WERE  
TO GIVE IT TO ME!

IN 1913, HE MOVED TO MUNICH AND BECAME A HOUSE-PAINTER. HE WASN'T SUCCESSFUL. A YEAR LATER HE JOINED THE ARMY.



AAAARGH!

THE DEFEAT OF GERMANY CAME AS A SHATTERING BLOW TO HITLER, AND WAS THE MAIN REASON BEHIND HIS BID FOR ULTIMATE POWER LATER ON.

HE DREAMED OF A GERMANY THAT WOULD LEAD THE WORLD—THAT WOULD, IN THE END, CONTROL THE WORLD.

HE JOINED THE GERMAN WORKERS' PARTY, TOOK OVER THE LEADERSHIP AND CHANGED ITS NAME TO THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST GERMAN WORKERS' PARTY—THE "NAZI" PARTY.

HE SERVED THROUGHOUT THE 1914-18 WAR AS A MESSAGE-RUNNER, WAS TWICE WOUNDED, AND WON THE IRON CROSS.

IN 1923 HITLER WAS ONE OF THE LEADERS OF A COUP D'ETAT IN MUNICH. THE COUP WAS A DISMAL FAILURE—A CORDON OF STATE POLICE BROKE IT UP.

RUN, RUN!  
ALL IS LOST!

AAARGH!

WHEN HE WAS RELEASED, HE SOUGHT THE SYMPATHY OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES BY TURNING ON THE COMMUNIST PARTY.

UUGH!

FILTHY RED SWINE!  
TAKE THAT!



HIS PRIVATE ARMY OF BROWN/SHIRTS, MADE UP OF THUGS AND PETTY CRIMINALS, TURNED THE STREETS OF BERLIN INTO A BATTLEGROUND.

HITLER FLED, BUT WAS LATER ARRESTED AND THROWN INTO PRISON. HE WROTE HIS TWISTED POLITICAL BIBLE, MEIN KAMPF—MY STRUGGLE.

PRISON HAD TURNED HITLER INTO A MARTYR. CUNNINGLY, HE USED THIS TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE. HE SOUGHT LEGAL MEANS TO GAIN CONTROL.



IN 1933, THE SENILE PRESIDENT OF GERMANY, HINDENBURG, MADE HIM CHANCELLOR — THE MOST POWERFUL POLITICAL POST.

STILL HE WAS NOT SATISFIED.



ON 27th FEBRUARY, 1933, THE REICHSTAG — GERMAN PARLIAMENT — WAS BURNED TO THE GROUND. HERMANN GOERING, HITLER'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, INSTANTLY DENOUNCED THE CULPRITS.



THE COMMUNISTS! THEY'RE BEHIND THIS! UNTIL WE STAMP OUT THIS FILTHY MENACE, ALL CIVIL RIGHTS MUST BE SUSPENDED!

BUT THERE IS STRONG EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST THAT IT WAS HITLER HIMSELF WHO ORDERED THE BURNING OF THE REICHSTAG.

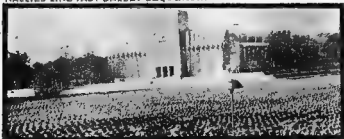
IT WAS THE PERFECT EXCUSE FOR A TAKE-OVER, WITH CIVIL RIGHTS AND LAWS SUSPENDED. GERMANY BECAME A ONE-PARTY STATE UNDER THE DICTATORSHIP OF HITLER.



BUT NOT EVEN HITLER'S FRIENDS WERE SAFE.

ON THE 30th JUNE, 1934 — THE NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES — HITLER TURNED ON HIS OWN BROWNSHIRT. THEY WERE GETTING TO BE TOO POWERFUL. NEARLY 2000 MEN WERE SLAUGHTERED BY HIS NEW ELITE CORPS — THE DREADED SS.

OTHER PROPAGANDA WAS CARRIED OUT ON A LARGER SCALE. PROPAGANDA MINISTER JOSEF GOEBBELS ORCHESTRATED NAZI RALLIES LIKE VAST BALLET SEQUENCES.



ADULATION OF HITLER REACHED A PITCH OF MASS HYSTERIA.

HIS LUST FOR WORLD-DOMINATION MADE WAR INEVITABLE. HIS BLIND MEGALOMANIA COUPLED WITH A TOTAL LACK OF STRATEGICAL SKILLS MADE DEFEAT JUST AS INEVITABLE.



HE INVADDED RUSSIA IN 1941. HIS ARMIES GOT CAUGHT IN THE TERRIBLE RUSSIAN WINTER WITH NO SUPPLY LINES. IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

BRITISH, AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN FORCES INVADIED GERMANY AND CLOSED IN ON BERLIN.



SOON, HITLER HAD TO RELY ON 12 YEAR OLD BOYS AS FRONT-LINE TROOPS — EVEN THIS WAS USED AS PROPAGANDA.

HITLER WAS NOW DER FUHRER — THE LEADER. HE REHEARSED HIS SPEECHES IN FRONT OF MIRRORS...



...WHILE CAMERAMEN TOOK SHAPSHOTS OF HIM IN LEADER-LIKE POSES. IT WAS GOOD FOR PROPAGANDA.

BUT BEHIND THE FACADE GASTLY CRIMES AGAINST ENTIRE RACES — MAINLY JEWS AND GYPSIES — WERE CARRIED OUT IN EXTERMINATION CAMPS.



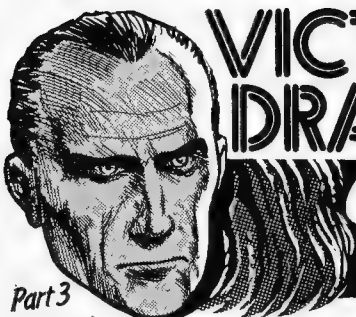
HITLER'S PET THEORY WAS THAT ONLY PURE-BRED GERMANS SHOULD RULE THE WORLD. ALL THE REST MUST BE MADE INTO SLAVES — OR SIMPLY WIPED OUT.

BY NOW HE WAS MAD... LIVING IN A TOTAL DREAM-WORLD IN A CONCRETE BUNKER UNDER THE RUINS OF BERLIN.



SOMETIME DURING THE NIGHT OF APRIL 30th, 1945, HE SHOT HIMSELF.

ADOLF HITLER WAS A MEDIOCRE INDIVIDUAL, WITH NO TRUE BELIEFS, LOYALTIES OR IDEAS, AND ONLY ONE INTEREST — POWER. HE BOASTED THAT HIS THIRD REICH WOULD LAST FOR 1000 YEARS. IN THE END, IT LASTED FOR JUST 12, AND A FEW WEEKS. ADOLF HITLER WAS A FAILURE AS AN ARTIST. THAT HARMED NO-ONE. HIS FAILURE AS THE LEADER OF AN ENTIRE NATION BROUGHT MISERY, DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO TENS OF MILLIONS — AND THAT SHOULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.



# VICTOR DRAGO *and the* KILLER *from* GOBLIN LOCH

*Victor Drago, the world-famous private detective, and his assistant, Spencer, were investigating the strange death of a newspaper reporter who had apparently been killed by a monster that lived in Goblin Loch. Now Drago feared that a man named Stillwell would be the next victim...*

Part 3

**"F**ind Stillwell! Warn him before it's too late!" Drago shouted the command to Spencer as he flung open the door of his hotel room. Suddenly all the lights went out.

"Of all the rotten luck —" Spencer began impatiently. "Luck?" Drago rapped at him. "I hardly think so, Spencer. It would be too much of a coincidence if the lights had failed by accident at this precise moment. *There is about to be another Goblin Loch murder!*"

The detective struck a match, found his suitcase, and took out a flashlight.

From all over the hotel there came an agitated murmur, of protesting and impatient voices, growing steadily louder.

The sleuths had reached the flight of stairs above the entrance lounge when there was a crash from somewhere below, followed by the sounds of glass smashing and furniture being broken.

Above the rising hubbub of voices there came a terrified scream.

"The monster! It's in the hotel! Run for your lives!"

## THE MONSTER ATTACKS

From the stairs Drago swung the beam of his flashlight over the milling crowd of hotel guests below.

Suddenly the light fell on Stillwell. He was flattened against the wall. His face was ashen and his eyes were wide with terror, as if he knew that some terrible doom was about to overtake him.

"There he is! We must get to him," Drago panted.

The detectives reached the foot of the stairs and tried to fight their way across the panic-stricken stream of people surging across the lounge to reach the doors and escape into the hotel grounds.

A flailing arm knocked the flashlight from Drago's grasp and it went out.

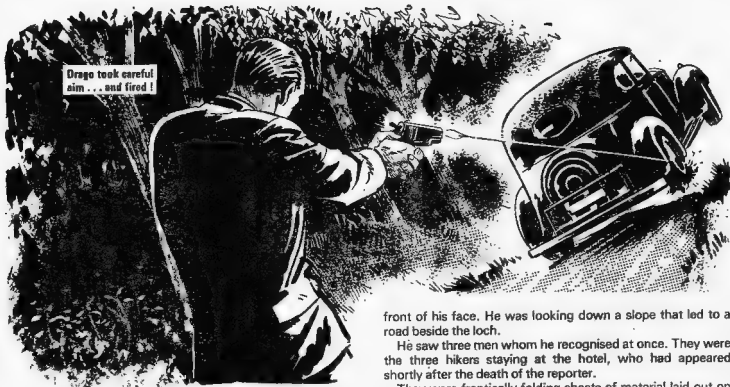


The vast, looming shape crossed the lounge and Drago caught a glimpse of the lizard-like head.





Drago took careful aim... and fired!



Somewhere behind him swing doors crashed open. A huge, looming shape burst into the lounge.

"It's here!" someone screamed.

Drago stumbled into an overturned chair and fell to his knees. He dimly saw a vast, clumsy creature crossing the lounge, and caught a glimpse of a lizard-like head on a snaking, sinuous neck.

There was a wild, piercing shriek.

"It's got me!"

"Stillwell!" gasped Drago.

## THE CHASE

The creature forced its way through the main doors and into the hotel grounds. Drago and Spencer stumbled in pursuit, encountering unseen obstacles in the dark.

The beast was plunging towards a wooded path, dragging something across the grass.

"It's taking Stillwell down to the loch!" gasped Spencer.

Drago drew his gun, but the monster plunged into the undergrowth where even its shadowy outline could not be seen.

Then they suddenly came upon a crumpled figure on the ground. It was Stillwell. He was smeared with blood and his clothes were in tatters. Drago stopped to examine him.

"He's badly knocked about, but he's still alive. Stay here and look after him, Spencer."

As the detective plunged on he realised that he could no longer hear any sounds. It was as if the monster was lurking motionlessly somewhere in the dark, waiting to pounce.

He froze for a moment, listening; then he began to move on again, slowly, silently, and with great caution.

From somewhere ahead he heard stealthy scuffling sounds.

He dropped to his knees, and silently parted branches in

front of his face. He was looking down a slope that led to a road beside the loch.

He saw three men whom he recognised at once. They were the three hikers staying at the hotel, who had appeared shortly after the death of the reporter.

They were frantically folding sheets of material laid out on the ground, and cramming them into their rucksacks.

One suddenly raised his head.

"There's someone up there. Run for it!"

They abandoned their task and went racing down towards the road in panic. As they reached it a car came speeding from the hotel. Craford, the hotel owner, was at the wheel.

The car stopped and the men began to scramble in. Drago was still plunging in pursuit as the car started to move off. He raised his gun, and took careful aim.

A back tyre blew out, the car went into a wild skid, cannoned into a roadside boulder, and tilted on its side.

With a grim smile, gun in hand, Drago walked towards them.

Later, when the men had been taken into custody, and Stillwell, still very battered and sorry for himself, had been driven to hospital, Drago explained to Spencer.

"Craford was almost bankrupt, his hotel empty, when he hit on the idea of turning the loch into big business by giving the loch a monster. He had three pals to help him, but where did they get a monster? Craford knew Stillwell, who was a wizard at making realistic monsters for horror movies.

The death of the reporter may have been an accident. Craford's cronies claim they were only trying to scare him. But when Stillwell read of it in the papers he came up to blackmail them. By this time they were in a panic. They weren't going to risk just buying him off. He knew too much!

They decided to shut him up for good, and blame it on the monster. After all, if it had come off they'd have had a hotel full of witnesses prepared to swear that the creature was real, and they'd have made more money than ever."

"So there isn't a monster," said Spencer somewhat disappointed.

Drago's eyes glinted mischievously.

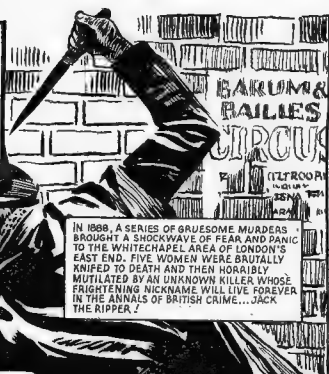
"Craford's version was fake", he said. "But the legend about a monster must have started somehow — now mustn't it?"

## THE END



**VICTOR DRAGO'S  
BLACK MUSEUM  
of VILLAINS**

# JACK THE RIPPER



IN 1888, A SERIES OF GRUESOME MURDERS BROUGHT A SHOCKWAVE OF FEAR AND PANIC TO THE WHITECHAPEL AREA OF LONDON'S EAST END. FIVE WOMEN WERE BRUTALLY KNIFED TO DEATH AND THEN HORRIBLY MUTILATED BY AN UNKNOWN KILLER WHOSE FRIGHTENING NICKNAME WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE ANNALS OF BRITISH CRIME... JACK THE RIPPER!

THE HORROR BEGAN WITH THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF **POLLY NICHOLLS** IN BUCK'S ROW ON THE MORNING OF FRIDAY 31st AUGUST, 1888. POLICE CONSTABLE **SGT. JOHN NEIL** WAS THE FIRST POLICEMAN CALLED TO THE SCENE...

"LORD ELP US!  
IT'S A WOMAN."

"AND SHE'S BEEN  
MURDERED!"

EIGHT DAYS LATER, THE BODY OF THE RIPPER'S SECOND VICTIM WAS FOUND IN THE BACKYARD OF 29, HANBURY STREET. NEWS SPREAD QUICKLY THROUGH THE EAST END AND CROWDS OF EXCITED PEOPLE SOON CONVERGED ON THE STREET.

"WHEN'S THE KILLER  
GOING TO BE CAUGHT?  
THAT'S WHAT I WANT  
TO KNOW!"

...THEN **CATHERINE EDDOWES'** BODY WAS DISCOVERED IN MITRE SQUARE.

JACK THE RIPPER WASN'T HEARD FROM AGAIN UNTIL 30th SEPTEMBER—THE DATE OF A NOTORIOUS DOUBLE MURDER. THE FIRST TO DIE WAS **ELIZABETH STRIDE** IN BERNER STREET...

"QUICK... SOMEBODY  
CALL THE POLICE! THE  
RIPPER'S STRUCK  
AGAIN!"

"STONE  
THE CROWS!  
ANOTHER  
RIPPER  
MURDER!"

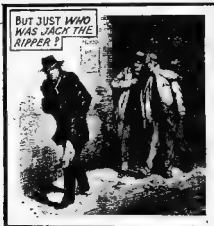
THE LAST WOMAN TO BE CUT DOWN BY THE RIPPER'S KNIFE WAS **MARY KELLY** ON 9th NOVEMBER, 1888, AT HER HOME IN DORSET STREET.

WITH HER SAVAGE DEATH, THE RIPPER'S REIGN OF TERROR IN EAST LONDON CAME TO AN END.

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE MURDERS THE POLICE RECEIVED OVER 1,000 LETTERS A WEEK. FEW WERE OF ANY GENUINE HELP, AND MANY WERE FROM CRANKS.



SCORES OF POLICE WERE DRAFTED INTO THE EAST END TO CATCH THE ELUSIVE KILLER, BUT THEY COULD FIND NO TRACE OF HIM. AT ONE STAGE IT WAS EVEN SUGGESTED THAT BLOOD-BOUNDS SHOULD BE USED! BUT THEY GOT LOST IN THE FOG AS SOON AS THEY ARRIVED IN LONDON!



MANY WERE SUSPECTED...

ONE OF THE PRIME SUSPECTS WAS MONTAGUE JOHN DRUITT, A 31-YEAR-OLD BARRISTER, WHO WAS FOUND DEAD IN THE THAMES SHORTLY AFTER THE MURDER OF MARY KELLY.



M.J. DRUITT

THE LATEST THEORY — WHICH IS BACKED UP BY A GREAT DEAL OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE — IS THAT THE RIPPER WAS NOT ONE BUT THREE MEN... TWO COLD-BLOODED KILLERS AND AN ACCOMPLICE. THOSE NAMED AS THE KILLERS ARE...



SIR WILLIAM GULL

SIR WILLIAM GULL, PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO QUEEN VICTORIA... AND JOHN NETLEY, A COACH DRIVER... THE ALLEGED ACCOMPLICE — WALTER SICKERT, AN ARTIST.



WALTER SICKERT

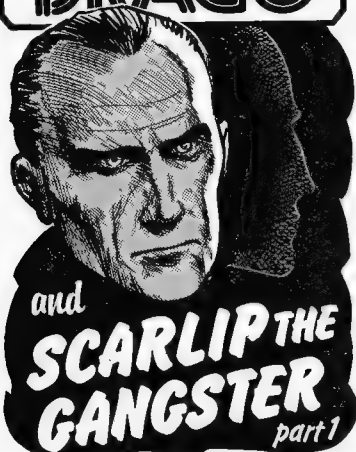
THE THEORY CLAIMS THAT THE RIPPER CARRIED OUT SOME OF THE MURDERS IN A COACH BECAUSE THE VICTIMS POSSESSED INFORMATION THAT COULD HAVE HARMED THE MONARCHY. INTERESTINGLY, THIS SOLUTION ALSO INVOLVES THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.



TODAY, NINETY-ONE YEARS AFTER THAT DREADFUL AUTUMN OF TERROR, THE CRIMES OF JACK THE RIPPER HAVE BECOME A PART OF THE FOLK LORE OF THE EAST END



# VICTOR DRAGO



**"T**here's something badly wrong!" Victor Drago, the world-famous private detective whispered the words to his assistant, Spencer.

The pair had just arrived home. The front door was already open. More than that, the lock was smashed and the woodwork shattered as if someone had taken a sledge-hammer to it.

"We've had intruders. They may still be inside," Drago murmured, his eyes glinting.

It was 1929. Drago's reputation as an implacable sleuth had never been higher. He was so feared in the underworld of crime that Spencer could not bring himself to imagine that there was a single crook in all London with nerve enough, or who was stupid enough, to go out of his way to ask for trouble by breaking into Drago's house.

"We left Brutus guarding the house," breathed Spencer. "If anyone had smashed the door down that bloodhound would have torn them to pieces."

Drago edged the door further open, and caught his breath in anger.

Brutus the bloodhound was sprawled limply on the floor of the entrance hall. A large piece of raw meat was nearby.

"They've killed him!" gasped Spencer in horror.

Drago sprang forward, knelt beside the hound, picked up the meat and sniffed it. Then he shook his head.

"Doped," he said. "Someone just wanted to keep Brutus quiet."

"But why? What's been going on? Who would dare —?"

Down the hall the door to Drago's consulting room opened. A man wearing a gas mask peered out at them. Then he turned and shouted back into the room, his voice muffled by the mask.

"Hurry. They're back!"

## BREAK-IN

As Drago started forward he had a glimpse, through the partly open door, of several gas-masked men ransacking his consulting room, which was in a state of chaos.

**Two men were smashing open his locked steel filing cabinets with crowbars.**

A third man stood at Drago's desk, which was piled high with folders looted from the cabinets. He was hastily dropping some of the folders into a suitcase. Over the years Drago had built up a unique collection of secret dossiers on notorious and dangerous criminals. Now his precious records were being plundered.



The gas-masked men were looting Drago's precious secret dossiers.

The man swung the tommy-gun viciously and struck Drago's head with great force.



With a shout of anger Drago sprang forward. But he had taken only a few steps when the man in the doorway threw something which burst at the detective's feet and gushed clouds of white smoke.

"Spencer! Get back! Tear gas!" shouted Drago.

The warning came too late. The hall filled with choking fumes. Drago slumped against the wall, gasping, fighting for breath, his vision blurring as his eyes felt as if they had been scrubbed with sandpaper.

From the street outside came the toot of a car horn.

The man at the desk slammed the suitcase shut.

"Time to go," he barked.

The masked raider came storming out. Drago, in spite of the fact that he had been half-strangled and almost blinded by the stinging gas, made a desperate effort to stop them. Spencer had slumped to the floor and Drago stumbled over him.

He was on his hands and knees when the man with the suitcase, bringing up the rear, jumped over him on the way to the door.

Drago reached out blindly and grabbed the man by the ankle. His victim turned and kicked him savagely but he refused to let go. He hung on grimly and was dragged towards the street door, where he managed to get hold of his victim's other leg. The man pitched headlong, and went rolling down the entry steps, dragging Drago after him.

Drago landed on top, his lungs fighting for air. He reached up and grasped the nozzle of the mask.

"Now let's have a look at you," he panted, as he ripped the mask away.

## THE FACE OF SCARLIP

With a chill of horror he found himself staring into the most hideous face he had ever seen. It was bloated and blotchy, with two evil, deep-set little black eyes that glittered like those of a poisonous snake; but the most repulsive feature was the thick, slobber-lipped mouth, which had been twisted into a permanent snarl by the scarred track of an old bullet wound.

"Scarlip!" gasped Drago.

The other men had reached their getaway car, but now one ran back, swinging a tommy-gun by the barrel. He stood over Drago and swung it with vicious strength. The butt slammed Drago across the side of the head and he went out like a light.

When he came round Spencer had carried him inside to a couch, and was sponging his face.

"The consulting room's a shambles, guv'nor. We've lost some of our most important stuff. But who were they? What were they after? What was that name you called out, just before they hit you?"

"Scarlip."

"But he's in the States. He's the boss of a notorious mob of Chicago gangsters."

Drago shook his head.

"He's not in America any more. He's here. And he's brought his mob with him. America was too hot for him. Unless we can stop him — and fast — London is on the brink of the most deadly and vicious crime-wave it has ever known!"

**CAN VICTOR DRAGO DEFEAT THE VICIOUS GANGSTER?  
DON'T MISS PART 2 — NEXT WEEK!**



IN THE 1930'S, DURING THE TURBULENT YEARS BETWEEN THE WORLD WARS, POLITICAL FEELINGS RAN DEEP, ESPECIALLY IN THE UNIVERSITIES...



I TELL YOU BROTHERS, BRITAIN IS FINISHED AND IT'S UP TO US TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT HERE, BROTHER, THEN GET OUT!

...AND IT WAS AT CAMBRIDGE THAT THE THEORIES OF KARL MARX AND OTHER COMMUNISTS FOUND SUPPORT AMONG SOME STUDENTS.



FORGET THIS RABBLE, PHILBY, I KNOW WHERE THERE'S AN INTELLIGENT MEETING. YOU'LL MEET SOME INTERESTING PEOPLE!

WHY NOT. I'M ALWAYS WILLING TO LISTEN TO A GOOD ARGUMENT.



THE DICTIONARY DEFINES THE WORD TREASON AS 'A VIOLATION BY A SUBJECT OF HIS ALLEGIANCE TO SOVEREIGN OR STATE'. TO SOME, PUT IN A POSITION OF TRUST TO GUARD BRITAIN'S SECRETS, TREASON WAS THEIR TRADE. FOR 30 YEARS ONE MAN PLIED THAT TRADE SUCCESSFULLY...



**VICTOR DRAGO'S  
BLACK MUSEUM  
of VILLAINS**

# KIM PHILBY

BY 1940 HAROLD 'KIM' PHILBY WAS A STAUNCH COMMUNIST, AND MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF IN FRANCE AS A REPORTER FOR 'THE TIMES'.



NOTHING'S GOING TO STOP THE NAZIS NOW, KIM.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I'LL TELL 'THE TIMES' WE ARE ON OUR WAY BACK.

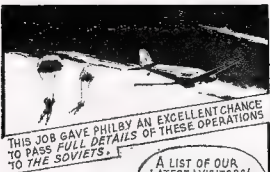
HIS SOCIAL BACKGROUND AND HIS EXPERIENCE AS A JOURNALIST MADE HIM AN IDEAL RECRUIT FOR BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.



...AND WE'LL PARACHUTE YOU BOTH INTO FRANCE AT DAWN. THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND ARE EXPECTING YOU!

SOUNDS A NEATLY ORGANISED MISSION AS USUAL, PHILBY, AND I KNOW OUR TWO AGENTS HERE AGREE.

SOON HE WAS PLANNING MAJOR ESPIONAGE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE NAZIS.



THIS JOB GAVE PHILBY AN EXCELLENT CHANCE TO PASS FULL DETAILS OF THESE OPERATIONS TO THE SOVIETS.



A LIST OF OUR LATEST 'VISITORS' TO GERMAN-OCCUPIED EASTERN EUROPE.

GOOD WORK, COMRADE. THE LIST WILL BE IN MOSCOW BY DAWN.



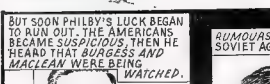
VOLKOV DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO EXPOSE THE TRAITOR, HE VANISHED SOON AFTER PHILBY'S PLANE TOUCHED DOWN...



INTO THE CAR, VOLKOV!

NO! NO! LEAVE ME ALONE... UGH!

THE RUSSIAN DEFECTOR WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN!



BUT SOON PHILBY'S LUCK BEGAN TO RUN OUT. THE AMERICANS BECAME SUSPICIOUS, THEN HE HEARD THAT BURGESS AND MACLEAN WERE BEING WATCHED.



LISTEN CAREFULLY, MACLEAN. IT'S TIME FOR YOU AND BURGESS TO TAKE A 'VACATION'... YOU KNOW THE DRILL!

DAMNIT, PHILBY, WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO DEMAND YOUR RESIGNATION!

AT THIS TIME TWO OTHER BROTHERS WERE ALSO BETRAYING THEIR COUNTRY. BURGESS AND MACLEAN WERE BOTH DIPLOMATS AND BOTH HAD STUDIED AT CAMBRIDGE.



BURGESS HAD BEEN COURIER FOR THE GOVERNMENT WHICH LED TO A TOP JOB IN A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR PROPAGANDA AND SUBVERSION. PHILBY KNEW BOTH MEN WERE SOVIET AGENTS.

BY 1945 PHILBY WAS IN CHARGE OF ALL ACTIVITIES AGAINST SOVIET ESPIONAGE...



ISTANBUL REPORTS A SOVIET, VOLKOV, HAS DEFECTED TO US. SAYS HE CAN NAME A HIGH-RANKING TRAITOR IN BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

GET ME ON THE NEXT PLANE, I'LL QUESTION HIM PERSONALLY!

PHILBY KNEW ALL TOO WELL HE WAS THE TRAITOR VOLKOV COULD NAME.

IN 1949 PHILBY WENT TO WASHINGTON TO HELP ORGANISE AN ANGLO-AMERICAN PLAN TO PLACE AGENTS IN COMMUNIST ALBANIA.



WITHIN HOURS OF THE PLAN BEING FINALISED HE HAD ALREADY MADE CONTACT WITH SOVIET AGENTS.

HIS INFORMATION LED TO HUNDREDS OF AGENTS BEING ROUNDED-UP AND EXECUTED IN ALBANIA.

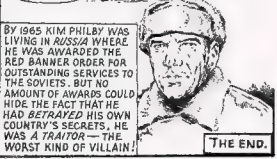


DIE, YOU AMERICAN PIG!

HE WAS SENT AS A JOURNALIST TO THE LEBANON BUT HIS NERVES WERE FRAYING AND HE WAS DRINKING HEAVILY. IT WAS TIME TO GO...



OUR TRANSPORTATION HAS ARRIVED, COMRADE!



BY 1965 KIM PHILBY WAS LIVING IN RUSSIA WHERE HE WAS AWARDED THE RED BANNER ORDER FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICES TO THE SOVIETS. BUT NO AMOUNT OF AWARDS COULD HIDE THE FACT THAT HE HAD BETRAYED HIS OWN COUNTRY'S SECRETS. HE WAS A TRAITOR — THE WORST KIND OF VILLAIN!

THE END.

# VICTOR DRAGO

# and SCARLIP THE GANGSTER

PART 2

It was the year 1929. A notorious American gangster, Scarlip, had brought his mob to London. His first move was to ransack the home of Victor Drago, the world-famous private detective, and to steal secret files of information on some of the most dangerous crooks in London.

"**S**pencer, I think we've got our first real clue."

Drago was at work in his laboratory. Spencer, his assistant, had just entered, accompanied by Brutus, their bloodhound, who had been given drugged meat by the raiders to keep him quiet.

The hound was now recovering, although it still seemed a little dazed.

Spencer laid a sheet of paper on the laboratory bench

"I've cleaned-up the mess in the consulting room, and checked on what's missing," he reported. "There's a list of the files they got away with."

"Scarlip certainly picked the big ones. He's not interested in petty crooks. I wonder what his next move will be?"

"As I came in, you mentioned a clue," Spencer said.

Drago pointed to a row of test tubes on the bench, each containing a different chemical solution.

"Whatever knocked out Brutus had to be something special," he said. "He is far too well trained to be caught by any ordinary anaesthetic. I've analysed the stuff that was in the doped meat. It isn't something you could just go into a shop and buy. It must have been made up by some highly skilled chemist. Now who do we know who could be relied on for a job like this—?"

"Several. There's *Silas Chugg*, down in Houndsditch—" "He was the first one I thought of, too. Let's start by paying him a call."

## SILAS CHUGG

Silas Chugg's premises were in a back street, dirty and smelly. No-one could have made a living selling the bottles of cough mixture and packets of corn plasters which passers-by could see, only with difficulty, through the filthy, unwashed windows. Silas Chugg's important trade was with the criminal underworld.

His jaw dropped when the detective and his assistant walked in.

"Mr Drago! Th-this is an unexpected pleasure. Ain't seen you for months—"

"Knockout drops, Silas," said Drago. "No taste, no smell, quick action, untraceable once it's been swallowed—"

"Why Mr Drago! Come off it. You know me better than that. I'm just a poor shop-keeper, trying to scrape an honest living—"

"Come off it, Silas. You're in dead trouble this time. That stuff was used on my hound, Brutus."

Silas Chugg's greyish, unwashed cheeks turned mud-colour.

"Strewth! If I'd known it was for you I wouldn't have touched the job for a hundred nicker. Jerry Karsh is a double-crossing liar. He told me he was going to use it on his neighbour's dog."



Silas Chugg was startled to see Drago entering his shop.



The bulldozer jerked forward, pushing a great mound of earth towards the inert figure in the pit.

Three hard-eyed, tight-lipped men had come in. One of them had a raincoat draped loosely over his right arm. The coat concealed a hand holding a gun.

## APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH

Jerry was bending over the table. The three closed in behind him. The man with the raincoat spoke.

"You're to come with us. A friend wants to talk to you."

"Sure. As soon as this game's finished. Gimme ten minutes."

The man with the raincoat moved his arm, and the muzzle of the gun dug into Jerry's ribs.

"Not in ten minutes. Now! We're in a hurry!"

Spencer watched, hesitating, not sure what Drago would expect him to do, as the men went out into the street.

Spencer dashed after them, just in time to see a car roaring away. He felt momentary despair, then a second car, with Drago at the wheel, slithered to a stop beside him.

The chase led through the darkening East End streets until, in the area of Hackney Marshes, the car with Jerry Karsh inside drove out on to the bleak waste of a rubbish tip.

So far the gangsters seemed unaware that they were being followed. They drove to the steep edge of the pit and parked beside a bulldozer.

Two emerged from the car, carrying Jerry, gagged and bound. The third man climbed on to the bulldozer.

Jerry was hurled down the slope into the depths of the pit. The bulldozer started up with a roar.

Drago's car roared up and came to a skidding halt. He leapt out, gun in hand.

"HURRY!" HE YELLED, "OR THE FIENDS WILL BURY HIM ALIVE!"

**WILL THE DETECTIVES PREVENT ASSASSINATION IN THE UNDERWORLD?**

**DON'T MISS THE FINAL PART OF THIS EXCITING ADVENTURE — NEXT WEEK!**

Silas had blurted out the words before he had had time to think.

"Thanks," grunted Drago.

Silas began to shake with terror.

"I didn't mean to say . . . You won't tell him? — He'll cut my throat—"

"I'll send flowers," promised Drago as they went out and got into their car.

"Jerry Karsh!" mused Spencer. "He's only small time. He runs messages for Big Joe Bennett."

"He did. It looks to me as if he has been recruited by Scarlip because he knows his way around the underworld. And we know, from our missing files, that Big Joe is one of London's crime bosses that Scarlip is interested in. You'd better start looking for Jerry."

Drago drove home, leaving Spencer to carry out his search, a job at which he was an expert.

It was late in the evening, when the telephone rang. It was Spencer.

"I've found Jerry. He's at Nigg's Place, playing billiards, and he seems to have more money in his pockets than he ever had in his life."

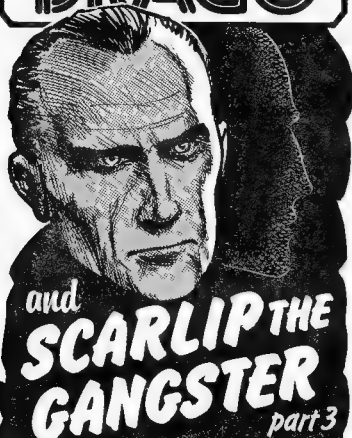
"Stay there and keep an eye on him. I'll be with you in ten minutes."

Spencer came out of the telephone box and returned to the billiards hall.

He strolled round from table to table, keeping an expressionless face that concealed his impatience for Drago to show up.

The door opened. Spencer turned eagerly, but it wasn't the detective.

# VICTOR DRAGO



## and SCARLIP THE GANGSTER

part 3

*It was the year 1929. American gangsters had invaded London's underworld of crime. Victor Drago, the famous private detective, was determined to thwart the plans of their evil boss, Scarlip, whose men had just picked up a petty crook called Jerry Karsh and were about to bury him alive on a rubbish dump.*

**D**rago, gun in hand, raced along the rim of the dump towards the gangster driving the bulldozer who was beginning to shovel tons of garbage into the dark pit where Jerry lay helpless.

The driver's two pals opened fire from behind their car. Drago hurled himself flat as the bullets screamed by. "Spencer! Deal with them!" he yelled to his assistant. Spencer sent shots snarling at the gunmen, who were forced to duck their heads out of sight.

The bulldozer roared louder. Drago raised his head and saw that the driver had turned the monstrous vehicle towards him. The ground shook with the murderous approach of the machine.

Drago raised himself on one elbow and took careful aim. His shots shattered the window of the driving cab and, as flying fragments of glass filled it, the driver put both hands to his face.

Drago leapt to his feet as the bulldozer lurched down on him out of control. It was within inches of him when he threw himself clear. It gave a final lurch, plunged over the edge of the pit and tumbled end over end down the slope with a noise like thunder.

The driver had managed to fling himself clear. His two pals rushed to drag him, cut and bleeding, to their car.

Drago let him go because he was more concerned with the fate of Jerry Karsh. He heard the gangsters' car roaring away as he slid down into the pit, with Spencer skidding down the slope behind him.

Jerry, gagged and bound, was sprawled half buried under the rubbish. Desperately Drago and Spencer dug him free.

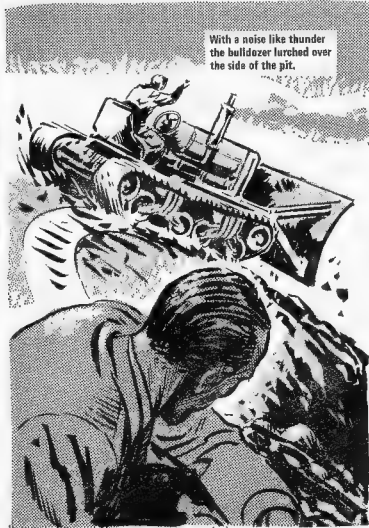
"He's passed out," said Drago, "but I think he's more terrified than hurt. Get him up to the car. We'll take him to our place."

## HI-JACK

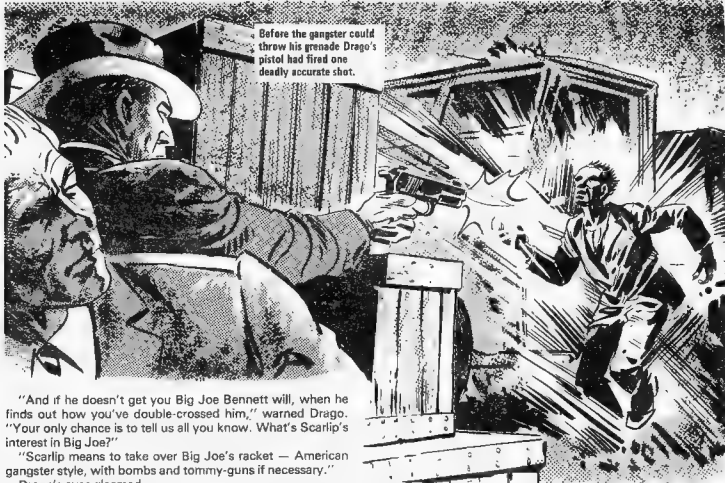
Later, Jerry sat slumped in a chair in Drago's consulting room, unharmed except for a few bruises, but still shaking with nerves.

"Well, Jerry," rapped Drago, "think yourself lucky Spencer was keeping an eye on you."

"No thanks to you," scowled Jerry. "It was *because* he was tailing me that Scarlip figured I was a danger to him, and that he'd better get rid of me. Him and his Chicago ways! He won't give up. The minute I leave here he'll be after me again."







"And if he doesn't get you Big Joe Bennett will, when he finds out how you've double-crossed him," warned Drago. "Your only chance is to tell us all you know. What's Scarlip's interest in Big Joe?"

"Scarlip means to take over Big Joe's racket — American gangster style, with bombs and tommy-guns if necessary."

Drago's eyes gleamed.

He knew that Big Joe's racket was opium-smuggling, though neither he nor Scotland Yard had ever managed to prove it. The dope which was making Big Joe a fortune was smuggled in from the Far East hidden in genuine merchandise which was then consigned to the many shops he owned under false names. From time to time the police managed to intercept a consignment and arrest minor members of his gang who accepted a spell in prison, kept their mouths shut, and were well rewarded by Big Joe when they came out. So far Big Joe had managed to be too cunning for even Drago to pin anything on him.

"When does Scarlip intend to make his move?" demanded Drago.

Jerry glanced at the consulting room clock.

"About an hour from now," he said hoarsely. "At Chamber's Wharf. A lorry is picking up a load of stuff that is coming in on a freighter. Scarlip's mob are going to be there to hijack it. I gather that's what they call it in the States. He lets other crooks do the dangerous work, then robs them of the loot."

Drago turned to Spencer.

"Call Chief-Inspector Carter at the Yard. Tell him to bring a squad to Chamber's Wharf — and to come armed. There's no time to waste. Come on!"

## DOCKLAND EXPLOSION

They drove at high speed towards the docks. Drago parked the car in a nearby alley, then led the way silently towards the wharf. He paused in the shadow of a pile of

packing cases in the doorway of a warehouse. From near at hand came the sound of muffled voices. He pointed. A group of men were loading crates into a lorry.

"We're just in time," he whispered. "But where's Carter?"

At that moment cars came screaming on to the wharf. Men leapt from them, the tommy-guns in their hands blazing. Big Joe's men scattered into the darkness, yelling with rage and fear.

"Scarlip is here! Carter's left it too late! We'll have to try to stop them on our own!" hissed Drago.

He and Spencer opened fire from behind the shelter of the packing cases. The beam of a flashlight flared towards them.

"It's Drago! Get him!" screamed Scarlip.

One of the gangsters produced a grenade. He pulled the pin with his teeth, but before he could throw it Drago's pistol had fired one deadly accurate shot. There was a blinding explosion as the nearby lorry ignited. The sound of more cars arriving added to the confusion.

By the light of the burning lorry Drago saw Carter approaching.

"What kept you?" Drago asked sarcastically.

"You seem to have managed all right on your own," grinned Carter.

"Big Joe has lost his consignment, and Scarlip has carried out his last crime. Still you know what they say, 'he who plays with fire...'"

The great detective turned away from the smouldering remains of the lorry.

THE END

## SUPER FULL LENGTH STORY!

"Of course, I shall not accept," announced Victor Drago, glancing thoughtfully at the heavy, elegantly-embossed note-paper which bore the invitation of his friend, Sir Richard Dakers. "Unfortunately my profession allows me no impromptu holidays such as this."

"But you 'aven't 'ad a break for months, guv'nor — a week of salmon fishing up in Scotland would do you the world of good."

Drago swivelled and cast an irritable look in the direction of his assistant.

"I dare say it would, Spencer — but what if some evil criminal were to pick on the very time that I was away to embark on one of their criminal attacks on society . . . ?"

Even as he uttered the words, Victor Drago realised how pompous he must sound to Spencer — but it wasn't intentional; he understood these crooks as no-one else did, knew how their minds operated, predicted their movements.

"I can handle things!" Spencer's voice was unusually sharp, and Drago sensed the undertone of resentment and wounded pride. The young Cockney's feelings were definitely hurt.

"I've been your assistant a long time, Mr. Drago," he continued, "and I like to think that



*It began as a friendly challenge . . . and ended in a dramatic life-or-death race against time!*

# VICTOR DRAGO in 'THE

I've learned a bit from you. But perhaps I've been fooling myself — it seems your confidence in me ain't as strong as I thought."

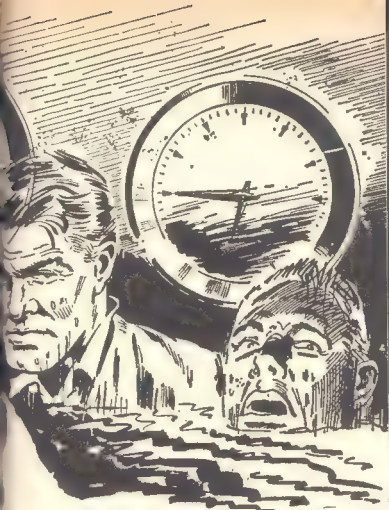
Drago was instantly sorry. Spencer had always been a willing, able and intelligent helper — dedicated and invaluable partner in Drago's crusade against crime — yet the Baker Street detective had never seen fit to burden him with too much responsibility. Why? Was it because he, Drago, gloried too fully in his own competence to recognise Spencer's obvious qualities? Drago preferred not to think so.

He glanced up. Spencer, seated deep in one of the luxurious leather armchairs that adorned the Baker Street office, was studying the back of his hand, intent upon leaving Drago to make the next move. Drago conceded that eventually

Spencer would *have* to be given a more prominent role in their partnership . . . but was he ready yet to be left in charge of the world's most famous detective practice? Granted it would only be for seven days, but an enormous task nevertheless. No, he had to be sure . . . *certain* that Spencer was ready.

For three minutes Drago strolled thoughtfully around his office, then he stopped, and addressed Spencer in a soft, understanding voice.

"Let me first assure you, Spencer, that I have the utmost confidence and trust in you. I agree that in the past I have tended to avoid placing any great responsibility on your shoulders, but now I have a proposition to put to you. I should like you to undergo a test — no, perhaps *challenge* is a better description — which will



up for you while I'm waiting. After all, you're gonna need it soon."

Drago had turned and was treading the thickly carpeted floor towards the door. Spencer did not see the spirited gleam that shone from the famous detective's eyes . . . nor the grin round his mouth.

"We'll see about that, young man," he muttered. "We'll see!"

Victor Drago emerged into rain-swept Baker Street soon afterwards, and moved through the milling, homeward-bound crowds towards the taxi rank in Regent's Park. It was six p.m. exactly . . . and the race against time was on. He had left Spencer in the same excited, confident mood he had displayed when Drago had first suggested the challenge, and this had spurred him into conceiving a characteristically ingenious plan of action. Although he felt no overwhelming desire to see his young assistant fail, common sense forced him to make the task as difficult as possible, so that if Spencer succeeded in tracing him within the time limit, it would prove his merits to Drago once and for all.

Making sure that the driver had the opportunity of taking a good look at his face, Victor Drago approached the leading taxi in the rank.

"Where to, guv'?" inquired the cabbie. Then his face lit up. "'Ere, ain't you Victor Drago, the detective?"

# CHALLENGE!

enable me to gauge exactly the scope of your capabilities . . ."

As he continued, Drago noticed that his assistant was smiling. Issuing a challenge to Spencer in his present mood was similar to giving an aspirin to a man with a headache. Suddenly the animosity that had flared so briefly between them had vanished. Spencer was interested!

"I shall leave this house in a few minutes and will travel to a certain destination. You will remain here for one hour . . . and then try to find me. If you discover my whereabouts within twelve hours, you will have proved your point, and I will gladly apologise to you for underestimating your competence. I will then accept Sir Richard's invitation and travel to Scotland . . . leaving you in charge here. Have you any questions?"

Spencer's candid face split into a broad smile. "Only one, guv'nor . . . where do you keep your fishing tackle? I might as well get it packed

"Yes, I am," said Drago with a small smile of satisfaction. "Would you take me to King's Cross, please?"

Since his picture was seldom out of the national press, the Baker Street sleuth was used to being recognised. Normally, he disliked being picked out by complete strangers, but this was one time when he was glad to have been spotted. The first stitch in the patchwork of false trails he intended to sew for Spencer had been inserted.

Twenty minutes later Drago arrived at King's Cross and made straight for the ticket office.

"Would you reserve me a ticket on the next train to Darlington?" he asked the clerk. "I have a little business to take care of first, so I'd be grateful if you would hold on to it for me, and I'll pick it up in a short while."

"Certainly, sir — I'll take your name, if I may," "Victor Drago."

This phase of the plan was too vital to risk the fact that he might not be recognised, unlikely though it would be.

Drago collected the ticket about ten minutes

later, and then walked smartly towards the exit of the station! On his way he passed an old tramp, and thrust the ticket to Darlington into the man's hand.

"Here, my good fellow, perhaps you can make use of this — it's no good to me!"

The tramp gazed at the ticket in amazement as Drago mingled with the crowds leaving the station.

"Wot did 'e perishin' well give me *this* for? Mus' be flippin' potty or summat. It's a first class an' all!"

Drago walked from King's Cross to nearby St. Pancras tube station, this time taking great pains to avoid recognition. An underground train carried him from there to Farringdon Station.

The rain was still lashing the pavement and Drago pulled his overcoat collar up around his face as he walked across Ludgate Circus to Blackfriars Bridge. He approached a small boat-house, looking at his watch. It was seven o'clock. Spencer's hour of waiting was up, and he would soon be on Drago's trail.

"We're closed," rasped an unfriendly voice as the famous detective walked into the boathouse.

"I would like to hire a rowing boat for twelve hours," announced Drago pleasantly, seemingly oblivious to the boatman's remark.

"I said we was *closed* . . . I!"

"I'll pay you well . . ."

"Closed, I said . . ."

"Ten pounds!"

Minutes later he was in the rowing boat, heading downriver towards Millwall Docks. It was a long, hard row, yet Drago, who always kept himself in the prime of physical condition, was scarcely breathing heavily as he reached his destination.

He tied up the boat and approached a nearby shack. On the door was a notice which read: A. Benbow — Night Watchman. Drago rapped sharply on the woodwork and the door opened.

"Well stow my hammock, if it ain't Mr. Victor Drago!" bellowed the hearty voice of Arthur Benbow. The huge ex-sea-captain's weather-beaten face split into a wide grin of genuine delight. "Come in 'ere out of the rain, sir. It's a filthy night, to be sure."

Benbow had once helped Drago and Spencer on a smuggling case, and since then had stayed closely in touch with the Baker Street detective. Over a china mug of steaming cocoa, Drago told Benbow all about the challenge he had issued to Spencer, and the false trail he had carefully laid for his assistant.

"Ha, ha, ha! So Mr. Spencer will be in Darlington soon, lookin' for you, and all the time you'll be 'ere, less than ten miles away from Baker Street. Ha, ha, ha, that's good, that is!" Benbow's large frame shook merrily as he laughed boisterously.



Drago and his friend could only watch helplessly as the derelict barge began to fill with water.

They stayed up until past midnight, talking over old times and swapping tales, and then Arthur produced a spare mattress for Drago to bed down on the shack floor. It wasn't long before the detective drifted into a deep sleep.

Drago awoke with a start. His watch read three-thirty . . . and there was a noise outside. Spencer? Drago couldn't believe it. Arthur Benbow was snoring raucously in his bunk, but he jerked himself into wakefulness as Drago shook him.

"Prob'ly nothin', Mr. Drago — but I'd better take a look outside just in case. There's some valuable cargoes on them river barges out there."

Drago followed him out of the shack into the freezing night air. At first all seemed still, then Drago's keen eyes picked out a movement, illuminated by the moonlight, on a heavily-loaded vessel twenty yards away.

"There — some men are aboard that barge," he whispered, pulling Arthur's sleeve.

"Scupper me!" breathed Benbow excitedly. "That tub's carryin' a hold full o' furs. Worth a fortune that lot is!"

There appeared to be about six men aboard the barge, but this didn't deter Drago and Benbow. They crept silently along the jetty to the craft, then suddenly moved into the open.

"Right! What's goin' on 'ere?" As if operated by strings, the men's heads swivelled round in unison at the sound of Arthur's strong, authoritative voice.

"We've been spotted!" hissed one.

"There's only two of 'em . . . *get 'em!*"

A silhouetted shape launched itself from the barge towards Drago, but the detective was



ready. He brought his right fist up in a searing jab that sank into the man's midriff while he was still in the air. The crook crashed to the ground with an agonised grunt, and remained motionless.

Drago cast a side-long glance towards Arthur Benbow, who had not been so quick. Two of the thugs were wrestling violently with the big man, and as Drago moved forward to assist him, another crook barred his path. Drago crouched like a panther, ready for action, and as the man's booted foot drew back to deliver a vicious kick, he lashed out with the flat edge of his hand, catching his adversary a sharp chop to the side of the neck. As the man fell poleaxed, Drago saw a sweeping movement to his right. Instinctively he dodged, but the cosh glanced his temple, and as he desperately tried to fight off the waves of unconsciousness the sixth hijacker brought his gun-butt down on the base of Drago's skull!

The pale moonlight streamed coldly down upon the river as Drago came to. Shaking his throbbing head, he looked around him, trying to gather his surroundings.

He and Arthur Benbow, hands and feet heavily tied and manacled, were in the rotting hulk of a derelict barge on a deserted stretch of the Thames. A sound behind made Drago crane his neck over the rim of the craft . . . to see the outline of the hijacker's barge, carrying its cargo of furs, drifting away up the river, manned by the six crooks. Drago returned his attention to Arthur as the big man regained consciousness.

"All right, Arthur?" Even as he spoke, the sound of his own voice generated fresh waves of pain in Drago's head.

But Benbow didn't answer. His horrified eyes were riveted on something at the far end of the vessel. Drago followed the direction of his gaze . . . and saw, in the dim light, that in the hull of the barge was a small aperture which was admitting a gushing fountain of river water. Already the craft was two or three inches deep in the black, oily liquid . . . in another two or three hours it would sink.

Drago and Benbow struggled frantically with the bonds, but it was useless. The hijackers had been ruthlessly efficient.

"We — we're gonners, Mr. Drago . . . no-one uses this stretch o' river," Benbow's voice reflected his despair.

"The only person who could have got us out of this would have been Spencer," muttered Drago, more to himself than Arthur. "But he'll be on a wild goose chase by now . . . in Darlington!"

Spencer had patiently waited the full hour to give his boss the agreed start, but as soon as his watch read seven p.m. he set about his task with enthusiasm.

It was pouring with rain, and this prompted his first deduction; a man who took as much pride in his appearance as Victor Drago did, disliked walking in the rain, therefore it seemed logical that as the Rolls Royce was still in the garage, he would either have taken a bus or a taxi to where he was going. Of these alternatives, Spencer considered the taxi to be the most appropriate.

Within ten minutes he was at the Regent's Park taxi rank showing a photograph of Drago to the waiting drivers.

"That's Victor Drago, ain't it?" said one. "Yus, I jus' took 'im to King's Cross Station. Generous wiv 'is tips, ain't 'e?"

With a triumphant grin, Spencer jumped into the man's cab.

"If you can get me to King's Cross in half the time it took you to drive Mr. Drago there, you'll get a *better* tip from me!"

As the taxi weaved its way through the evening traffic, Spencer consulted the British Railways map in the back of his diary, and made a list of some of the most unlikely places to which you could travel from King's Cross. He tried to put himself in Drago's position, and after allowing for his boss's keen sense of humour finished with twelve locations, ranging from West Hartlepool to Pudsey.

The big clock outside King's Cross indicated twenty minutes past seven as Spencer paid off the driver and ran into the station. He was



As the train sped from the station, the young Cockney leapt out, his feet slipping and sliding hazardously on the concrete platform.



bristling with confidence . . . there was another eleven hours and forty minutes to find Drago, and he was already hot on the trail.

The ticket-office cashier recognised the photograph of Drago instantly.

"He bought a first class ticket to Darlington about an hour ago, sir. Said his name was Victor Drago. I thought he was having me on at first."

Darlington. Spencer noted with satisfaction that the Northern town was high on his list of unlikely locations. A glance at the departure board indicated that a train was leaving in five minutes, and he hastily handed his money over the counter and received his ticket.

The young detective sank gratefully into the comfortable seat of a first class compartment, and settled himself for the long journey. It was empty apart from a comical old tramp who was sprawled horizontally on the seat opposite him, his toothless mouth agape, emitting snorts of slumbering pleasure. Spencer couldn't prevent himself from laughing as the shrill note of the guard's whistle from outside, jolted the hobo into wide-eyed alertness. Seeing Spencer, he smiled.

"Elo, then," he greeted, employing his best grammar to fit in with the classy surroundings. "An' where might you be travellin' to, if I might be so conversational as to ask . . . ?"

"Darlington," Spencer informed him good-naturedly.

"What a coincidence, that is. I'm going there, too!"

With a deep-throated hiss, the train began to gather steam, and there was a staccato sound of slamming doors as last-minute travellers leapt aboard.

"I'm jus' goin' for the ride," continued the tramp. "Like train rides, I do. Always travels first class, too," he confided importantly.

Spencer laughed. "That must be quite an expensive hobby . . ."

A secretive smile appeared beneath the tramp's fortnight-old beard, and he leaned forward.

"Oh, I don't pay or nothink . . . matter o' fact I got given this 'ere ticket by some geezer . . ."

The express shuddered prior to moving off, and Spencer, who had sprung to his feet in alarm a split second earlier, was hurled back into his seat by the momentum. Leaping up again, he dragged the photograph of Victor Drago from the inside pocket of his overcoat as if it had suddenly become burning hot.

"Was this the bloke who gave you the ticket?" Spencer struggled to keep his voice calm for the fear of un-nerving the tramp. "Please try and think . . . it's very important."

The old man took the snapshot and focused it at the end of his red nose, his watery eyes screwing up tight as he peered at it. After agonisingly long seconds, he handed it back to Spencer and nodded.

"That's 'im, right enough."

The train was by now almost out of the station, as Spencer pushed open the door. With an apologetic look he threw his ticket to Darlington across to the tramp, who was gazing wide-eyed at him.

"Here, take this . . . thanks for your help."

Then he leapt from the moving carriage, his slipping feet just landing on the edge of the platform.

As the train gathered speed, the old hobo crept gingerly towards the flapping door, and with a relieved grunt, heaved it shut. Then he examined the ticket Spencer had given him.

"Coo, 'e might 'ave made it a return," he muttered. "What's the good of a ticket to Darlington when I'm goin' to be already *in* flippin' Darlington?"

## The Last Call

Now the water was dancing around their waists, and the ancient timbers of the barge creaked in senile protest. Drago tried to give Arthur a reassuring grin, but felt his features freeze in a grimace that must have appeared anything but merry.

"Don't worry, old friend . . . someone will find us." The detective noted with disappointment that the sound of his voice was in keeping with his expression.

Arthur Benbow smiled bleakly. "I'm only sorry I got you into this mess, Mr. Drago. If you 'adn't 'ave been with me I'd probably 'ave phoned through to the river police before trying to tackle those hijackers. Or more 'n' likely I'd 'ave slept through the lot."

Drago hopefully scanned the river for any sign of a boat, but a lone seagull was the only semblance of life visible.

"Let us hope I have underestimated Spencer," Drago made himself think. "Maybe he's alert enough to have ignored my false trail. Perhaps he's still in London now."

But it didn't seem likely to Drago. The river water was creeping higher and higher. Time was running out fast. And so was life!

Spencer was cursing himself as he emerged from the platform into the main apex of King's Cross Station. Drago had led him well and truly up the garden path, and he, constantly congratulating himself on his own cleverness, had followed with the naive eagerness of a two-month-old puppy. He made his way to the waiting room and seated himself on the hard wooden form dejectedly, throwing the list he had made previously into the litter bin as he did so. It angered him to realise that Drago had so easily anticipated his movements, and simply supplied him with enough fake clues to send him scuttling off to Darlington. It hadn't occurred to him that Drago would guess that Spencer would immediately deduce that the most *obvious* place

to hide would be the most *unlikely*.

With a great deal of effort, Spencer managed to shake off his depression, and reapply himself to the task at hand. After all he had had a stroke of luck, so he might as well utilise what he had learned.

For ten minutes he sat and thought deeply. Then, having come to the firm conclusion that Drago was hiding with a friend — probably not many miles away from where he was now — he began to construct another list. This time it was a collection of the close friends Drago had in the London area. There were twenty-six, but after careful elimination, Spencer managed to prune the figure down to a round dozen. These addresses ranged from Inspector Jones at Scotland Yard to Professor Sven Hassel, who resided on the Chelsea Embankment.

A gathering feeling of confidence had begun to seep back into him as he arrived back at Baker Street and picked up the Rolls. Reminding himself of his past foolhardy actions, he tried desperately to throw it off, but was completely unsuccessful. This time he was right. He was sure of it.

The illuminating dial of the clock set in the Rolls Royce's dashboard read nine twenty-five as Spencer sent the majestic vehicle purring towards Scotland Yard. He still had nine and a half hours in which to find Victor Drago.

## Deduction

"I've always said that when me turn came to move on, it would be this way," announced Arthur Benbow. His voice had somehow lost the deep, jovial quality that had become famous throughout many dockside cafes. Now it was resigned, almost indifferent.

"What way?" inquired Drago.

"Drowning. I'm an ex-sailor, don't forget. Drownin' ain't so bad for a sailor."

"You're being extremely inconsiderate, Arthur."

"Why's that, Mr. Drago . . . ?"

"I was in the Royal Flying Corps!"

They laughed. Long and loud, perhaps exaggeratedly because of the grimness of their position.

"There's only one thing for it then, eh, Mr. Drago . . . ?"

"What's that . . . ?"

"We'll 'ave to stay alive!"

Victor Drago nodded, and for the thousandth time eased his eyes over the edge of the barge to survey the empty river.

Spencer was desperate. During the night, he had made eleven fruitless calls at the addresses he had listed, and apart from receiving some indignant comments for dragging people from their beds at such an unearthly hour, he had learned absolutely nothing. If Drago wasn't at his last call, Professor Hassel's apartment, he might just as well give up and go home.

Spencer was surprised to find the professor

up at nearly six o'clock in the morning, dressed in evening clothes, and obviously only recently returned from a dinner party. Hassel flung his arms wide with delight as he opened the door to him.

"Spencer — zis is marvellous. Come in, it is so nice to see you, and . . ." "I can't stay, honestly, Prof," Spencer held out restraining hands as the Scandinavian scientist attempted to drag him bodily through the entrance. "I've just come to ask you a question . . ."

"Time for questions later," insisted Hassel, as he succeeded in hoisting the young detective into the hallway. "Come, I haf a very old friend of yours staying with me . . . I"

Spencer felt his heart perform a double somersault, and his feet scarcely touched the ground as he bounded into the Chelsea apartment's luxury lounge.

"Hello, Spencer," said the figure in evening dress in the chair.

A numbness of disappointment, resentment and sheer frustration swept through Spencer. "M-Mike Priest," he managed to stammer after a few seconds.

"Yes, old pal . . . but you don't look exactly overjoyed to see me. What's up — did I spell your name wrong the last time I wrote a column on one of Mr. Drago's cases?"

Mike Priest was the ace crime reporter on the *Daily Globe*. His knowledge of the underworld had often proved invaluable to Drago and Spencer and vice-versa. They were great friends. Exhaustedly, Spencer sank down into an armchair and told Mike and Sven all about the challenge. When he had finished they both looked sympathetic.

"That's quite a task he's set you there, mate," said Priest. "I wish I could advise you, but I'm afraid it's beyond me."

Five minutes later Spencer was back in the Rolls Royce, cruising half-heartedly along the Embankment.

"Well, that's it," he thought. "The guv'nor was right . . . Mr. clever Spencer wasn't so flippin' clever after all. I'm just an amateur — an' to think I got all sulky because Mr. Drago wouldn't leave me in charge of the most famous detective practice in the world. I deserve the perishin' sack!"

He glanced to his right, at the black austerity of the Thames.

"That's what you've got in your nut, Spencer me lad," he snorted aloud to himself. "Not a brain . . . just blinkin' oily river water!" The river. The river. The word seemed to set off a tiny alarm bell in the back of Spencer's head. The river. What was it? What was so significant about the river . . . ?

"Arthur Benbow!" The crack of his own voice made Spencer jump, but he collected himself in a flash, and gunned the Rolls in the direction of Millwall Docks.

Why, why, why hadn't he thought of it

before? It was a natural hiding place, and Spencer knew that Drago always enjoyed Arthur's tall tales about the sea. It should have occurred to him that if Drago was faced with spending twelve hours with someone, it would be a person he could be sure wouldn't bore him to tears.

But if Spencer had expected a clear run through to Millwall, he was soon disillusioned. This was dockland, and already hundreds of lorries were jamming the streets, waiting to unload goods for shipment. Panic gripped him. He was so near. He was certain. But time was running out.

Then out of the corner of his eye, he spotted a rowing boat left deserted on the river bank. In ninety seconds flat he had pulled the Rolls into the kerb, and leapt aboard the dinghy. It was six forty-five a.m. He had fifteen minutes before the twelve hours were up.

## Rescue!

"It — it's a quarter to seven." Speech was difficult for Victor Drago now, for to open his mouth was an invitation to taste the filthy river water which was now lapping sickeningly around his neck. The barge had lurched drunkenly to one side. In five minutes it would be sucked under completely.

"Well, can't say as I ain't 'ad a good life," said Arthur. "S'pose I'm 'bein' greedy when I say I wish it was goin' on a bit longer though."

"We — we're not finished yet," said Drago. "Keep your chin up."

"I bloomin' well got to, else I keeps gettin' a mouthful o' Old Father Thames. . ."

Again the craft groaned, and heeled over to port. For a second, the old night-watchman's head disappeared beneath the river to re-emerge, the water draining from the deep lines of his face in tiny rivulets.

Then Drago saw it. A slight movement on the far side of the river. He stretched his neck until it felt as if it were being torn from his shoulders, but a dancing wave obscured his vision. Then it subsided, and he was certain.

"Arthur!"

"I seen it, Mr. Drago — I seen it!"

"Splash, kick your legs, shout." Already Drago was thrashing his aching body beneath the surface, forcing his numbed frame to create as much turbulence as possible.

Spencer's mind was focused on one thing, and one thing only. To get to Arthur Benbow's shack. There were five minutes of the twelve-hour limit left. He had to make it. He had to.

"H-E-L-P!"

If Arthur's voice had previously lost its tremendous volume, the rest had certainly done it good. The titanic boom burst its way into Spencer's brain like a bullet. He looked over

towards the direction from which the shout came, and saw the wild splashing around the derelict, almost submerged barge.

Spencer wheeled the boat round, and with his arm muscles tightening under the agonising effort, propelled the little craft across the fast-running current.

He was within five yards of the barge when it sank, with a swirl of muddy water. The suction of the submerging craft almost dragged the rowing boat under with it, but somehow Spencer managed to keep it balanced, and eventually dragged the two limp, bound figures aboard.

"Cor, strike a light!" Spencer was stunned. "It — it's you, Mr. Drago! And Mr. Benbow!"

Far away in the distance a church clock chimed seven.

"Thank you, Spencer," smiled Drago. "Thank you . . . and well done!"

On the homeward journey, Spencer stopped off to inform the river police of the hijacked barge, and within an hour the three of them were back in the Baker Street house.

"How the dickens did you find us, Spencer?" Drago asked as he and Arthur warmed themselves in front of a roaring log fire.

Spencer laughed. "Professional secret, gov'nor . . . let's just say I have me methods!"

The phone rang, and Spencer picked up the receiver: then, after nodding a couple of times, returned it to its cradle.

"That was Superintendent Goddard of the River Police . . . he thought we'd like to know that he's apprehended those crooks who clobbered you two!"

"Marvellous," said Drago, as he reluctantly pulled himself away from the fire and picked up the phone. He dialled the operator and whispered instructions, then, after a short pause, spoke in a loud, clear voice.

"Sir Richard Dakers?" This is Victor Drago here. I'm just phoning to let you know that I'll be delighted to accept your kind invitation . . ."

Spencer vaguely heard the man on the other end of the line say something, then Drago turned towards him, a wide smile appearing on his face as he replied:

"No, I shan't be in the slightest worried. After all, I have Spencer to look after things for me while I'm away!"

Spencer felt Arthur Benbow and Victor Drago looking at him, and tried desperately hard not to look pleased with himself.

But he failed.

## THE END

### ANSWERS TO WILD WEST QUIZ:

1. William Bonney — Billy the Kid. 2. "Little Sure Shot" — otherwise, Phoebe Annie Oakley Mozee. 3. General George Custer. 4. Wyatt Earp. 5. Belle Starr — real name, Myra Belle Shirley. 6. William Frederick Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill."



# VICTOR DRAGO

## and the CURSE of GRAVEWAYS ABBEY

A cold January wind howled round London, rattling window-panes and driving a fine curtain of rain before it. In his Baker Street flat, ace detective Victor Drago and his cockney assistant Spencer had just settled down to supper when there was a knock on the door.



SPENCER HURRIED OUT TO ANSWER THE SUMMONS, AND RETURNED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY WITH THE VISITOR...



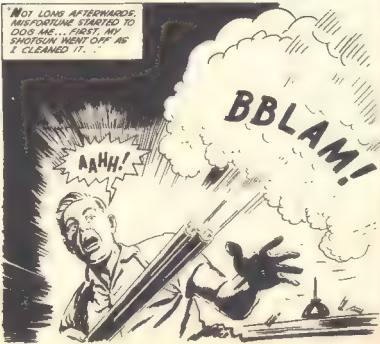
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER YOU CAN HELP AT ALL... BUT PERHAPS YOU HAD BETTER BE THE JUDGE OF THAT. SOME MONTHS AGO, MY GRAND-FATHER, SIR KEIR McJAMES-CROSS, PASSED AWAY - AND HE LEFT HIS DEVONSHIRE ESTATE TO A FRIEND...



...HIS OLD ADJUTANT NAMED COLONEL WESLEY LEIGHTON! THE BEQUEST CAME AS A COMPLETE SHOCK TO ME...



NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, MISFORTUNE STARTED TO DOG ME... FIRST, MY SHOTGUN WENT OFF AS I CLEANED IT...



...THEN A BALCONY RAIL GAVE WAY AS I LEANED ON IT...



...BUT LUCKILY MY FALL WAS BROKEN BY A PASSING HAY-CART.



THE YOUNG MAN'S FACE HAD GROWN PALE WITH THE STRAIN OF RECALLING HIS HARBOR ESCAPE, BUT NOW...

I AM ABSOLUTELY CONVINCED THAT THOSE ACCIDENTS WERE, IN FACT, ~~ARRANGED~~ MR DRAGO.



HMM...YES, IT COULD BE THAT COLONEL LEIGHTON ENGINEERED THEM IN ORDER TO AVOID THE POSSIBILITY OF YOU CONTESTING THE WILL AND PERHAPS DEPRIVING HIM OF THE ESTATE.



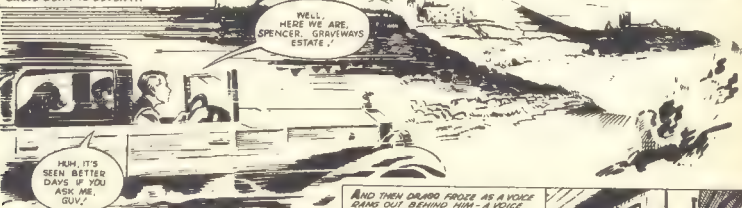
I THINK THAT WE'LL PAY THE COLONEL A VISIT, MR MCJAMES-CROSS... BUT YOU WOULD DO WELL TO STAY HERE IN LONDON, WHERE YOU SHOULD BE SAFE.

THE NEXT MORNING, THE WEATHER BROKE, AND IT WAS IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE THAT THE ACE DETECTIVE, TOGETHER WITH HIS ASSISTANT AND HIS BLOODHOUND BRUND DOGROVE DOWN TO DEVON...



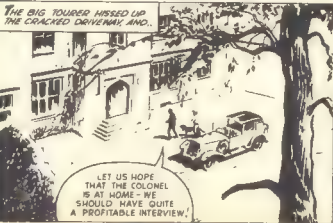
WELL, HERE WE ARE, SPENCER, GRAVEWAYS ESTATE.

HUM, IT'S SEEN BETTER DAYS IF YOU ASK ME, GUV.



AND THEN DRAGO FROZE AS A VOICE RANG OUT BEHIND HIM - A VOICE WHICH SEEMED TO DRIP VENOM.

THE BIG TOURER MISSED UP THE CRACKED DRIVEWAY, AND...



LET US HOPE THAT THE COLONEL IS AT HOME - WE SHOULD HAVE QUITE A PROFITABLE INTERVIEW.

DON'T MOVE... DON'T MOVE AN INCH, SIR.





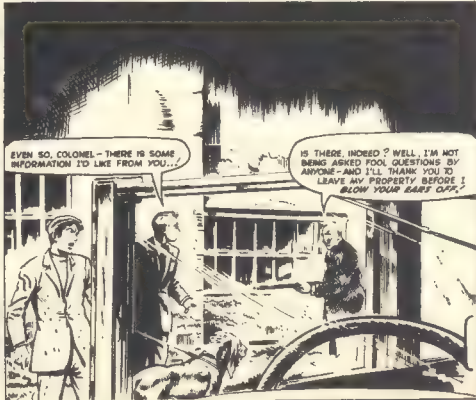
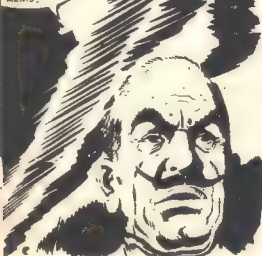


THE TWO INVESTIGATORS SEARED BRIDGLEY AT THE NEWCOMBS HAD HAD ENOUGH OF THEM...



AT THE MENTION OF THE YOUNG MAN'S NAME, COLONEL LEIGHTON'S RED FACE DARKENED...

THAT YOUNG BOUNDER? ARE YOU SERIOUSLY TELLING ME YOU BELIEVE THAT STORY OF HIS? IT'S POOPYCOCK, SIR--RUBBISH! HE'S JUST ANNOYED THAT HIS GRANDFATHER LEFT THE ESTATE TO ME, AN OLD COMRADE-IN-ARMS.





LITHE AND SILENT AS A CAT, THE BAKER STREET SLUTH RACED ACROSS THE GRASS - THEN STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS AS THE DARK FIGURE TURNED TO FACE HIM.





THE COLONEL'S EXPRESSION GREW DEFLECTIVE AS HE BEGAN TO EXPLAIN...



LEGEND HAS IT THAT WHEN GRAVEWAYS ABBEY WAS FOUNDED IN 1154 BY BARON SANGNYN, A TREASURE OF IMMENSE VALUE WAS PLACED IN A SECRET APERTURE...



I HAVE NO REAL NEED TO EXPLAIN MY ACTIONS TO YOU, SIR - BUT, SINCE YOU ASK, I'LL TELL YOU...

THIS RELIC WAS THE GOLDEN WREATH OF THE ROMAN EMPEROR AUGUSTUS WHICH THE BARON WAS DISPUTED TO HAVE FOUND IN ITALY...



...ON HIS RETURN TO ENGLAND, HE FOUNDED GRAVEWAYS' ABBEY, AND ORDERING THE MONASTY TO CONCEAL THE HIDEATH WITHIN ITS WALLS AS A SYMBOL OF HEALTH AND GOOD FORTUNE IT HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND...



...EVEN WHEN THE MONASTERY WAS DANKSACKED BY SEA MARAUDERS FIVE HUNDRED YEARS LATER, THE HIDEATH DID NOT COME TO LIGHT...



LEIGHTON'S EYES GLITTERED...



...THAT WGEATH MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE, DRAGO / SIR KEIR McJAMES-CROSS AND I SPENT MANY MONTHS SEARCHING FOR IT - AND I INTEND TO CONTINUE THE QUEST.

AS THE OLD MAN STRODE OFF, THE INVESTIGATORS TURNED AWAY...



COR - WHAT A STORY, GUY. DO YOU BELIEVE 'IM?

HE MAY WELL BE TELLING THE TRUTH, SPENCER - I HAVE MEANS OF CONFIRMING IT. HELLO... WHAT'S THIS?

THE BAKER STREET SLEUTH'S KEEN EYE HAD SPOTTED A BREAK IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE WALL, AND HE PARTED THE CRACKLING FOLIAGE TO REVEAL...



A BOOT-PRINT! IT MUST BE THE COLONEL'S!

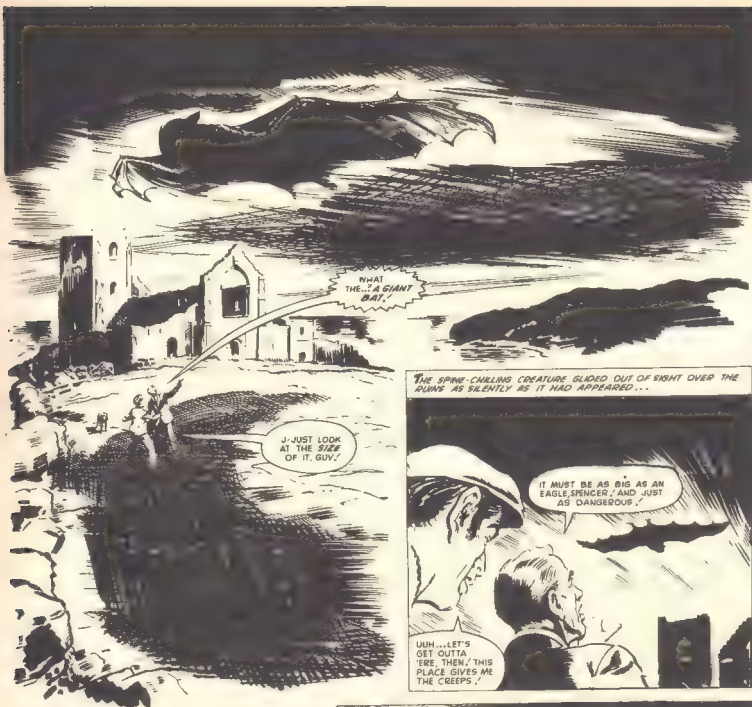
NO THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE HE DID NOT COME BY THIS WALL AS WE ENCOUNTERED HIM... ANOTHER PERSON MADE THOSE PRINTS, SPENCER!

SO INTENT WERE DRAGO AND SPENCER UPON THEIR LATEST DISCOVERY, THAT THEY DID NOT SEE THE SHADOW CAST OVER THE SCENE AS A PITCHER MOON ROSE THROUGH THE CLOUDS...



THE MENACING SHAPE OF A GIANTIC BAT!







THEN, AS THEY REACHED THE SHADOWS OF THE GRAY WALLS, A GHOSTLY, HAULING CRY RANG THROUGH THE NIGHT!



GOOD GRIEF!

THE ACE DETECTIVE ONLY STOPPED FOR AN INSTANT, BEFORE DASHING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SHADES, WITH SPENCER AND BRIND NOT ON HIS HEELS...

WHO WAS IT GUV?

I HAVE A SHREWD IDEA... THE CRY CAME FROM OVER THERE... BY THE TOWER!

EVERY NERVE TENSED, VICTOR DRAGO REACHED THE BASE OF THE TOWER'S RUN, AND REACHED OUT A HAND TO PULL OPEN THE ANCIENT OAK DOOR WHICH LED WITHIN...



NOW... ON YOUR GUARD, SPENCER - WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT DANGER WE MAY ENCOUNTER!

ITS ANCIENT, BUSTLING HINGES CREAKING, THE HUGE DOOR SINKS SLOWLY OPEN...



OH, NO...! IT-IT'S THE COLONEL... IS HE...?

WELL, I'M AFRAID SO... HE'S PERISHED.

THEN A SLIGHT SOUND MADE THE TWO INVESTIGATORS STARTLE SOUNDLY...



O-B-Y THE STARS...

L-L-LIMAE.

GRRR!

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE LIGHT OF THE RAINING MOON WAS A FIGURE WHICH STRUCK A CHILL INTO EVEN THE SUPER SLEUTH'S FEARLESS HEART!



WHO ARE YOU? ANSWER ME! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US...?



THE SHADY FIGURE  
STEPPED FORWARD,  
AND TURNED SLIGHTLY,  
SO THAT THE MOON-  
LIGHT FLOODED  
DOWN ON TO HIS  
FACE!

ASHLEY...  
DR ADAM ASHLEY,  
AT YOUR SERVICE!

THE ACE DETECTIVE  
EXPLAINED HIS MISSION.  
THEN HE AND HIS  
ASSISTANT INVOLUNTARILY  
DROVE ASIDE AS THE  
NEWCOMER CAUGHT  
SIGHT OF THE  
MOTIONLESS FIGURE  
BEYOND THEM...



DR ASHLEY BENT TO EXAMINE  
THE LATE OWNER OF  
GRAVEWAYS ESTATE...

SO...I WARNED  
HIM; TIME AND  
AGAIN I TOLD HIM  
OF THE FATE WHICH  
MIGHT BEFALL HIM  
IF HE WERE SO  
FOOLISH AS TO  
ATTEMPT TO SEARCH  
FOR THE TREASURE  
OF THIS ABBEY.

COLONEL WESLEY  
LEIGHTON, SIR,  
HE'S PERISHED!

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN?





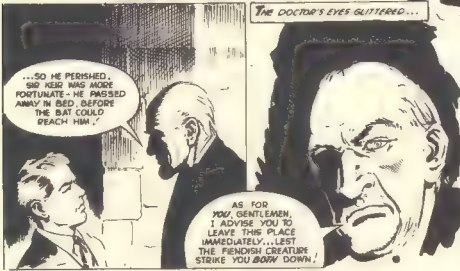
SEVENTY YEARS AGO, SIR THOMAS M'JAMES-CROSSE LEARNED OF THE TREASURE SAID TO BE HIDDEN IN THE ABBEY, AND WENT TO SEARCH FOR IT...

"...BUT HE HAD NEGLECTED TO STUDY THE LEGEND OF THE CURSE OF GRAVEMAYS ABBEY - WHICH HAS IT THAT ANYONE ATTEMPTING TO FIND THE TREASURE WOULD BE DESTROYED BY THE GIANT BAT SAID TO GUARD THE RUINS..."

ANH... KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

THE DOCTOR'S EYES GLITTERED...

VICTOR DRAGO FROWNED...

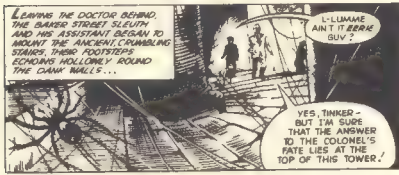


...SO HE PERISHED. SIR KERR WAS MORE FORTUNATE - HE PASSED AWAY IN BED, BEFORE THE BAT COULD REACH HIM.

AS FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN, I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE THIS PLACE IMMEDIATELY...LEST THE FENICIAN CREATURE STRIKE YOU DOWN!



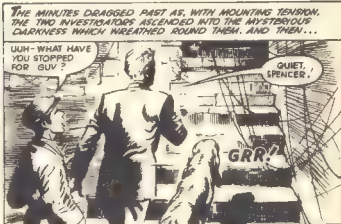
ON THE CONTRARY, SIR! NOW THAT THE COLEMBIE HAS PERISHED, IT IS VITAL THAT WE GET TO GRIPS WITH THE BAT... OTHER LIVES ARE AT STAKE!



LEAVING THE DOCTOR BEHIND, THE BAKER STREET SLEUTH AND HIS ASSISTANT BEGAN TO MOUNT THE ANCIENT, CRUMBLING STAIRS, THEIR FOOTSTEPS ECHOING HOLLOWLY ROUND THE DARK WALLS...

L-LUMME, AIN'T IT EERIE, GUV?

YES, TINKER - BUT I'M SURE THAT THE ANSWER TO THE COLONEL'S FATE LIES AT THE TOP OF THIS TOWER!



THE MINUTES DRAGGED PAST AS, WITH MOUNTING TENSION, THE TWO INVESTIGATORS ASCENDED INTO THE MYSTERIOUS DARKNESS WHICH WREATHED ROUND THEM. AND THEN...

UHM - WHAT HAVE YOU STOPPED FOR, GUV?

QUIET, SPENCER!

GRR?



AS SILENCE FELL, THEY HEARD A RUSTLE OF LEATHERY WINGS - AND NEXT INSTANT...

S-SOOD GRIEF!

AAHH... IN THE END, GUV... WE'RE FINISHED!





...AND HIS STEELY FINGERS GRASPED ONE OF  
TINKER'S ANKLES IN THE NICK OF TIME!

GOT YOU!

TENSE SECONDS SLIPPED BY AS  
THE YOUNG COCKNEY SWUNG IN  
MID-AIR, THEN THE ACE DETECTIVE  
HAULED HIM TO SAFETY!

PHIEW... THANKS,  
G'GUV... I NEARLY  
AD IT, THAT  
TIME!

MOMENTS LATER, AS THEY  
RESUMED THEIR ASCENT...

UHHH... I  
RECKON WE'RE  
PUSHING OUR LUCK,  
GUV... THE PLACE  
JUST AIN'T SAFE!

I'M SURE  
THE ANSWER TO  
THIS WHOLE CASE  
LIES AT THE TOP  
OF THE TOWER  
SPENCER!

HIGHER AND HIGHER THEY CLIMBED, UNTIL...

NOW, LET'S  
SEE WHAT LIES  
BEHIND HERE.

GRR!

CAREFUL  
GUV...

THE SUPER SLEUTH  
PUSHED OPEN THE  
ANCIENT DOOR, AND...

S-GOOD  
GRIEF!

AND EVEN AS SPENCER SPOKE, A PAIR OF GLEAMING  
EYES WATCHED THE TWO INVESTIGATORS FROM THE  
SHADOW-SHROUDED SECRETY OF THE RAFTERS!

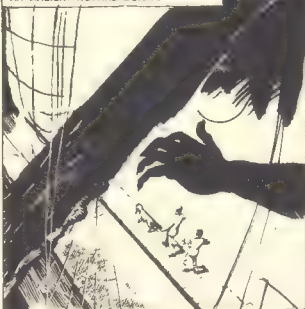
BATS—  
SCORES OF  
THEM!

UHH... LET'S  
GET OUT OF 'ERE,  
GUV... THIS PLACE  
GIVES ME THE SHAKES!





BUT AS THE INVESTIGATORS PICKED THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY ALONG THE NARROW CAT-WALK, A CLAW-LIKE HAND REACHED FROM THE SHADOWS TO GRASP AN ANCIENT ROTTING BEAM.



THE BAKER STREET SLEUTH STEPPED ASIDE IN THE NICK OF TIME.



THE SOUND OF THE FALLING BEAM ECHOED HOLLOWSLY AROUND THE DARK WALLS OF THE ANCIENT BELTORY— THEN...

OH, NO!...THE BATS HAVE BEEN BOUSED! WATCH YOUR FOOTING, FENCES...DON'T LET THEM THROW YOU OFF BALANCE!

GROWL!

DRAGO'S VOICE ROSE ABOVE THE TUNNEL OF THE BAT'S CRIES AS HE FOUGHT TO HURD OFF THE HELLING SHAPES!

ONE FALSE STEP... AND WE'RE FINISHED!

UHM...THESE TERRIBLE THINGS ARE ALL AROUND ME!

THREE SECONDS PASSED... THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS THEY HAD TAKEN TO THE AIR, THE BATS BEGAN TO FLOCK TOWARDS THE RAFTERS AGAIN...

PHEW... THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE, GUY!

YES, SPENCER— AND BELIEVE ME, THAT BEAM DIDN'T FALL BY ACCIDENT! I THINK IT WAS DISLOOGEED!

EVERY NERVE ALERT TO DANGER, THEY APPROACHED THE END OF THE NARROW CATWALK.

LOOK, SPENCER...A DOOR!

I-I WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND IT, GUY?

YOU—YOU MEAN THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE UP HERE, GUY?

SOMEONE—OR SOME THING! AND I INTEND TO DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

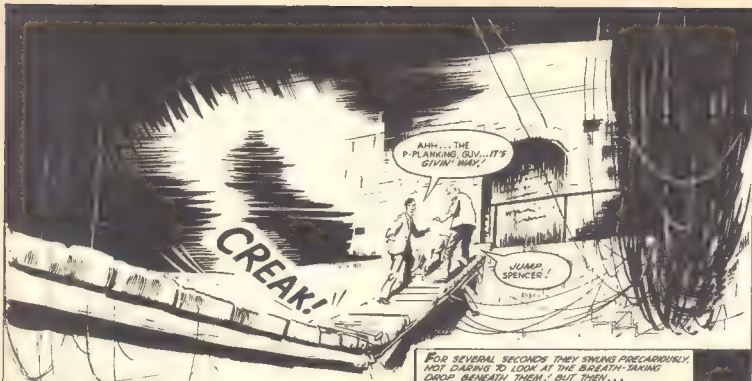
THE ACE DETECTIVE SWITCHED ON HIS TORCH— AND THE POWERFUL BEAM LANCED OUT...

GOOD GRIEF!

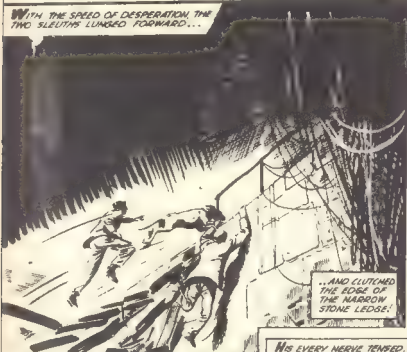
Peril awaits those who defy the curse of GRAVEWAYS ABBEY! Go back... or suffer certain doom!

BUT AS VICTOR DRAGO READ THE BLOOD-CHILLING MESSAGE, THE ANCIENT CATWALK, WEAKENED BY THE FALLING BEAM, BEGAN TO CREAK OMINOUSLY!

GUY...THE PLANNING...IT'S BEGINNING TO GIVE WAY!



WITH THE SPEED OF DESPERATION, THE TWO SLEUTHS LUNGED FORWARD...



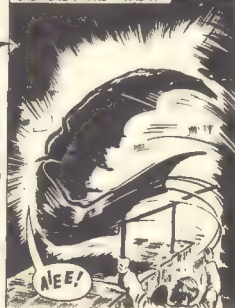
DOWN FROM THE ANCIENT RAFTERS SWOOPED A SPINE-CHILLING SHAPE. ITS EYES GLEAMING WITH FENDISH MALEVOLENCE AS IT DESCENDED ON ITS HUMAN PREY!



WIS EVERY NERVE TENSED, THE BAKER STREET SLEUTH WAITED UNTIL THE BAT WAS WITHIN KIDNEY REACH - THEN HIS STEELY HAND SHOT OUT!



WITH SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, VICTOR DRAGO HELD ON TO THE MONSTROUS CREATURE'S WING - AND...





THEN, LIKE A TIGER, THE ACE DETECTIVE SWUNG HIMSELF ON TO THE LEDGE. SPENCER FOLLOWED SUIT, AND TOGETHER THEY APPROACHED THE SHAPE WHICH LAY MOTIONLESS ON THE DARK STONE.



AND NOW SPENCER...LET'S HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!

UUMH... BE CAREFUL, GUY! IT MIGHT RECOVER...

BUT THE YOUNG COCKNEY'S WARNING ENDED IN A STARTLED GASP AS DRAGO ROLLED THE CREATURE ON TO ITS BACK...



5- STRIKE ME PINK- IT'S NOT A BAT, AT ALL!

NO, SPENCER! IT'S A MAN!

THE SUPER SLEUTH LEANED FORWARD AND LISTED THE COWL FROM THE STRANGER'S FACE...



MY STARS! I HAD A SUSPICION THAT THIS CREATURE WAS NO BAT!

IT-IT'S THE DOCTOR, ADAM ASHLEY!

AT LAST, THE VILLAINOUS DOCTOR'S EYES OPENED AND BLAZED WITH PIERCE HAIREED...



UUMH...SO YOU'VE FOUND THE TRUTH AT LAST! I WAS DETERMINED TO FIND THE WREATH OF AUGUSTUS FOR MYSELF- AND THE ONLY WAY I COULD SCARE OFF MCJAMES-CROSS AND THE COLONEL WAS BY REVIVING THE LEGEND OF THE CURSE OF THE ABBEY! UNFORTUNATELY, LIGHTON PERSISTED- SO I HAD TO DESTROY HIM!



...BUT YOU'LL NEVER BRING ME TO JUSTICE, I INTEND TO FIND THAT TREASURE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

DON'T BE A FOOL, ASHLEY!

BUT BEFORE THE ACE DETECTIVE COULD STOP HIM- THE EVIL DOCTOR PUSHED OPEN THE ANCIENT DOOR, AND FLED...



COME ON, SPENCER- ACTED HIM!

AS THE TWO SLEUTHS DASHED FORWARD, A SHOT RANG OUT...



I WARNED YOU! NO-ONE BUT I WILL LEARN THE SECRET OF GRAVEWAYS OF ABBEY!

THE ROGUE PHYSICIAN LEVELLED HIS GUN AGAIN- BUT EVEN AS HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER, BRUNO THE BLOODHOUND BOUNDED FORWARD, AND...



GRR!

AHH!

SPENCER- LOOK! THAT BRICK IN THE COLUMN...

IT-IT'S DISLODGED!

WHILE SPENCER STOOD GLIARD OVER ASHLEY, THE BARED STREET SLEUTH STRODE FORWARD AND PEERED INTO THE CAVITY WHICH HAD BEEN REVEALED BY THE MOVING OF THE BRICK, AND HIS EYES WIDENED IN SURPRISE!



GREAT SCOTT, THE GOLDEN WREATH OF AUGUSTUS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN CONCEALED IN THIS COLUMN THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES!

AND NEXT DAY, HAVING HANDED ASHLEY OVER TO THE POLICE, THE TWO INVESTIGATORS SET OFF ON THEIR RETURN TRIP TO LONDON...



I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE MCJAMES-CROSS'S FACE WHEN WE HAND HIM THE WREATH, SPENCER! IT'S LEGALLY HIS NOW! WHEN COLONEL LEGGION PASSED AWAY HE BECAME THE NEW OWNER OF GRAVEWAYS' ESTATE!

WELL, WE'LL CERTAINLY AVE QUITE A STORY TO TELL 'IM, GUY! AN THEN PERHAPS WE COULD AVE AN 'OLIDAY- WE DESERVE IT!

THE END

"Calm yourself, Felix. Confound it, man, I can hardly hear what you're gabbling!" Victor Drago, the famous detective, spoke testily into the telephone in his Baker Street, London, rooms. "You have a scientific reputation for clarity. Kindly use it!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Spencer, the detective's young Cockney assistant, smiled to himself. Sitting near the roll-top desk, its pigeon-holes stuffed with notes on a hundred strange, mysterious cases, he could hear the babbling voice at the other end of the line.

"Old Felix Balmer," he thought. "Who'd have thought he'd lose his nut like that?"

Victor Drago's face tautened as he listened.

"Yes, yes, Felix," he rapped. "You went down to the village of Witching Muchbury to investigate a strange and ancient legend, and..."

"The legend has come to me, Drago!" said the faraway voice excitedly. "It is in this room with me... I am staring at it... I am alone in the dark... with it... with a floating, disembodied, gnarled hand... The hand of Black Anselm, the Abbot of Death. By heavens, Drago, the the Hand of Horror. It's unbelievable, ghastly, and it's coming for me! Urgghhh..."

The voice faded away on its last strangled grunt, and Drago impatiently jiggled the receiver hook. Slowly, his eyes glinting, he replaced the receiver and turned to the awed Spencer.

"What's up, guv'nor? From what I heard, the old geezer was scared to death."

"Not to death, I hope, Spencer," snapped Victor Drago. "Out of his wits, perhaps. Bring my emergency case. We must drive down to Witching Muchbury at once."

"What about Brutus?" Spencer jerked a thumb at the huge bloodhound which sprawled, snoring, near the fireplace. "Shall we take him?"

"I think not," Drago was already shrugging into his long tweed



bloodhound like Brutus," complained Spencer, watching in surprise as Drago wrapped a handkerchief round his hand and reached for the telephone.

At that moment, a thunderous knocking shook the door. It banged open under the weight of the fist, and in marched a burly figure wearing a bowler hat and a dark overcoat.

"Drago!" the newcomer barked. "I saw your car. What the blazes are you doing here?"

"I might ask the same of you, Inspector Carter," said Drago crisply. "What are you doing so far from Scotland Yard?"

"An old friend in the local Force asked me to come and give him a hand," said Inspector John Carter gruffly, eyeing the small figure in the chair. "There have been several baffling disappearances in this area recently, and he thought a stranger posing as a visitor might have a better chance of forcing some information from the locals, who're a close-mouthed lot. I haven't got very far, but —" He broke off, then added: "What's happened to Sir Felix Balmer?"

Drago explained, and the police detective looked startled.

"The Hand of Horror? Great Scott! That ties in with the only lead I've got so far. A couple of nights ago, a boy who was visiting his aunt here, took up a dare from some of the local kids that he wouldn't go into the old graveyard at the Priory at night. Being a stranger, he scoffed at the legends of the haunting. But, by thunder, Drago, that boy got the scare of his young life! He saw a hand and wrist, lit up by a ghostly light, apparently emerging from the roof of one of the old tombs..."

"The Tomb of Black Anselm," said Drago thoughtfully.

"He ran for his life, gibbering with fright, and he's in hospital now. Others have told me of the tall figure of a cowed monk that walks the ruins of the Priory. And of the hand, which appears as if the ghost is

# VICTOR DRAGO in THE HAND of HORROR

overcoat. "The dog would no doubt sense a ghostly apparition, but would do little about it, except whimper and run."

"Ghosts?" muttered Spencer, as he hurried after Drago to get the Silver Lady, the detective's famous Rolls-Royce. "Blow me, I reckon I'll whimper and run, too, if that's what we're after!"

Soon, the great car was whispering through the outskirts of London, heading for the dark depths of the countryside and the isolated, haunted hamlet of Witching Muchbury.

At the wheel, his keen face intent, Victor Drago explained, "Sir Felix is an old friend, Spencer. He is a noted scientist but he also has a great interest in the occult, and strange, unexplained manifestations. He was experimenting with some electrical contrivance with which he hoped to pick up, or at least, prove, that some ghostly appearances were fakes, and, for this reason, got permission to stay in Hangman's Cottage."

Spencer shivered. "Hangman's Cottage? Sounds a cheery little hole."

"It has been shunned for centuries by the locals because of its reputation for being haunted. It is in the grounds of the ruined Priory which was once ruled over, centuries ago, by Anselm, the Black Abbot... the Abbot of Death, as he was called."

Spencer settled back, hunching his shoulders. Used to the life and bustle of London's streets, he decided this was going to be some night!

Drago drove with uncanny instinct straight to the cottage. It was dark and silent, and in the background, both could see the ruined columns of the ancient priory, stark against the starry sky.

The ancient oak door was locked. With Spencer's help, Drago barged it open, the latch inside flying off, and went straight in, his flashlight beam slicing the dark.

"Push the door to behind you, Spencer," Drago hissed, "and light that oil lamp on the cabinet over there."

Blundering around in the shadows thrown by Drago's gaunt form in its huge overcoat, Spencer lit the oil-lamp and turned. Then he gasped.

"Crikey, guv. Is he... dead?"

Drago was leaning over the small, silver-haired figure of Sir Felix Balmer, who was sprawled back in an ancient, high-backed, plain wooden chair.

On the floor where it had crashed over, was a tripod attached to coils and wires and bulbs, with what looked like an old-fashioned bellows-type camera and several electric batteries.

"No, he is not dead," muttered Drago. "He is unconscious, though whether from shock or —" He suddenly bent forward and examined Sir Felix's neck. "No, by thunder, it wasn't just shock! Very strange, young Spencer." He was sniffing the air as he glanced round the room

**The three men paused, their breath freezing in fright. From the ancient tomb, emerged a claw-like hand and it seemed to... beckon!**

and at the telephone on the table near Sir Felix, the receiver on its hook.

"Do you smell anything strange, young 'un?" he asked suddenly.

"Me, smell anythin'?" muttered Spencer. "No, guv. Just paraffin, old drains, rottin' wood, and suchlike."

"You should develop your sense of smell," snapped Drago. "Most useful for a detective."

"Me conk's good enough for most things, but I ain't a bloomin'

trying to force his way out of the tomb. Poppycock, I say! But they've believed it for centuries round here."

"And Sir Felix Balmer saw the hand in this very room," said Drago calmly.

"Then — then it choked him?" Carter exclaimed.

"No, Sir Felix was rendered unconscious by expert pressure on the carotid artery in his neck... while he was still staring at the ghostly hand," said Drago grimly. "The telephone earpiece dropped from his hand and dangled on its wire—until it was replaced on the hook."

"Crikey, guv.," exclaimed Spencer. "How'd you know that?"

"Because I heard the click as it was replaced," Drago said with a wintry smile. He turned to the Inspector. "Carter, Sir Felix is an old man, and might have come round had it not been so. He needs expert attention and care. Perhaps you would be good enough to telephone your police friends and have him taken to hospital quickly. His investigations are over. Mine have just begun!"

With little delay, the unconscious scientist was taken away, and Inspector Carter, who had prowled round the whole cottage, remarked in puzzlement:

"He was locked in and there are no signs of entry apart from your breaking the front door. Nobody but a ghost could have got in, Drago."

"I wouldn't be too sure, my dear Carter," said Drago cryptically.



"This cottage belongs to the Lord of the Manor, doesn't it?"

"Yes, a new chap, named Hector Defries. He's a member of the old family that owned it, but has been away abroad for years. Nobody knows much about him yet, but I'll have to see him now."

"We shall see the gentleman," smiled Drago. "But in the morning. For now, we shall go and inspect the Tomb of Anselm!"

"Proper old robber he was," growled Carter, as the three left the cottage and made their way through the broken gates into the tangled undergrowth and shadowy trees of the old burial-ground. "Terrorised the people, piled up a treasure somewhere, and finally they got so mad they lynched him and burned the Priory down."

"He called down a curse on them, and the last they saw of him was a gnarled, shaking hand raised in condemnation," Drago grunted. "No wonder this place is shunned."

## Ghostly Hand!

Spencer halted suddenly, his eyes staring in the darkness.

"Look," the lad said hoarsely. "Over there!"

He heard a gasp from John Carter, but Drago was silent, as all three halted by a leaning tombstone, looking towards a large, square tomb surrounded by dark yew trees. They were partly lit by a ghostly light, and from the roof of the tomb protruded a hand and wrist, the fingers curled like claws, as if someone was trying to get out!

Spencer felt clammy cold, and the hairs rose on the back of his neck. Drago stayed still for a few moments, studying the weird apparition. Then he strode forward, Spencer and Carter followed, and all saw the ghostly hand suddenly vanish.

Drago produced a flashlight from his flapping overcoat and leaned over the roof of the tomb, examining it closely.

"H'm, quite a large crack zigzagging across the top," he muttered. "Observe this, Carter, and you, too, Spencer."

"So-so s-somebody has been trying to break out," whispered Spencer. "Not necessarily, lad, The crack could have been caused by centuries of weathering. Interesting, all the same."

Spencer turned, looking round nervously. Then he froze, pointing with a quivering finger towards the broken columns of the Priory.

"The ghost!"

All three saw the tall, black-robed and cowed figure which strode in a gaunt and ungainly fashion between the pillars... and then vanished.

"Phew!" Carter mopped his forehead. "I've seen some things in my career, but this beats me. What now, Drago?"

"We have seen the Hand of Horror," said Drago calmly. "and the ghost of Black Anselm. Tomorrow, we shall visit Mr Hector Defries, who I trust will give us some valuable information... and we shall open the tomb."

## Strange Encounter!

Spencer awoke with a start! He was sitting by the window in an upstairs room of Hangman's Cottage. Outside, the moon rode over the shadowy, sinister burial ground. An owl hooted and he saw bats flitting among the columns of the Priory.

In his hand was clenched the heavy revolver which Victor Drago had left with him "in case he felt afraid." Drago himself had gone prowling off to continue my investigations, Spencer.

Spencer's hair prickled. He knew what had awakened him. His eyes goggled as he stared at the gaunt, shadowy figure striding in the ruins. "Who's afraid of ghosts?" he muttered. "Bloomin' cheek. I'll show the guv'nor!"

Spencer slid through the window and down the sloping roof of the outhouse just below it, the heavy gun clutched in his hand. He crept through the tangled shrubbery until he reached the edge of the ruins. Then, crouching, he saw the frightening figure striding stiffly and in dead silence, its feet making no sound on the stone floor of the old cloister, straight towards him.

Quaking, Spencer rose, the revolver clutched in both hands.

"Stop!" he cried. "You better halt, or I'll shoot."

The figure came on! He could see no face under the shadows of the cowl. Next moment, almost involuntarily, he pulled the trigger. The

***Victor Drago's assistant fired at the mist-shrouded shape. But the faceless figure seemed untouched and the young Cockney found himself sprawling, half-stunned!***

bang deafened him, and the flash almost blinded him. The recoil of the revolver flung him backwards, and his foot slipped on a loose stone.

"Gosh, it went right through his head!" he thought in the split second before his own head struck against a fallen stone.

Half-stunned, he sprawled there, and his heart stopped as he saw the tall, robed figure turn away, and walk slowly and stiffly into the shadows to vanish as if it had never been there.

Spencer pulled himself to his feet, shaking, then nearly dropped as a hand gripped his shoulder.

"Don't worry, lad," said Victor Drago. "You're quite safe."

"I shot it," gabbled Spencer. "I shot it right through its blooming coconut. Its nut ought to have been blown off, but it just walked away."

"Well, that proves it was a ghost," Drago seemed amused. "If it had been a man, it would have been lying there stone-dead. Let us return to the cottage and reflect on your strange experience."

Spencer was still no wiser when they drove up to the Manor House, just the other side of the Priory, next morning. He blinked when the door was opened by a squat but powerful Chinese wearing loose trousers, tunic and felt-soled boots.

"My master awaits you," he said, bowing politely.

"Bring them into the library, Ching," called another voice.

Spencer sniffed as they crossed the ancient hall. There was a sweet, powerful smell, like incense, and objects like stubby candles burned in holders on the walls.

"Cor, what a pong!" he muttered.

"Joss sticks, lad," murmured Drago. "Widely used in the Orient. Mr Defries has spent much time there, I understand."

They were greeted by the Lord of the Manor, a small man with a lined, nut-brown face, and bright little eyes. He had a firm handshake for each of them.

Inspector Carter explained what had happened, while Drago glanced around idly.

"Some day I hope to lay this ghost, gentlemen," said Defries eventually. "When my grandfather died, death duties ruined the family and this old house was allowed to fall into ruin. However, during my many years in the Far East, I made a modest fortune, and I hope to restore the place. The ruins will be cleared, that unsightly burial ground, too, and beautiful gardens laid out."

"Excellent, my dear sir," said Victor Drago. "If the ghost of Black Anselm has nowhere to walk, perhaps it will leave Witching Muchbury in peace."

They took their leave, and soon, Drago and Spencer were at the tomb with two burly policemen. Carter was nowhere to be seen, although Spencer had seen him earlier, in earnest conversation with the famous detective. It took the four of them, using heavy crowbars, to lever the stone lid off the tomb, and slide it partly to one side.

"In you go, lad," said Drago with a grin. "And see what you can find."

Spencer, sniffing, clambered into the musty hole. Drago's flashlight showed him to be standing on the stone-flagged floor, with nothing but a mouldering coffin and a heap of bones.

"Nothing here except a dog's delight, guv'ner," he said, trying to appear cheery. The next moment, he vanished from sight as he stepped back



The flagstone under his foot had pivoted silently, and he went falling . . . falling into darkness. He must have fallen twenty feet before he landed, winded, on a heap of soft dust, earth, and bones which cracked under his weight.

"A nasty fall, Spencer," said Victor Drago, who had appeared at the opening above, shining his flashlight down. "You are unhurt, I hope?"

He now saw that there was a ladder, down which Drago was climbing. "But shaken, guv'nor," he said brightly, "But I wish I'd seen that blinkin' ladder."

"You found the entrance, anyway," said Drago calmly. "Come, let us explore, Spencer."

A winding tunnel led off the well below the tomb, and the two detectives crept slowly along it, Drago's flashlight showing the way. They must have travelled a hundred yards or more when Drago halted at a pile of ancient bricks and mortar, beside which lay a small pick-axe and a club hammer and cold chisel. Spencer gaped at a deep niche in the wall.

"Ha, the Black Abbot's treasure has at last been transported away," said Victor Drago, sounding not at all surprised. "It was well hidden, don't you think, Spencer?"

But Spencer was staring past him, to another bend in the corridor, and a vaulted arch. Standing there, was the spectral figure of the abbot's ghost. It raised its hand, and appeared to be about to throw something.

Drago saw it, too, and flung Spencer roughly to the floor.

"Down, Spencer, and cover your eyes!" he barked, as he himself fell flat.

There was a deafening bang, and a blinding flash which seemed to penetrate even their closed eyelids. Then, dust and stones rained down on them. Coughing in the dust, and a dense pall of black smoke, Drago and Spencer staggered to their feet.

"G-gosh, a . . . bomb!" gasped Spencer.

"No, merely a giant firework—fortunately," snapped Victor Drago. "They are specialists in fireworks in the Orient, lad. Come on, quickly. The end is near!"

Stunned and bemused, Spencer followed his chief along the tunnel, through the vaulted arch, and up a flight of winding steps. He was even more staggered when he stepped through a gap in a bookcase into the Manor House library, to see Inspector Carter watching in satisfaction as the black-robed figure struggled on the floor under the weight of two policemen.

## The Unmasking!

"You were dead right, Drago," the Scotland Yard man grinned. "Caught him red-handed."

Spencer stared in stupefaction at a pair of felt-soled boots which were attached to two short metal legs seen thrashing under the hem of the black robe.

"He walked on short, stilt-like legs to give him height, lad," chuckled Victor Drago. "The Chinese felt-soled boots made him completely silent."

"Who? Who, for Pete's sake?" wailed Spencer. "If it's a real man, he ought to be dead. I shot him through the head."

"The cowl was wired inside to make it stand up stiffly and show no face inside," said Drago coolly. "Mr. Defries' own head was *below* the level of the cowl, and he saw through those two holes you can now see in the fabric of the robe. I first began to suspect him when I smelt the faint odour of Eastern incense in the cottage."

"Well, blow me up a gum tree!" gasped Spencer. "That little geezer, makin' himself look so tall. Dead clever. But what about that bloomin' ghastly hand?"

"I found that, too, Drago," said Carter, and tossed what looked like a long, rubber glove on to the desk near him. It was painted red and brown and black, with streaks of a whitish paint.

Going closer, Spencer saw there was a nozzle on the wrist-end of the glove.

"Merely blown up like a balloon," said Victor Drago. "Deflated, it was pushed up through the crack in the tomb, then blown up by Mr. Defries—like an ordinary carnival balloon. Waving in the night breeze, it created an uncanny impression, lit by the luminous paint which you see streaked on it. Mr. Defries took advantage of the legend to keep people away while he searched for Black Anselm's treasure. He worked out its rough location from old family documents."

"We found an old man and two youths being kept prisoner in the cellars here, Drago," said Inspector Carter. "That Chinese servant Ching's been feeding them."

"I didn't mean any harm to come to them!" cried Hector Defries, who had now been freed from his robe, and stood, a small figure, with his short stilts unbuckled from his feet. "I meant to free them as soon as I had found the treasure and was ready to leave."

"That I believe, Defries," said Drago sternly. "However, you did render Felix Balmer unconscious with a ju-jitsu grip you learned in the Far East and might have done him serious injury. The Inspector will, no doubt, add that to the charges against you."

"My case is cleared up then, Drago," beamed Inspector Carter.

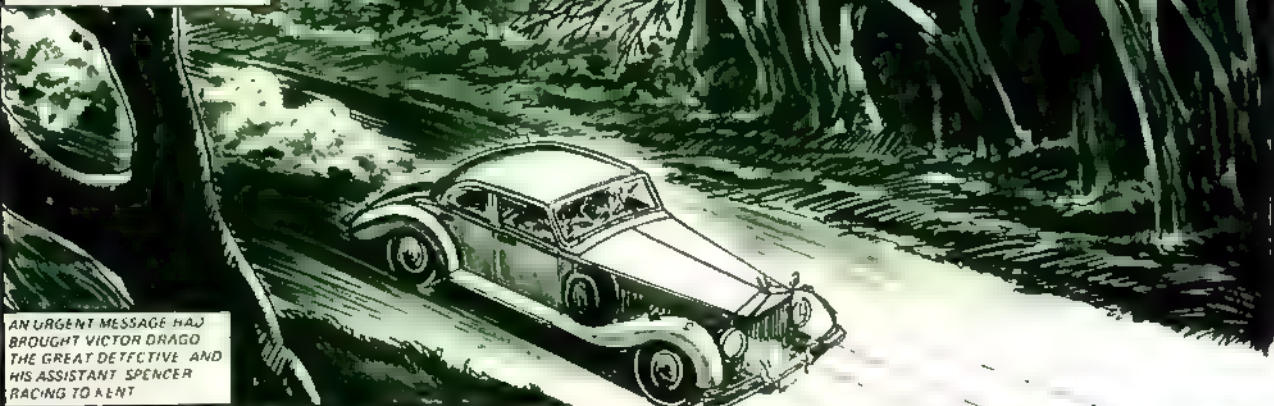
"Mine, too, with your co-operation, Carter," said Victor Drago jovially. "Now I must go and tell Felix Balmer that the Hand of Horror was blown up as a figment of his imagination. I've been very pleased to have you along as my assistant," he went on. "If you run into difficulties with any of your future cases at the Yard, please feel free to consult me!"

Victor Drago strode majestically from the room, leaving behind him a dumbfounded Scotland Yard Inspector, and a ghostly chuckle which could only have come from . . . Spencer!

# ASSASSINS UNLIMITED!

A  
VICTOR  
DRAGO  
STORY

THE WIND-LIKE TALONS OF ICE  
TORE AT THE CAR AS IT HURTTLED  
THROUGH THE NIGHT  
COUNTRYSIDE



AN URGENT MESSAGE HAD  
BROUGHT VICTOR DRAGO  
THE GREAT DETECTIVE AND  
HIS ASSISTANT SPENCER  
RACING TO ALENT

SOUNDS LIKE REAL TROUBLE,  
GUV'NOR! DETECTIVE-  
INSPECTOR CARTER DON'T  
PANIC EASY!



THAT PHONE MESSAGE  
WE FOUND IN OUR BAKER  
STREET APARTMENTS TOLD  
US NOTHING STEP ON  
IT SPENCER!

THEir OBJECTIVE WAS  
THE MANSION OF SIR GEOFFREY GRANT



A TOP FOREIGN  
DIPLOMAT IS STAYING WITH  
SIR GEOFFREY THAT  
COULD MEAN SECURITY  
PROBLEMS FOR THE C.I.D.



BANG!

WATCH IT,  
SPENCER!













LET ME GUESS CHUM!  
MR DRAGO NABBED THE LEADER  
OF A BANK ROBBERY GANG  
LAST WEEK OUT FOR REVENGE  
WERE YOU!

HOLD IT  
SPENCER!



MY WALLET AND CARDS OF  
IDENTIFICATION WENT IN THAT  
STRUGGLE AND THAT'S  
WHAT THEY WERE AFTER, WASN'T IT?

DON'T SHOOT MR DRAGO  
YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY WANTED  
YOUR IDENTITY, AND THEY  
HIRED ME TO.

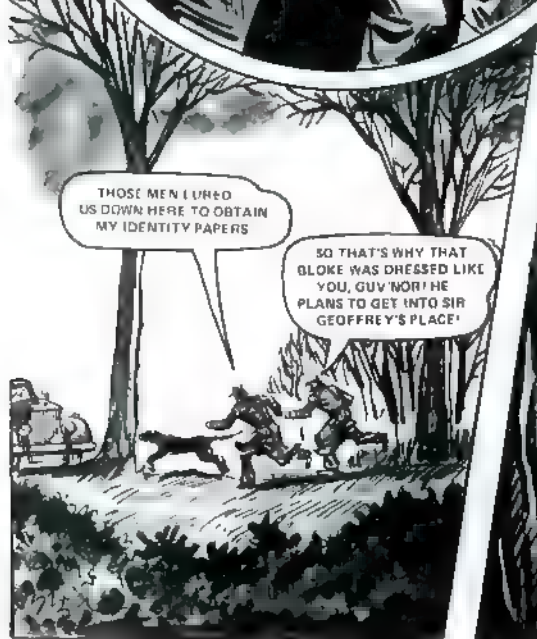


A 1 AT ONCE A GUN SHOT  
SPLT THE DARK

BY GLORY!  
HE'S BEEN SILENCED  
FOR GOOD BUT HE TOLD ME  
ALL I WANT TO KNOW!



THAT PHONE MESSAGE  
WAS A FAKE! IT DIDN'T COME  
FROM CARTER OF THE  
C.I.O !



THOSE MEN LURED  
US DOWN HERE TO OBTAIN  
MY IDENTITY PAPERS

SO THAT'S WHY THAT  
GLOKE WAS DRESSED LIKE  
YOU, GUV WOR! HE  
PLANS TO GET INTO SIR  
GEOFFREY'S PLACE!



UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS  
THEY'RE TERRORISTS, SPENCER -  
OUT TO ASSASSINATE THAT  
FOREIGN DIPLOMAT!







THE  
END

# WAGNER'S WALK

BY R. E. WRIGHT & LOZANO

**MAY 1945.** WORLD WAR TWO IS OVER. FOR THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE, THE SUFFERING IS FINISHED.

**BUT FOR OVER TWO MILLION FORMER GERMAN SOLDIERS, NOW PRISONERS OF THE RED ARMY—THE ORDEAL IS JUST BEGINNING!**

**IT STARTS WITH A LONG TREK EAST, TO YEARS OF FORCED LABOUR, REBUILDING A RUSSIA WHICH HITLER'S WAR HAD DEVASTATED.**

AMONG THE MIGHTY HOST WAS FORMER MAJOR OF PANZERS, **KURT WAGNER**, AND HIS TWO TRUSTED TANKMEN, **BIG KARL** AND **GRUBER**.

ONE OF THESE DAYS, THE RUSSIANS ARE GOING TO TWIG THAT YOU TWO **AREN'T** GENERALS!

YA, BUT TILL THEN WE LOOK AFTER YOU, LIKE YOU DID FOR US DURING THE WAR. WE STAY TOGETHER!



**BUT, THE NEXT DAY, AT A TRANSIT CAMP IN POLAND...**

GENERALS GRUBER AND KARL, YOU SAY? WHY ARE YOUR NAMES NOT DOWN IN THIS GERMAN ARMY LIST?

YOU MUST HAVE AN OLD COPY, WE WERE PROMOTED VERY QUICKLY.



**THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS WERE NOT CONVINCED...**

IT WAS A **600D** TRY, HERR MAJOR... WASN'T IT?



GOODBYE, KARL... GRUBER, I'LL NOT FORGET YOU. MAYBE WE'LL MEET AGAIN IN GERMANY ONE DAY...





THE WORK WAS HARD, BUT THE RUSSIANS  
TREATED THEIR FORMER INVADERS WITH  
SURPRISING KINDNESS...



STRANGE PEOPLE, THE RUSSIANS.  
THEY HAVE SO LITTLE FOOD FOR THEMSELVES,  
YET THEY **SHARE** EVERYTHING THEY HAVE WITH US!

1948 — AND  
STILL NO SIGN OF  
FREEDOM...

HEY, WAGNER...  
COME AND JOIN IN  
THE FUN. IT'S  
**NEW YEAR!**



BUT TWO  
DAYS  
LATER...



COLLECT YOUR FOOD  
RATIONS AND BOARD  
THE TRAIN. NO MORE  
**RUBBLE-CLEARING**  
FOR YOU LOT!

ARE WE GOING  
**HOME** AT LAST?



**NO! THAT'S THE  
VOLGA RIVER!**

THEN WE'RE HEADING  
**EAST AGAIN!** FURTHER  
AWAY FROM GERMANY  
THAN EVER!

FOR DAYS THE TRAIN ROLLED EAST—  
AND WITH THE EAST CAME THE COLD.  
AND FEAR...



THEY... THEY'RE  
NEVER GOING TO LET  
US GO. WE... WE'LL  
NEVER SEE OUR  
HOMES AGAIN!

LET ME **END** IT!  
I WANT TO  
**DIE!**

AND LET THE RUSSIANS  
KNOW THEY'VE BEATEN  
YOU? NO, MY FRIEND...  
YOU WON'T GIVE THEM  
THAT **SATISFACTION!**



I CAN'T TAKE  
ANY MORE!

GOTT IN  
HIMMEL...  
HE'S GRABBED  
THE **BREAD-  
KNIFE!**



DAYS LATER...

КРАСНОЯРСК

YOU READ CYRILLIC  
SCRIPT, MAJOR.  
WHERE ARE WE?

КРАСНОЯРСК,  
A MAJOR TOWN IN CENTRAL  
SIBERIA. WE'RE CLOSER TO  
PEKING THAN BERLIN NOW!

THE REST OF THE JOURNEY WAS  
COMPLETED BY TRUCK...

ALL OUT! THIS  
IS THE END  
OF THE LINE!

HE ISN'T KIDDING!  
TALK ABOUT THE MIDDLE  
OF NOWHERE!

THIS CAMP WILL BE YOUR NEW  
HOME. **HERE** YOU WILL FELL THE  
LUMBER REQUIRED BY THE SOVIET  
STATE. CONTINUE TO WORK WELL...  
AND WHO KNOWS... ONE DAY WE  
MAY RELEASE YOU!

WHEN? 1950?  
1960? THE YEAR  
2000, MAYBE?

\$OON...

LOOK, THERE ARE  
OTHER PRISONERS  
HERE ALREADY—

PROBABLY  
RETURNING FROM  
THE FORESTS. AT  
LEAST THEY SEEM  
WELL-CLOTHED...

NEXT MOMENT...

KARL, GRUBER...  
IS IT REALLY YOU?

WUNDERBAR!  
—IT'S MAJOR  
WAGNER, AFTER  
ALL THESE  
YEARS!

AND YOU BOTH LOOK  
**FIT** AS WOLVES, YOU  
VILLAINS. I SUPPOSE  
YOU SPEND YOUR TIME  
STEALING FROM THE  
RUSSIANS.

US, MAJOR?  
WELL... NOT THAT  
MUCH. THEY DON'T  
LIKE IT WHEN  
THEIR VODKA  
DISAPPEARS!

THAT EVENING...

...AND SO WE ENDED  
UP HERE A YEAR AGO...  
EVERYONE BUT THIS CAMP  
**OURSELVES!**

TROUBLE IS THERE'S  
NO ESCAPE IN THE MIDDLE  
OF SIBERIA. EITHER THE  
**RUSSIANS GET**  
YOU... OR THE COLD!



NEXT DAY...

ACH, THIS TREE-TRUNK'S  
LIKE **IRON**!

**FROZEN**  
LIKE THE LAND.  
HELLO... WHAT'S  
THIS? A BOOK?



GET ON WITH  
YOUR WORK!

I'LL TAKE THIS  
BACK AND LOOK AT  
IT TONIGHT. WITH  
**MY LUCK**, IT'S  
PROBABLY THE  
COLLECTED  
WORKS OF  
**LENIN**!



THAT NIGHT...

WHAT IS IT,  
MAJOR?

A CHILD'S ATLAS,  
OF ALL THINGS.  
LET'S SEE **WHERE**  
WE ARE---



YOU KNOW  
SOMETHING,  
MY FRIENDS,  
INDIA IS ONLY  
**TWO AND A HALF  
THOUSAND**  
MILES DUE  
SOUTH OF  
HERE!

**HA!** THEN PERHAPS  
WE SHOULD TRY AND  
**WALK** IT. THERE'S  
ONLY MONGOLIA,  
CHINA, AND TIBET  
IN THE WAY!



WHY JOKE ABOUT IT, GRUBER?  
DO YOU **REALLY** WANT TO SPEND  
THE REST OF YOUR LIFE CHOPPING  
WOOD FOR THE RUSSIANS...  
OR WOULD YOU RATHER RISK  
IT WITH ME, AND TRY FOR  
**FREEDOM**?

1... I WASN'T  
SERIOUS, MAJOR.  
IT'S A **CRAZY**  
IDEA... BUT  
WHY NOT?

LIKE **OLD  
TIMES**, MAJOR  
... YOU LEAD,  
AND WE FOLLOW  
YOU TO THE  
ENDS OF THE  
EARTH!

AND **THAT'S** WHERE WE'D  
BE GOING, MY FRIENDS. SPRING  
WILL BE HERE SOON. WE'LL SLIP  
AWAY THEN, AND I PROMISE YOU  
THIS... IF WE EVER MAKE INDIA.  
I'LL BUY YOU THE BIGGEST,  
HOTTEST CURRY YOU **EVER**  
TASTED!

Next  
week- **THE WALK  
BEGINS!**

BY R.E. WRIGHT & LOZANO

# WAGNER'S WALK



## SIBERIA • SPRING • 1948

THE 2ND WORLD WAR HAD BEEN OVER FOR THREE YEARS, BUT SCATTERED ACROSS MOTHER RUSSIA WERE STILL THOUSANDS OF GERMAN PRISONERS, FORCED TO MAKE GOOD THE DEVASTATION WREAKED BY HITLER'S INVASION...

FOR THESE FORGOTTEN MEN THE RETURN HOME WAS NOTHING BUT A FADED DREAM!

WORK  
DETAIL FOR  
THE LUMBER  
SITE—

GOOD. YOU  
MAY PASS THROUGH,  
COMRADE!

## ...THE REALITY OF ESCAPE!

I HOPE YOU AND  
KARL ARE BOTH  
PREPARED!

BUT FOR EX-PANZERMAN MAJOR WAGNER, AND HIS FORMER CREWMEN, BIG KARL AND GRUBER, THAT DREAM WAS CLOSER TO REALITY...

IT'S AGREED. THEN.  
**TODAY'S** THE DAY.  
GIVE ME THE  
**ATLAS, GRUBER!**



AT THE SITE, WAGNER  
MADE THE FINAL  
PLANS...

JUST MESS UP THE ROLL CALLS  
UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING.  
GIVE US THE CHANCE TO GET  
AS FAR AS POSSIBLE  
BEFORE THE ALARM'S  
RAISED.

YOU'RE ALL **CRAZY!**  
WHERE YOU HOPE TO RUN TO  
IN THE MIDDLE OF SIBERIA  
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'LL DO  
WHAT I CAN... AND **GOOD  
LUCK**, WHEREVER YOU END UP!

ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT.  
LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP—



HEY, IVAN, WHAT'S  
THAT **NOISE** COMING  
FROM THE BACK  
AXLE?

YOU  
MUST BE  
**DEAF**

I HEAR  
**NOTHING**.  
POINT IT  
OUT!

**WHAT  
NOISE?**

**NOW!**

GET READY—

**MY MISTAKE.**  
SOMETHING MUST  
HAVE BEEN TANGLED  
IN THE PROPSHAFT!

BUT IT KEPT  
YOU LOOKING  
AWAY WHILE THE  
OTHERS SHUFFLED  
ROUND TO FILL IN  
THE GAP.





THEY'RE NOT STOPPING. WE MADE IT!

THIS IS JUST THE **BEGINNING**, GRUBER. NOW WE START WALKING SOUTH... **TWO THOUSAND MILES** TO INDIA, AND FREEDOM!



**BUT LATER.....**  
ACH... **NO FOOD, NO COMPASS**, AND ALL THIS WALKING MAKES MY FEET TIRED. THIS ISN'T GOOD, MAJOR!

NOBODY SAID IT **WOULD** BE. BUT YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO IT. WE'VE A **LONG WALK AHEAD!**



**AS NIGHT FELL...**

A LOG CABIN... AND **UNOCCUPIED!**

JUST IN TIME. A NIGHT OUT IN THIS FOREST, AND WE'D FREEZE TO DEATH!



JUST LIKE A FIRST CLASS **SUITE** AT THE WALDORF, EH, WAGNER?

AH, YES. IT'S GOOD TO HAVE A ROOF... NOW, **KARL**, YOU TAKE THE FIRST WATCH. SINCE THERE ARE FOOD SUPPLIES AROUND, WE MAY BE GETTING VISITORS VERY SOON.

C'MON, GRUBER, WE MUST GET SOME **SLEEP!**



**AAARRRH...** THESE FURS ARE CRAWLING. WITH THE **FATTEST** LICE I'VE EVER SEEN!

DON'T WORRY, MY FRIEND... ONE BITE OF YOU AND THEY'LL DROP **DEAD!**



**AS WAGNER AND GRUBER FELL INTO AN EXHAUSTED SLEEP...**

YOU'VE GOT TO STAY AWAKE. THINK OF **SOME-THING**, KARL... THINK OF **HOME**. BEAUTIFUL HAMBURG, WILL I **EVER** SEE IT AGAIN? WILL!...  
...ZZZZZZZ...



UULH, MUST HAVE DOZED...  
**HIMMEL!**

**NEXT MOMENT... OR SO IT SEEMED TO KARL...**

**GERMAN?** NOW WHAT WOULD A **GERMAN** BE DOING IN SIBERIA?





BY R. E. WRIGHT & LOZANO

# WAGNER'S WALK

SIBERIA—SPRING 1948. WORLD WAR 2 IS LONG OVER, THOUGH MANY GERMAN PRISONERS ARE STILL HELD BY RUSSIA. BUT EX-PANZERMEN KURT WAGNER AND HIS CREWMEN BIG KARL AND GRUBER ARE MAKING A RUN FOR FREEDOM...

NAVIGATING FROM AN OLD CHILD'S ATLAS, THEY'RE TRYING THE **CRAZY** PLAN OF WALKING THE THOUSANDS OF MILES TO INDIA. BUT THEY ARE FINDING THAT SIBERIA HOLDS **MORE TERRORS** THAN JUST THE COLD.



Noo...00000!



GOTT IN HIMMEL!  
I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
**NEVER** GOING TO SHOOT!



WOLF EATS WOLF, EH?  
IT IS TRULY THE LAW OF  
THE JUNGLE HERE!

AND WE'RE GOING TO BE  
THE PREY IF THE RUSSIANS  
HEARD THOSE SHOTS.  
STOP GAWPING, KARL...  
**AND MOVE IT!**

A FEW MILES BACK,  
THE RUSSIANS HAD  
DISCOVERED THE TRAPPERS  
WAGNER HAD TIED UP

THIS MUST BE  
THE WORK OF  
THOSE **GERMANS**  
WHO ESCAPED  
FROM THE LABOUR  
CAMP!

COMRADE  
CAPTAIN...  
I HEAR SHOTS  
FROM THAT  
DIRECTION

HEADING SOUTH,  
EH... STRAIGHT INTO  
THE CURVE OF THE  
IRTYSH RIVER.  
FOR THEM IT WILL  
BE THE **END OF  
THE LINE...**

**RELEASE THE  
DOGS!**

AN HOUR LATER...

DAWN AT LAST.  
CAN WE NOT REST  
FOR A WHILE?

NOT YET, MY  
FRIEND. I HEAR  
SOMETHING...  
**DOGS...** AND  
THEY'RE AFTER  
US!

**RUN!**

**TEUFEL!**  
WE'VE RUN  
OURSELVES  
INTO A  
**TRAP!**

AND THE DOGS  
ARE COMING FROM  
BEHIND. WE HAVE  
NO CHOICE... WE  
**MUST CROSS THE  
RIVER—**

**LOOK!** THAT  
ISLAND NARROWS  
THE CHANNEL AND  
FORCES THE ICE  
TOGETHER. LET'S  
CROSS HERE—

THE DOGS ARE  
NEARLY HERE. GET  
GOING, YOU TWO...  
I'LL HOLD THEM  
OFF **AS LONG  
AS I CAN!**

GET GOING, HE  
SAYS. I'D RATHER  
CROSS A BED OF  
BURNING COALS ON  
MY BARE FEET!





THIS BELT WILL  
KEEP US BOUND  
TOGETHER. IF ONE  
FALLS THE OTHER  
CAN PULL HIM  
BACK.

JA... OR WE  
BOTH GO UNDER  
TOGETHER!

BUT...

AAAAARH..  
THE FLOE'S  
TILTING!



NOW  
HE TELLS  
ME!

GOT TO  
KEEP GOING  
...OR WE'LL  
BOTH BE  
DEAD!



MADE IT!  
AND SO HAVE YOU,  
KARL!

BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
MAJOR?



PAW!  
PAW!

TOO MANY  
OF THEM.  
I MUST  
RETREAT!



I'M  
GOING TO  
MAKE IT...



**BUT TOO LATE, MAJOR  
...TOO LATE!**

**AAAARRGH!  
-THE DOG!**

**FIRE, FOR PITY'S SAKE,  
GRUBER!**

**YOU'VE GOT HIM!**

**PAW!**

**BUT I ALSO  
WINGED THE  
MAJOR!**

**AAAARRGH!**

**IF YOU DON'T,  
HE'S DEAD!—  
FIRE!**

**LET ME  
SEE THAT  
ARM!**

**NOT NOW! WE'RE  
STILL ONLY HALFWAY ACROSS  
THIS VERDAMMT RIVER.  
QUICK... TO THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE ISLAND  
BEFORE THE IVANS  
SHOW UP!**

**BUT...**

**MEIN GOTT... THERE'S  
HARDLY ANY ICE. WE'RE  
STRANDED!**

**MOMENTS  
LATER...**

**A GOOD TRY, MY  
GERMAN COMRADES...  
BUT DOOMED FROM  
THE START. NOBODY EVER  
ESCAPES FROM SIBERIA!  
I'LL HAVE A BOAT HERE IN  
A FEW HOURS TO PICK  
YOU UP!**

**VERY FUNNY,  
IVAN... WE'LL  
DIE LAUGHING  
YET!**

**I'M SORRY,  
KARL... GRUBER.  
I'VE JUST CONDEMNED  
YOU TO A LIVING  
DEATH... A LIFE  
SENTENCE BACK  
AT THE LABOUR  
CAMP!**

*Next  
Week—*  
**THE  
TRICK**

**AND WE'D  
FREEZE TO DEATH IN  
THAT WATER!**

BY R.E. WRIGHT & LOZANO

# WAGNER'S WALK



A DESPERATE BID BY MAJOR WAGNER AND HIS COMPANIONS TO ESCAPE FROM A LABOUR CAMP IN THE HEART OF RUSSIA HAD ENDED... ON AN ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A RAGING SIBERIAN RIVER!

HEAR ME, GERMANSKI. AM SENDING A BOAT TO COLLECT YOU. RESISTANCE IS FUTILE. DO NOT FORCE MY MEN TO SHOOT YOU!

SEND THEM OVER IVAN... WE'LL COME PEACEFULLY.

WHAT DO YOU THINK THE RUSSIANS WILL DO TO US?

SUSPEND OUR VODKA RATION FOR A FEW WEEKS. THEY'RE PROBABLY GRATEFUL WE ESCAPED. GOOD TRAINING FOR THEIR NEW TROOPS SEARCHING FOR US.

AAARRRH!

BUT, AS THE RUSSIAN BOAT SET OUT...

BLITZEN... LOOK OUT FOR THAT ICE FLOE!



HIMMEL...  
HE'LL **FREEZE**  
TO DEATH IN  
NO TIME

QUICK, KARL,  
BREAK ME OFF  
A BRANCH.

HOLD ON,  
MY FRIEND...FOR  
PITY'S SAKE, **DON'T**  
**LET GO.**

HE'S  
GOT IT!

MY THANKS,  
COMRADE WAGNER.  
I **COMMEND YOUR**  
**BRAVERY.**

GRAB THIS,  
IVAN. IT'S  
YOUR **ONLY**  
**HOPES.**

DA...  
DA...

**TOMORROW**  
ANOTHER BOAT  
WILL BE BROUGHT...  
BUT TONIGHT YOU ARE  
MY GUESTS, AND MY  
MEN WILL SHARE THEIR  
VODKA WITH YOU.

HA, THAT'S  
WHAT I LIKE  
TO HEAR.

LATER ...

**MORE**  
VODKA, MY  
GERMAN  
FRIENDS?

NO THANKYOU ...  
AND NEITHER WILL  
KARL. **WE'VE HAD**  
**ENOUGH.**

**HAS HE BLAZED?**  
JUST PASS A FRESH  
BOTTLE OVER, IVAN

I SAID  
YOU'VE  
HAD **ENOUGH...**  
DO YOU UNDER-  
STAND?

I...I'M  
SORRY, HERR  
MAJOR... IF...  
IF YOU SAY  
SO

AND SO...

THEY'RE OUT  
AT LAST. I'LL NEVER CEASE  
TO BE AMAZED BY THE RUSSIAN  
SOLDIER'S CAPACITY  
FOR **VODKA.**

THEY GET **PLENTY**  
OF PRACTICE. COME ON,  
LET'S GET THAT BOAT.

BUT IT  
DOESN'T HAVE  
AN **ENGINE!**



AS DAWN BROKE .







WHY ELSE DO YOU THINK I'M HERE? NOW IF YOU PUSH OFF AND GET SOME TEA, I'LL HAVE THIS RUNNING AGAIN. BY THE TIME YOU GET BACK.

THAT'S WHAT I CALL SERVICE. SEE YOU LATER.

WE SINCERELY HOPE NOT, MY FRIEND.



CAN YOU FIX IT, KARL?

I CAN FIX ANYTHING WITH A DIESEL MOTOR, MAJOR. GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES.



MEANWHILE, MANY MILES BACK UPSTREAM...

SHOW YOURSELVES, GERMANSKI. I'VE COME TO PICK YOU UP. WHERE ARE MY MEN?



BY DIMITRI, THEY'RE ALL HUNG OVER... AND THE GERMANS HAVE GONE! THEY MUST HAVE ESCAPED IN THE SMASHED BOAT. SOUND THE ALARM. THEY WON'T GET FAR!

RE... REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR... UUUURH, MY HEAD.



AT THAT MOMENT.

OUTTA THE WAY, IVAN! BIG KARL STOPS FOR NO MAN!

YEEAARRH!

HALT!

FULL SPEED AHEAD, KARL... WE'RE HEADING SOUTH!

NEXT WEEK:  
**CONVOY!**

BY R.E. WRIGHT & LOZANO

# WAGNER'S WALK



**SIBERIA**—SPRING 1948.  
FORMER PANZER MAJOR  
WAGNER, KARL AND GRUBER,  
CREWMEN, ARE ATTEMPTING THE IMPOSSIBLE  
TO ESCAPE FROM THE RUSSIAN  
LABOR CAMP WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN KEPT  
PRISONER SINCE 1945.

"HOW LONG ARE  
WE KEEPING THE  
\*TRUCK, MAJOR?  
I WAN'T BE LOOKING  
MIGHTY HARD FOR  
IT SOON!"



JUST AS LONG AS  
WE CAN, GRUBER. IT'S  
BETTER THAN WALKING!

\*BIG ED  
NOTE:  
STOLEN LAST  
WEEK FROM  
THE BUILDING  
SITE AT THE  
DAM PROJECT.

NEXT MOMENT...



KARL!  
LOOK  
OUT!

DONNERWETTER

YAAARRH...  
DAMNED  
FOOL!



HEY—YOU! WHY  
WEREN'T YOU WITH  
THE REST OF THE  
CONVOY?

ER... WE BROKE DOWN  
SO WE TOOK A SHORT  
CUT TO MAKE UP TIME

STUPID DRIVERS!  
ALWAYS THE SHORT-CUT.  
WELL, GET IN LINE...  
AND STAY THERE



WUNDERBAR.  
WE COULDN'T ASK FOR  
BETTER CAMOUFLAGE.  
WONDER WHERE  
THEY'RE GOING?

AS LONG AS  
THEY KEEP  
HEADING SOUTH,  
I DON'T CARE.

**A** N HOUR LATER, THE CONVOY WAS BROUGHT TO A SUDDEN HALT...







THEN WE  
**MUST** CARRY  
GRUBER AWAY  
FROM HERE

TEUFEL  
...IT'S THE  
T-34!



HELP ME, MAJOR...  
THE TANK WILL SOON  
BE HERE!

NEIN,  
KARL...  
**WE LEAVE  
HIM!**



THEN YOU GO  
WITHOUT ME ALSO!  
I'M NOT GOING TO  
DESERT A  
WOUNDED  
COMRADE!

**DON'T BE A  
SENTIMENTAL  
FOOL—**

—I'M NOT  
ASKING YOU, KARL...  
I'M **ORDERING** YOU  
AS YOUR SUPERIOR  
OFFICER!  
**WE LEAVE HIM!**



SO HELP ME,  
I'LL USE THIS KNIFE  
ON YOU IF I HAVE TO!  
**LET'S GO!**

ALL RIGHT, MAJOR...  
I'M COMING... BUT DON'T  
YOU EVER TURN YOUR BACK  
ON ME AGAIN, BECAUSE  
I'M GOING TO **BREAK  
YOUR NECK** IF  
YOU DO!



**GET  
DOWN!**

DON'T  
WORRY! I WANT  
YOU IN ONE  
PIECE FOR  
MYSELF!



YOU'RE A GREAT FIGHTER, KARL...  
BUT YOU LET YOUR HEART RULE YOUR  
MIND. I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE  
BACK THERE, BUT WE'RE NOT LEAVING  
GRUBER BEHIND... WE'RE USING  
HIM AS  
**BAIT!**

YOU... YOU MEAN  
WE'RE GOING TO TAKE  
OVER THAT T-34?  
DONNERWETTER, MAJOR...  
**YOU REALLY  
ARE CRAZY!**

NEXT WEEK:  
**MAN  
BAIT!**



BY R.E. WRIGHT & LOZANO

# WAGNER'S WALK

THE VIEW FROM THE  
DRIVING SEAT OF A T-34  
TANK WAS STRICTLY LIMITED...

NO SIGN OF  
THE GERMAN  
FUGITIVES YET!  
DRIVE  
STRAIGHT ON!

ACCURSED  
GERMANS HAVE  
VANISHED!

WHICH WAS UNFORTUNATE FOR GRUBER...  
AND VERY DEADLY!!

MEIN  
GOTT...  
NEIN!

WHAT WAS  
THAT? BY KIROV...  
BEAR RIGHT,  
DRIVER!

TEUFEL!  
THAT WAS  
MUCH TOO  
CLOSE!



THE GERMAN IS **INJURED**, COMMANDER.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE **OTHER TWO**?

THEY LEFT ME BEHIND, I WOULD HAVE BEEN A **BURDEN** TO THEM.

**GRUBER** AND HIS TWO COMRADES, **WAGNER** AND **KARL**, HAD ESCAPED FROM A RUSSIAN LABOUR CAMP IN THE HEART OF SIBERIA, AFTER BEING IMPRISONED THERE SINCE THE END OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR.



YOU GERMANS ARE ALL THE SAME. LEAVE BEHIND COMRADES AT THE DROP OF A HAT. JUST TO SAVE YOUR OWN SKINS.

NO, NO... IT WASN'T LIKE **THAT**. I **PLEADED** FOR THEM TO GO!



BUT WE SIMPLY WOULDN'T LISTEN, IVAN! **FREEZE!**

UUUUUGH!



NOW, MY FRIEND... I DON'T **WANT** TO HURT YOU, SO ORDER THE REST OF YOUR CREW TO EVACUATE THIS TINCAN, AND TO LEAVE THEIR WEAPONS INSIDE!

DA, DA.



YOU... YOU'RE BOTH **CRAZY!**

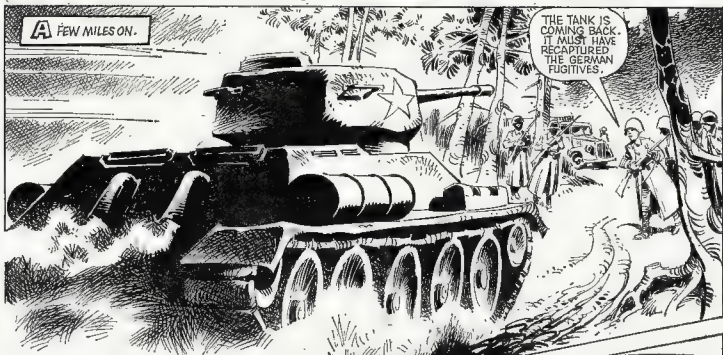
OF COURSE WE ARE, **GRUBER**; AND SO ARE YOU. WE WOULD NEVER HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE CAMP OTHERWISE.

**MOVE IT, YOU TWO.** WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY.



AH, IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK IN THE DRIVING SEAT OF A **PANTER**. FUEL TANKS ARE FULL, MAJOR! WE'RE READY TO GO!

THANKS, **KARL**! I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON **GRUBER**!



THAT EVENING,  
A SMALL VILLAGE  
APPEARED ON THE  
HORIZON...

WE'LL LEAVE THE TANK  
HERE. I'LL GO IN AHEAD.  
BRING GRUBER AS **CLOSE**  
TO THE SETTLEMENT AS YOU  
CAN AND **WAIT** FOR MY  
SIGNAL.

JAWOHL  
MAJOR.

EXCUSE ME,  
COMRADE. IS  
THERE A  
**DOCTOR**  
HERE?

PETROV'S HOUSE  
IS OVER THERE. **HE**  
MAY BE ABLE TO  
HELP YOU.

ARE YOU **DOCTOR**  
**PETROV**?

I AM.  
WHAT CAN  
I DO FOR  
YOU?

A FRIEND OF MINE  
NEEDS **EMERGENCY**  
**TREATMENT**. AND I'M NOT  
TOO PARTICULAR HOW I GET  
IT TO HIM, HERR DOKTOR.  
CO-OPERATE, AND YOU'LL  
COME TO NO HARM.  
ARE YOU ALONE?

AT... AT  
THE MOMENT,  
YES.

VUURRR!

THERE IS THE  
MAJOR'S SIGNAL!  
COME ON, OLD FRIEND...  
**WE'LL SOON HAVE**  
**YOU PATCHED UP!**

CAN  
YOU HELP  
HIM?

I CAN, BUT ACCORDING TO THESE  
WEHRMACHT TAGS THIS MAN HAS A B  
NEGATIVE BLOOD. IT IS VERY **RARE** IN  
THIS PART OF THE WORLD. ONLY A **LARGE**  
**HOSPITAL** WOULD STOCK SUCH A GROUP.





I AM A BIT NEGATIVE, IT SAYS  
SO HERE! GRUBBER CAN HAVE  
SOME OF MY  
**BLOOD!**

YOU ARE A LARGE MAN,  
BUT YOUR FRIEND NEEDS  
A GREAT DEAL!

KARL WON'T  
MISS A **FEW**  
**PINTS!** GO  
AHEAD, DOCTOR!  
DO WHAT YOU  
CAN!

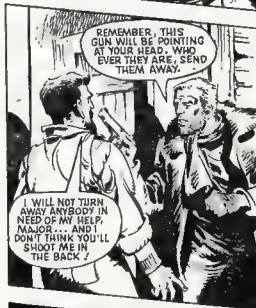


LATER...

YOUR FRIEND IS  
**IMPROVING**, THANKS  
TO YOU. HOW DO YOU  
FEEL?

OH!  
A BIT DIZZY,  
BUT VERY  
GRATEFUL!

**SILENCE!**  
SOMEBODY'S  
COMING!



REMEMBER, THIS  
GUN WILL BE POINTING  
AT YOUR HEAD. WHO  
EVER THEY ARE, SEND  
THEM AWAY.

I WILL NOT TURN  
AWAY ANYBODY IN  
NEED OF MY HELP,  
MAJOR... AND  
DON'T THINK YOU'LL  
SHOOT ME IN  
THE BACK!



MIKHAIL'S HURT!  
BRING HIM IN  
AT ONCE!

WHAT...WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

SHHH!  
THE DOCTOR CALLED  
MY **BLUFF!** HE WAS  
RIGHT, I WOULDN'T HARM  
HIM. STAY QUIET, HE MAY  
NOT EXPOSE US!



LAY HIM DOWN HERE.  
MY SURGERY IS IN A MESS  
AT THE MOMENT, I'LL SEE  
TO HIM IN THIS ROOM.

THANK YOU,  
HERR DOCTOR... IT  
SEEMS WE DO EACH  
OTHER A **GOOD TURN.**



BUT...

A MAN WITH  
A GUN? THEY MUST  
BE THE **ESCAPED**  
**GERMANS** I READ ABOUT.  
PERHAPS THERE WILL BE  
A REWARD WHEN I TELL  
THE **LOCAL MILITARY**  
**COMMAND** WHERE  
THEY ARE!

NEXT WEEKS - **DOUBLECROSS!**



BY R.E. WRIGHT & LOZANO

# WAGNER'S WALK



IN A DESPERATE BID TO ESCAPE THEIR RUSSIAN CAPTORS, MAJOR KURT WAGNER AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS, KARL AND GRUBER, ARE WALKING FROM SIBERIA TO INDIA—A DISTANCE OF 2,500 MILES! THEIR EPIC JOURNEY IS INTERRUPTED BY AN INJURY TO GRUBER WHICH REQUIRES THE ATTENTION OF A FRIENDLY RUSSIAN DOCTOR. IN THE SURGERY, WAGNER AND HIS FRIENDS HIDE IN A BACK ROOM WHEN A GROUP OF RUSSIAN PEASANTS ENTER...

WHILE INSIDE, A MAN'S LIFE HAD BEEN SAVED, BUT ANOTHER WAS DYING...

AT LEAST PETROV IS NOT GIVING US AWAY!



IN A SMALL TOWN IN SOUTHERN SIBERIA IN THE SPRING OF 1948, CURIOUS EVENTS WERE TAKING PLACE. OUTSIDE DOCTOR PETROV'S SURGERY A MAN DREAMT OF UNEXPECTED WEALTH...

I SHALL INFORM THE LOCAL MILITARY AUTHORITIES WHERE THE THREE GERMAN FUGITIVES ARE. THERE IS BOUND TO BE A REWARD!

THIS MAN WILL DIE WITHOUT BLOOD, BUT HE'S AB NEGATIVE, AND I HAVE NONE. ONLY THE TWO GERMANS IN MY SURGERY ARE OF THAT GROUP, AND THEY NEED ALL THE BLOOD THEY'VE GOT! WHAT CAN I DO?

CAN YOU HELP MY FRIEND, DOCTOR PETROV?

I... I MAY BE ABLE TO, MIKHAIL. HE NEEDS BLOOD. WAIT HERE.

MUSTN'T LET THE OTHERS SEE ME!

OUR THANKS FOR NOT REVEALING OUR PRESENCE.

PAH, YOU ARE ALL PATIENTS TO ME! BUT THIS IS IRONIC, SAROV. THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN TOWN, WILL DIE WITHOUT A TRANSFUSION OF AB NEGATIVE BLOOD. THE SAME AS YOUR FRIEND GRUBER NEEDED, AND YOUR OTHER COMRADE, KARL, COULD SUPPLY!

WHAT'S THIS? YOU NEED MORE OF MY BLOOD? TAKE WHATEVER YOU WANT!

SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURST OPEN  
AS MIKHAIL BURST IN...

HIMMEL!

WHAT'S KEEPING  
... DASDAVANYA!  
WHO ARE THESE?

PLEASE... NO SHOOTING!  
ARE THERE NOT ENOUGH INJURED  
MEN ALREADY? MIKHAIL,  
THESE ARE GERMANS! LET  
ME EXPLAIN!

PETROV EXPLAINED. AND...

SO YOU SEE, ONLY THIS MAN  
KARL, HAS THE BLOOD TO SAVE  
SAROV! HE HAS ALREADY  
GIVEN BLOOD TO HIS COMRADE  
BUT HE INSISTS ON TRYING  
TO HELP SAROV!

AND SAROV WILL DIE  
WITHOUT IT? VERY  
WELL, GERMANSKI...  
SAROV IS MORE  
IMPORTANT TO US THAN  
YOU. WE ACCEPT  
YOUR OFFER OF  
HELP!

RELUCTANTLY, PETROV STOPS TAKING  
KARL'S BLOOD AFTER A FEW MINUTES...

I MUST NOT TAKE  
ANY MORE. YOUR  
SYSTEM CANNOT  
SURVIVE IT!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT  
MY SYSTEM CAN  
STAND! THOSE FEW  
DROPS AREN'T GOING  
TO BE ANY USE... SO  
TURN THE TAP  
FULL ON!

MEANWHILE...

I SAW THEM WITH MY  
OWN EYES! THREE  
GERMANS! ONE WITH A  
GUN, AND ONE OF THEM  
WOUNDED. THEY'RE ALL  
AT DOCTOR PETROV'S!

ONE WOUNDED, YOU SAY?  
DA, THAT FITS THE DESCRIPTION!  
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY FRIEND!

IS... IS THERE  
NOT A REWARD?

OF COURSE THERE IS... THE  
SATISFACTION OF KNOWING  
THAT YOU HAVE BEEN A GOOD  
CITIZEN AND HELPED MOTHER  
RUSSIA! WHAT ELSE COULD YOU  
POSSIBLY WANT? GUARD...  
ALERT 5th COMPANY!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!  
YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE  
IS ALREADY DANGEROUSLY  
LOW! I CANNOT TAKE  
ANY MORE BLOOD!

YOU... YOU  
WILL TAKE WHAT  
YOU NEED!

SUCH COURAGE...  
SUCH DETERMINATION!  
THESE ARE MEN I CAN  
TRULY RESPECT!

**SUDDENLY...**

**TROOPS ARE COMING!  
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE  
TOLD THEM ABOUT THE  
GERMANS!**

**THEN WE'VE HAD  
IT! KARL AND GRUBER  
CAN'T MOVE, AND I'M  
NOT LEAVING  
WITHOUT THEM!**

**WITHOUT YOU, SAROV WOULD BE DEAD,  
BUT WE CANNOT BE SEEN TO BE HELPING  
YOU, OR WE SHOULD ALL BE SEVERELY  
PUNISHED. YOU LOOK A MAN OF THOUGHT,  
GERMAN. THINK NOW... HOW CAN WE  
HELP YOU WITHOUT SEEMING TO?**

**THE T.34 HAD BEEN STOLEN  
BY WAGNER EARLIER...**

**THEY'VE FOUND  
THE TANK! YOU  
KNOW WHAT TO DO?**

**MAKE THEM BELIEVE I AM  
A GERMAN? THAT WILL BE  
EASY, MAJOR WAGNER. I  
FOUGHT WITH THE RED ARMY  
IN THE BATTLE FOR BERLIN.  
THOSE NEW CONSCRIPTS HAVE  
NEVER BEEN WEST OF THE  
URAL MOUNTAINS!**

**NEXT MOMENT...**

**ACHTUNG,  
IVAN ... CATCH  
ME IF YOU CAN!**

**YEEAARGH...  
SOMEBODY'S  
SHOOTING!**

**IF EVER THERE WAS A  
PUZZLE, THAT'S IT. FIRST  
OF ALL, THOUGH, WE MUST  
MOVE GRUBER. IF I  
COULD REACH THE  
TANK!**

**IT'S ONE OF  
THE FUGITIVES...  
AFTER HIM!**

**KOMME, IVAN...  
YOU WILL NEVER  
CATCH WAGNER!**

**THEY CERTAINLY  
WON'T CATCH MIKHAIL  
IN THIS FOREST, BUT  
THEY'VE LEFT THE TANK  
ALONE... WHICH IS  
ALL I NEED!**

MEANWHILE...

YOU, DOCTOR...  
WHERE ARE THE GERMAN  
FUGITIVES?

GERM... GERMAN FUGITIVES  
COMRADE? WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT? THERE  
IS ONLY THIS LOCAL MAN,  
INJURED IN A TIMBER  
CUTTING ACCIDENT!

FOR YOUR SAKE, YOU'D BETTER  
BE TELLING THE TRUTH, BECAUSE  
I'M HAVING THIS TOWN SEARCHED  
AND IF I FIND THE GERMANS HERE,  
YOU AND THE REST OF THIS TOWN  
ARE GOING TO JOIN THEM IN THEIR  
LABOUR CAMP! SEARCH EVERY  
BUILDING!

WE'RE ALL IN YOUR  
HANDS NOW, MAJOR  
WAGNER... PLEASE  
DON'T LET US DOWN.

NOTHING HERE.  
CHECK THE  
LOFT!

NEIN... I DON'T  
EVEN HAVE A GUN!  
MAJOR... WHERE  
ARE YOU?

SUDDENLY...

IT'S THE TANK WHICH  
WAS STOLEN. QUICKLY...  
OUTSIDE!

COMING! THIS SEARCH  
WAS A WASTE OF TIME  
IN ANY CASE!

ANOTHER MOMENT,  
IVAN... AND YOU  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
THOUGHT SO!

STOP THEM!  
STOP THEM!

WE HAVE NO  
ANTI-TANK  
WEAPONS!  
IT'S USELESS!



IT... IT'S GOING!

STOLEN T.34 HEADING EAST ON THE BROGCHER ROAD. ADVISE AIR STRIKE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! REPEAT... ADVISE AIR STRIKE!

LATER...



THERE'S MIKHAIL! HE GOT AWAY, JUST LIKE HE SAID HE WOULD. NOW I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH THIS SARDINE TIN! HALF THE RED ARMY MUST BE LOOKING FOR IT BY NOW!

NOT TO MENTION THE RED AIR FORCE!



STOLEN TANK BELOW. ADVISE ACTION, BASE.

THE TANK MUST BE STOPPED! DESTROY IT!

IN PERFECT UNISON, THE YAK-3'S DIVE TO THE ATTACK...



USE ROCKETS!

DESTROY THE TARGET!

SECONDS LATER...

NYET... SUCH A BRAVE MAN. HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COMRADES!



THE END OF WAGNER?



**BIG**

**EDITORIAL**

Greetings, readers. So many of you have written in asking me about my powers that I have decided to do something about it. With the aid of Basement Bill, the office vanguard, I have arranged a small demonstration.



Basement Bill is punching me with all his strength here, but as you can see, I don't feel a thing thanks to my super-tough skin.



Bill is now clouting me over the head with a brick from one of his boilers, but again, I don't even feel it.

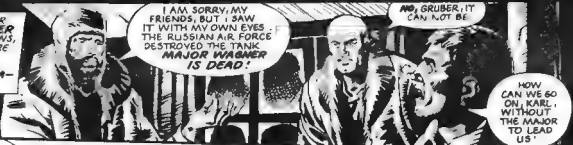


To demonstrate my super-strength I lightly tap Bill on the jaw. Unfortunately, I got a bit carried away here and Bill was out cold for hours! He now refuses to leave his basement to help me with any more demonstrations!

**TORNADO** readers know better than to try and copy any of my super stunts, they know that only someone with super-powers can do them. More on my powers again soon. Keep the Peace, Big E.

**★ ★ ★ SORRY THAT WAGNER'S WALK WAS NOT FEATURED IN THE LAST TWO ISSUES OF TORNADO. THIS WEEK THE MAJOR IS BACK IN ACTION! YOU CAN FOLLOW HIS EXCITING ADVENTURES, STARTING RIGHT HERE!**

WITH THE 1939 R.S. WAR OVER, MAJOR WAGNER AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS, KARL AND GRUBER, ARE ATTEMPTING AN EPIC TREK FROM A SIBERIAN LABOUR CAMP TO INDIA—AND FREEDOM!



I AM SORRY, MY FRIENDS, BUT I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES. THE RUSSIAN AIR FORCE DESTROYED THE TANK MAJOR WAGNER IS DEAD!

NO, GRUBER, IT CAN NOT BE!

HOW CAN WE GO ON, KARL, WITHOUT THE MAJOR TO LEAD US?

BUT, NEXT SUNDAY...

DON'T WRITE ME OFF SO EASILY!

MAJOR WAGNER!

WHEN I HEARD THE AIRCRAFT COMING I KNEW THAT IVAN MEANT BUSINESS, SO I JAMMED THE THROTTLE ON AND ABANDONED SHIP... AND JUST IN TIME!

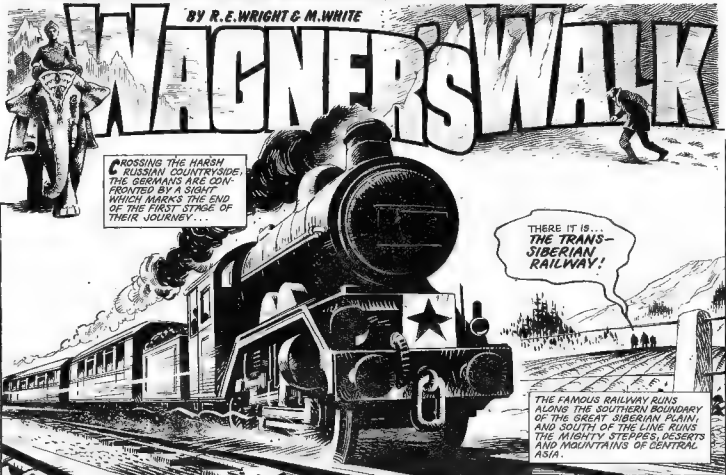
SO NOW THE AUTHORITIES THINK WE ARE ALL DEAD. WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAD SOUTH WITHOUT TROUBLE!



NOT FOR A FEW WEEKS YET, MAJOR. YOU ARE ALL WEAK AND EXHAUSTED. STAY HERE AND REST BEFORE CARRYING ON YOUR MAD SCHEME TO WALK TO INDIA!

AFTER RESTING, THE THREE GERMANS WERE READY TO CONTINUE ON . . .

BY R. E. WRIGHT & M. WHITE



CROSSING THE HARSH RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE, THE GERMANS ARE CONFRONTED BY A SIGHT WHICH MARKS THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR JOURNEY...

THERE IT IS...  
THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY!

THE FAMOUS RAILWAY RUNS ALONG THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY OF THE GREAT SIBERIAN PLAIN, AND SOUTH OF THE LINE RUNS THE MIGHTY STEPPES, DESERTS AND MOUNTAINS OF CENTRAL ASIA.



ONCE WE'RE ACROSS IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES TO THE FRONTIER.

COME ON, MAJOR... WHAT ARE YOU HANGING BACK FOR?

WE WERE TOLD THAT CROSSING THE TRANS-SIBERIAN WOULD BE DANGEROUS. YET NOW WE'RE HERE, IT SEEMS ALL TOO EASY!

WAIT! FREEZE, BOTH OF YOU!



WE'RE IN A MINE-FIELD!



YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN.

I CAN FEEL IT IN MY BONES! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT THOUGH...

NEXT SECOND

**BTHOOM**

BLITZEN!

BACKTRACK  
EXACTLY INTO THE  
FOOTPRINTS YOU  
MADE WHEN  
ADVANCING!

I HAVEN'T DONE THIS  
SINCE I WANDERED INTO A  
MINEFIELD PLANTED BY THE  
SS. OUTSIDE BERLIN IN 1945  
I'D FORGOTTEN HOW NERVE-  
WRACKING IT COULD BE

AS THE THREE MEN  
REACHED THE EDGE  
OF THE FIELD

SOMEBODY'S  
COMING DOWN  
THE RAILWAY  
TRACK! TAKE  
COVER!

ONE OF THE APPROACHING RUSSIANS  
SCANNED THE FIELD WITH A PAIR OF BINOCULARS.

BUT, I THINK  
THEY'RE MOVING  
ON. THEN WE CAN  
FIND A SAFE PLACE  
TO CROSS THE  
RAILWAY.

BUT...

WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?

STAY  
DOWN!

UH, ACCURSED  
FLOWERS. THEY'RE  
MAKING MY NOSE ITCH.  
NEIN... I MUST NOT  
SNEEZE NOW, I...

AAA-SHOOOO!



HA, THAT NOISE WAS NO ANIMAL!

IF THERE IS ANYONE THERE, **SHOW YOURSELVES!** THE NEXT BURST OF FIRE WILL BE FOR **REAL!**

I CAN'T LET THE OTHERS THROW AWAY THEIR LIVES. PERHAPS IF THEY THINK THERE IS ONLY **ONE** PERSON HERE



**STOP SHOOTING! I SURRENDER!**

HEIN...

SIT TIGHT, YOU BIG OX! AS LONG AS IVAN THINKS THERE'S ONLY **ONE** PERSON WE STAND A CHANCE!



STAY RIGHT THERE, COMRADE, UNTIL MY COMPANIONS REACH YOU.

I UNDERSTAND.



BUT, AS THE UNSUSPECTING RUSSIANS ROUNDED THE BUSH...

GET 'EM... BEFORE THE GUNNER BECOMES SUSPICIOUS!

UURCH!

QUIETLY DOES IT, IVAN!



WHAT'S HAPPENING?

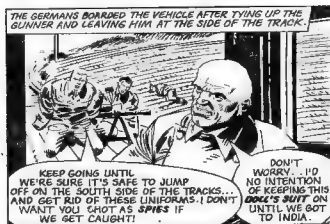
ALL'S WELL, COMRADE! HURRY UP, KARL!

A PLAGUE ON THIS UNIFORM. I THOUGHT RUSSIANS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE **BIG MEN!**



KEEP WALKING, GERMAN!

GERMAN, EH? ANOTHER TRYING TO ESCAPE THE LABOUR CAMPS!





BY R.E. WRIGHT & M. WHITE

# WAGNERS WALK



AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR **MAJOR KURT WAGNER** AND HIS TWO FRIENDS, **KARL** AND **GRUBER**, WERE AMONG THE GERMAN PRISONERS STILL KEPT WORKING IN THE SIBERIAN LABOUR CAMP. THE THREE DECIDED TO MAKE A BID TO REACH FREEDOM BY **WALKING OVERLAND** TO INDIA.

THE GERMANS TOOK OVER A SMALL DIESEL TRAIN TO SPEED THEM ON THEIR JOURNEY BUT FROM A RED ARMY STAGING POST ALONG THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY AN UNSCHEDULED TRAIN WAS PULLING ONTO THE MAIN LINE IN PURSUIT OF THEM.



BLITZEN! THEY MUST HAVE HAD A TRAIN READY TO GO, TO BE AFTER US SO QUICKLY!

CAN YOU GET ANY MORE SPEED OUT OF THIS THING, KARL?

IF I TRY, MAJOR, IT'LL PROBABLY BLOW UP!



A SWIFT BURST OF FIRE INTO THE ENGINE WILL BLOW ITS BOILER!

NEIN, GRUBER WE ARE NOT FIGHTING A WAR ANY LONGER. JUST TRYING TO GET HOME. IF YOU BLOW THE ENGINE'S BOILER MEN WILL DIE, AND THEN THE RUSSIANS WILL HUNT US DOWN AS MURDERERS!

WE MUST FIND ANOTHER WAY!



PULL UP JUST PAST THE POINTS- LET'S CHANGE THEM!

JAWOHL, HERR MAJOR WAGNER!

BUT...



GAAAH!  
IT CAN'T  
HAVE BEEN  
USED FOR  
YEARS!

I'LL GIVE  
YOU A HAND!

HA, YOU SEE HOW  
MY GREAT STRENGTH  
HELPED YOU?



KARL-I'D KNOCK  
YOU DOWN TO  
SIZE- IF YOU  
WEREN'T SO  
BIG!

AND IN THE TRAIN.



AAAAARRHH...  
THEY'VE SWITCHED  
THE POINTS! WE'RE  
GOING TO...



THUUNNGGG!

SOMEBODY SHOULD  
TELL IVAN THAT TRAINS  
AREN'T BUILT TO RUN  
THROUGH SAND!



ALL THE SAME, WE'VE  
SHOT OUR BOLT THIS TIME.  
THE SOONER WE LEAVE  
THE RAILWAY AND HEAD  
SOUTH AGAIN THE  
BETTER!

AS THE GERMANS APPROACHED  
A BRIDGE...



WE'LL JUMP IN  
THE RIVER. JAM  
THE CONTROLS ON,  
KARL, SO THE  
RUSKIES'LL NEVER  
KNOW WHERE WE  
GOT OFF!



JUMP!

I SUPPOSE WE NEEDED  
THE BATH, BUT I WISH  
THE WATER HAD BEEN  
WARMER.



WE START  
WALKING  
AGAIN, YES  
MAJOR?

DUE SOUTH,  
AS EVER. I'LL  
JUST CHECK  
THE ATLAS!

ACH, TO THINK THAT A **CHILD'S ATLAS** YOU FOUND IN THE SIBERIAN FOREST IS OUR ONLY MEANS OF NAVIGATING!

DAYS LATER.

I THINK I PREFERRED THE **FORESTS OF SIBERIA**. THIS IS **TOO HOT** FOR MY LIKING!

WHAT'S THIS? HAVE WE REACHED THE **FRONTIER** ALREADY?

WE HAVE THE **SUN**, AND **STARS**, TOO, BUT THIS ATLAS IS A **SYMBOL**, RATHER THAN A **MEANS** OF FINDING OUR WAY. IT IS LESS THAN **THREE HUNDRED MILES** TO THE MONGOLIAN BORDER. WE'LL BE OUT OF RUSSIA IN LESS THAN A **FORTNIGHT!**

NOT MUCH LONGER NOW, KARL. SEE THOSE **FAR MOUNTAINS?** BEYOND THEM LIES **MONGOLIA**.

WE CAN'T HAVE DONE, UNLESS THIS IS SOME KIND OF **INNER BARRIER**. IT DOESN'T MATTER... **WE'VE GOT TO CROSS IT!**

SOON.

A GOOD THING YOU THOUGHT TO BRING **WIRE CUTTERS**, MAJOR, BUT IT HASN'T STOPPED ME GETTING CUT TO **RIBBONS!**

Nobody ever said it was going to be easy, Karl! Come on, Gruber, stop **PLAYING AROUND** IN THERE!

TALK ABOUT **DESOLATION**. IF WE DON'T FIND **WATER** SOON WE'RE IN TROUBLE!

LOOK, IS THAT A **WATER TOWER**?

THE SILENCE WAS SHATTERED AS THE TOWER EXPLODED, LEAVING NOTHING EXCEPT AN EVER INCREASING **MUSHROOM CLOUD...**

WHAT WOULD A **WATER TOWER** BE DOING OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?

AT THAT MOMENT, **TWENTY MILES AWAY.**

THAT WAS THE GO-AHEAD FROM MOSCOW!

GO AHEAD WITH THE **ATOM BOMB TEST!**

DON'T ASK ME. LET'S GET CLOSER!

**NEIN...AAAAARRGH!**

**NEXT WEEK... CONTAMINATED!**

BY R. E. WRIGHT & M. WHITE

# WAGNERS WALK

OVER THE DESOLATE STEPPES OF CENTRAL ASIA IN 1948 THE RUSSIANS HAVE TESTED ONE OF THEIR FIRST **ATOM BOMBS**!

AND CAUGHT IN ITS TREMENDOUS BLAST WERE THREE EX-WEHRMACHT SOLDIERS ON AN INCREDIBLE WALK TO FREEDOM IN INDIA FROM A RUSSIAN LABOUR CAMP IN SIBERIA, WHERE THEY HAD BEEN PRISONERS SINCE THE END OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR.

LIGHT'S SO BRIGHT  
I CAN FEEL IT  
BURNING THROUGH  
ME, MAJOR WAGNER!

WE ALL CAN, GRUBER, SO  
DON'T LOOK. YOU'D  
PROBABLY BE  
BLINDED FOR LIFE.

MOMENTS LATER!

AAAARSH..  
THE WIND!  
CAN'T HOLD ON!

THEN ALL WAS STILL AGAIN!

MEIN GOTT... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING  
LIKE IT. FIRST THE BRIGHTEST FLASH I'VE  
EVER SEEN, THEN THE BIGGEST BLAST  
I'VE EVER FELT... AND NOW THIS  
CLOUD. WHAT WAS IT, MAJOR?

I... I'M NOT  
SURE, BUT  
I THINK I KNOW.

I HEARD RUMOURS WHEN I WAS  
A PRISONER IN 1945 THAT  
AMERICANS HAD DEFEATED  
JAPAN BY DROPPING TWO SUPER  
BOMBS ON THE CITIES OF  
HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI,  
THOUGH THE RUSSIANS WOULD  
NEVER TELL US WE WERE  
CLEARLY BECAUSE THEY WERE  
DEVELOPING THE SAME SORT  
OF WEAPON. I THINK  
THEY CALLED IT THE  
**ATOMIC BOMB.**

ONE BOMB?  
ONE BOMB  
CAUSED A  
BLAST LIKE  
THAT?

YES, KARL ONE BOMB, AND I ALSO REMEMBER HEARING THAT THEY CAUSE SOME KIND OF RADIO-ACTIVE POISONING. COME ON, THE SOONER WE GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE THE BETTER.



A FEW MILES FURTHER...

SOMETHING'S COMING!



TAKE COVER! MUST BE PEOPLE COMING TO INVESTIGATE THE BLAST... PROBABLY TECHNICIANS OR SCIENTISTS. CLEARLY WE'VE WANDERED INTO THE PERIMETER OF A SECRET TEST ZONE.



THEY LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF SCIENCE-FICTION!

IT MUST BE PROTECTION AGAINST RADIATION. I THINK WE SHOULD ACT SWIFTLY, MY FRIENDS. THIS AREA IS EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN I THOUGHT.

AT LEAST THEY'RE NOT ARMED!



AND PRETTY SURE TO SEE US, BY THE LOOKS OF IT...



WHICH IS THEIR HARD LUCK!

AAARGH!



PERHAPS WE SHOULD TAKE THEIR SUITS, HERR MAJOR, FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION.

IT'S TOO LATE TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO US NOW, KARL. EITHER WE'VE BEEN EXPOSED OR WE HAVEN'T... BUT TAKING THEIR SUITS MIGHT CONDEMN THEM TO DEATH!

AN HOUR LATER...



RADIATION SAMPLE VEHICLE HAS BEEN STOLEN. FOOTPRINTS INDICATE THE PRESENCE OF AT LEAST THREE UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IN THE RADIATION ZONE. BEGIN A FULL-SCALE AIR AND LAND SEARCH... IMMEDIATELY!





MEANWHILE...

IVAN! I'LL NEVER FIND IT DOWN THERE. LET'S GO, YOU TWO... WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WALKING TO DO TONIGHT TO CLEAR THIS REGION.

GIVE... GIVE ME A MOMENT, MAJOR. I FEEL A BIT DIZZY!

THEN



A PLANE... IT'S LANDING! SURELY THEY CANNOT HAVE SEEN US?

IT MAY BE A COINCIDENCE. STAY HERE WITH GRUBER... I'LL GO CHECK IT OUT.



EVERYTHING'S GOING ROUND... UUUH!

GRUBER... WHAT IS WRONG?

I'M AFRAID HE MAY BE SUFFERING FROM RADIATION SICKNESS!

GIVE ME A HAND, KARL. WE HAVE TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE UP.



THE RUSSIAN JETS WON'T SPOT US HERE!

DOES IT MATTER? GRUBER IS SICK, MAJOR... VERY SICK INDEED!



I BELIEVE YOU, MEIN HERR. PLEASE COME WITH ME.

GERMAN?

IT MATTERS NOT. THEY ARE HUMAN BEINGS, DA, DA... LEAD THE WAY.



SOON...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOING IN A TOP SECRET BLAST FONE, BUT REST ASSURED, PROFESSOR SERENKOV IS THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN HELP YOUR FRIEND!

I APPRECIATE THAT, THANK YOU.

HERR PROFESSOR... WILL HE BE ALRIGHT?

UNFORTUNATELY, YOUR FRIEND HAS ABSORBED A MASSIVE DOSE OF RADIATION. I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH LEVELS IN A MAN BEFORE. AS SUCH, HE WILL BE DEAD BY DAWN!

NEXT WEEK: GRUBER... THE HUMAN GUINOA PIG!

BY R. TUFFNELL & M. WHITE

# WAGNERS WALK

IN 1918, HAVING BEEN IMPRISONED SINCE THE END OF WORLD WAR II IN A SIBERIAN LABOUR CAMP, THREE EX-WEIMARHART SOLDIERS, WAGNER, KIST, WOLVER AND HIS COMPANIONS, KAREY AND GRUBBER, SET OUT ON AN INCREDIBLE WALK TO FREEDOM IN INDIA. BUT THEY HAVE BEEN CAUGHT TOO CLOSE TO AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION AT A SECRET TEST SITE IN THE RUSSIAN STEPPES...



AAAGGGHH!

THEY HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED BY TWO RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS, BUT AS GRUBBER FALLS VICTIM TO SEVERE RADIATION SICKNESS.

DEAD BY DAWN: IS THERE ANYTHING THAT CAN BE DONE, NO ANTIDOTES AVAILABLE?



FROM WHAT I SEE OF YOUR FRIEND, HE HAS NO CHANCE! YET THERE IS SOMETHING I WILL DO FOR YOU. ONE OF YOUR COMRADES RANG THE MEDICAL UNIT AT THE BASE. WE WILL FLY YOU THERE, WHAT YOU DO THEN MUST BE YOUR AFFAIR!

LATER, INSIDE THE PLANE ON ROUTE TO THE BASE

PROFESSOR SEREMOV, WE ARE TAKING A YESSHIE BUS TAKING THESE MEN INTO THE BASE!



IT IS BAD ENOUGH THAT I DEVELOPE THESE DREADFUL WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION. EVEN IF YOU MAKE TWO HUNDRED LAST HOURS LESS PAINFUL IT IS WORTHWHILE. NOW YOU CONCENTRATE ON YOUR FLYING!

THE SMALL PLANE LANDED SAFELY AT THE BASE OF THE TEAM RESPONSIBLE FOR EXPLODING THE ATOM BOMB.



GUARDS! IF THEY FIND THE GERMANS...



GRININ, YOU MUST STOP WORRYING, I WILL DEAL WITH THEM BUT IT WOULD BE WISE FOR OUR PASSENGERS TO KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN FOR A MOMENT!

PROFESSOR SEREMOV, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?



KEEP BACK-WE HAVE BEEN SEARCHING THE RADIATION EQUIP FOR THOSE INTRUDERS. WE MAY CONTAMINATED, WE ARE THEREFORE READING TO THE MEDICAL UNIT!

VERY WELL PROCEED



THIS IS AS MUCH AS I CAN DO FOR YOU. THERE IS THE UNIT. FROM NOW ON IT IS AS IF YOU NEVER EXISTED FOR US. I WISH YOU GOOD LUCK!

WE ARE DEEPLY GRATEFUL, NEER PROFESSOR. I HOPE IT WILL PROVE WORTHY WHILE...

WE MUST MOVE FAST, WAGNER. GRUBER IS SLIPPING FAST!

MOMENTS LATER, AS THEY ROUNDED A CORNER



HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WE WERE FROM THE GARDENING DEPARTMENT. THIS MAN HAS SEVERE FOOD POISONING. LET US THROUGH!



WAGNER AND HIS MEN ENTERED THE MEDICAL UNIT.

JA...GERMANS! NEIN, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

DOCTOR VON HILDER?

WE HAVE NOTIME TO EXPLAIN, HEDD DOCTOR. THIS MAN IS SUFFERING FROM SERIOUS BACTERIAL CONTAMINATION. WE UNDERSTAND YOU MAY BE ABLE TO HEAL US!

MINUTES LATER...



POOR GRUBER!

YOUR FRIEND IS DYING. THERE'S NO DOUBT OF THAT BUT I WILL SEE WHAT I CAN DO. FIRSTLY YOU MUST ALL SHOWER IMMEDIATELY, SO HELP ME UNDERSTAND THIS MAN PUT THE CLOTHES IN THAT CORNER

AT LEAST HILDER LOOKS AS IF HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING...



JUST AS THE MEN COMPLETE THEIR SHOWER, THERE IS A COUD KNOCKING ON THE DOOR

KNOCK  
KNOCK

THAT WAS VERY GOOD!  
ACH, WHO IS THAT?

KARL, GET TO THE DOOR. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. DOCTORS, PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR... FAST!

THE GUARDS, NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH WAGNER'S EXPLANATION, RETURN TO FIND KARL WAITING FOR THEM!



DOCTOR, THOSE MEN... UUUH...

THE GUARDS WERE QUICKLY SUBDUED  
AND THE DOCTOR RETURNED TO GRUBER

STORY, HERE DOCTOR, BUT WE  
HAD TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF  
YOU WERE OUR PRISONER!  
CAN YOU SAVE OUR FRIEND?

I DO NOT KNOW, I AM  
WORKING ON A NEW  
TECHNIQUE CALLED  
PRASMA WHICH HIS  
RADIATION DESTROYED  
WHITE BLOOD CELLS.  
SO WE MUST TAKE HIS  
BLOOD, SEPARATE OUT  
THE DEAD CELLS BY  
CENTRIFUGES, AND  
THEN PUT IT BACK!

NEIN, THEY WILL  
JUST BE SLEEPY  
WHEN THEY  
FINALLY WAKE!  
AH, I BELIEVE IT  
IS WORKING, HIS  
PULSE IS NOW STEADY!

I SEE THAT WE TOO  
WERE SCATHINGLY  
AND OUR BLOOD IS  
THE REASON NOT GOOD  
THIS TIME, BUT WHAT  
OF THE GUARDS? WILL  
THEY BE HARMED?

I SEE GREAT  
PROGRESS HAS  
BEEN MADE IN  
MEDICINE SINCE  
THE WAR, HERE  
DOCTOR.

AND TWO HOURS LATER...

I DARE NOT BELIEVE IT...  
BUT HE IS BETTER  
ALREADY, NO?

HERE ARE SOME  
DISSES, PENICILLIN  
AND SULFONAMIDES.  
YOU MUST GIVE THEM  
TO HIM THREE TIMES  
A DAY AS HE CAN  
EASILY CATCH OTHER  
DISEASES WHILE SO  
WEAK.

YOU MAY WELL BE  
WITNESSING A SMALL  
MIRACLE, I BELIEVE  
NOW HE WILL SURVIVE,  
BUT IT WILL BE SEVERAL  
DAYS BEFORE HE CAN  
EVEN WALK. HE WILL  
HAVE SIDE EFFECTS  
LIKE SICKNESS, AND  
HE WILL LOSE ALL HIS  
HAIR FOR A TIME...

THEN HE WILL  
BE A LUCKY  
MAN!

WHAT CAN WE DO?  
WE CANNOT  
TRAVEL WITH  
GRUBER LIKE THIS,  
YET TO STAY IS  
CERTAIN CAPTURE.

THE DOCTOR TOOK THEM UP TO THE  
ATTIC AND MADE SURE THEY WERE  
SAFE BEFORE HE LEFT.

I SUGGEST YOU SLEEP AND I  
WILL RETURN LATER TO  
HEAR YOUR STORY, DR. VAN  
WILDER. I MUST GO AND  
REPORT TO THE MEDICAL  
UNIT!

YOU'RE A GOOD  
MAN, DOCTOR.  
THANKS AND  
IF YOU HAVE  
ANY VOODAS...

I WILL  
HELP YOU  
ON MY  
WAY!

BUT AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE,  
THE DOCTOR IS MET BY TWO  
MORE GUARDS.

DOCTOR VAN WILDER,  
THERE HAS BEEN AN  
INCIDENT AT THE  
MEDICAL UNIT. WE  
WISH TO DISCUSS IT  
WITH YOU.

NEXT WEEK: THE ESCAPE!



BY R.E. WRIGHT & M. WHITE

# WAGNER'S WALK

WHILE ON AN AMAZING MARCH TO FREEDOM IN INDIA, FROM A LABOUR CAMP IN SIBERIA WHERE THEY HAD BEEN HELD BY THE RUSSIANS SINCE THE END OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, THREE EX-WEHRMACHT SOLDIERS, MAJOR KURT WAGNER, CARL AND GRUBER, HAD BEEN CAUGHT IN AN ATOMIC BLAST AT A SECRET RUSSIAN TEST SITE, AND ONE OF THEM, GRUBER, HAD ABSORBED A MASSIVE DOSE OF RADIATION!

HIS LIFE HAD BEEN SAVED BY A NEW TECHNIQUE OF DR. VON HILDER'S, HIMSELF A GERMAN PRISONER WHO NOW RAN THE RUSSIAN MEDICAL UNIT, HAVING BEEN SMUGGLED INTO THE B.S. BY NEARBY SCIENTISTS, BUT THE RUSSIANS WERE ON THEIR TRAIL... SO HILDER HAD HIDDEN THEM IN HIS ATTIC.

WE UNDERSTAND YOU TREATED THREE MEN AT THE MEDICAL UNIT TONIGHT, DOCTOR. THE SAME THREE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN THE TEST SITE.

ER, YES, I DID, BUT I HAD NO OPTION THEY WERE INJURED AND FORCED ME TO HELP THEM!

VERY WELL, WE WILL DISCUSS THAT LATER, BUT NOW YOU MUST COME WITH US TO THE MEDICAL UNIT. TWO SENTRIES THERE ARE IN A WEAKENED CONDITION, AND WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT IS WRONG WITH THEM!

YES, OF COURSE.

IN THE ATTIC OF VON HILDER'S RESIDENCE...

DO YOU THINK THE DOCTOR WILL GIVE US AWAY, MAJOR, IF WE MOVE GRUBER NOW IT'LL KILL HIM FOR SURE!

WE HAVE TO TRUST HIM, KARL...

AND...

WE EVADED CAPTURE, ALTHOUGH MANY TIMES IT WAS A CLOSE THING, AND FOUND OURSELVES IN THE TEST SITE. THE REST YOU KNOW.

THE NEXT MORNING

HOT FOOD! MARVELOUS! YOU MUST HAVE TOLD THE AUTHORITIES A CONVINCING TALE, HERR-DOCTOR.

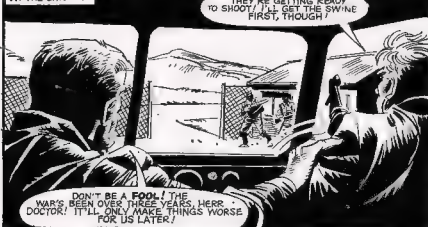
YES, I THINK THEY BELIEVED ME! THE SENTRIES REMEMBER YOU 'HOLDING' ME AT GUNPOINT, I SAID I HAD CERTAIN DRUGS IN THE HOUSE, WHICH IS TRUE, AND WAS PETCHING THEM AND THAT YOU HAD FLED. NOW LET ME HEAR YOUR STORY AT LAST...

MAGNIFICENT! WE GERMANS CAN STILL GET THE BETTER OF THE RUSSIANS, EH? YOURS IS AN EXCELLENT PLAN. FUNKER WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF IT, BUT NOW WE MUST PLAN AHEAD. I HAVE SWEETENED YOUR CLOTHES AND WILL BRING THEM BACK AS SOON AS I CAN...





AT THE GATES...



THE TRUCK SMASHED THROUGH!



BUT...



AND...



BY R.E. WRIGHT & M. WHITE

# WAGNER'S WALK

THE HEART OF ASIA IN MIDSUMMER 1948. THREE FORMER **WEHRMACHT** TANK MEN—MAJOR KURT **WAGNER**, KARL GRUBER, AND A FORMER NAZI SCIENTIST IN A STOLEN MILITARY AMBULANCE, ARE MAKING A DESPERATE BID TO ESCAPE CAPTIVITY IN THE SOVIET UNION.

PAH. WHAT ARE YOU CONSULTING THAT USELESS CHILD'S ATLAS FOR, **WAGNER**? IT WON'T SHOW YOU WHICH TRACK TO TAKE!

WRONG, **VON HILDER**. IT TELLS ME WHICH GENERAL DIRECTION TO TAKE. WE ARE CLOSE TO WHERE THE BORDERS OF RUSSIA, MONGOLIA, AND CHINA CONVERGE. BUT WITH THE RUSSIANS AFTER US I WOULD RATHER CROSS INTO CHINA. WE TAKE THE RIGHT FORK!

HOW'S **GRUBER**, KARL?

CONSIDERING HE SHOULD BE DEAD FROM RADIATION HE COULD BE WORSE!

IT WOULD BE A KINDNESS TO PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY WITH A SINGLE BULLET!

**GRUBER** HAD BEEN SUBJECTED TO A MASSIVE DOSE OF RADIATION WHEN HE ENTERED A RUSSIAN SECRET WEAPON TESTING AREA.

A NAZI KINDNESS, YOU MEAN, JUST REMEMBER THIS **VON HILDER**, IF THAT'S EXCESS BAGGAGE ON THIS TRIP, IT'S YOU!

ONCE I COULD HAVE HAD YOU SUBT FOR THAT, **WAGNER**. BUT I CAN BIDE MY TIME. IT WAS FOOLS LIKE YOU WHO **LOST** US THE WAR. YOU DON'T DESERVE TO SEE THE FATHERLAND AGAIN BEFORE YOU **DIE**!

AN HOUR LATER...

CURSES! THIS OLD BANGER ISN'T GOING TO MAKE THIS ROAD!



AS WAGNER AND KARL STARTED  
UP THE HILL...

WHAT THE...  
**HILDER!**



COME BACK! YOU  
CAN'T LEAVE US  
HERE!

BUT I CAN, AND  
I WILL! HEAR STUPID  
MAJOR! HA, HA,  
GIVE MY LOVE TO  
IVAN!

BUT IN THE AMBULANCE...

MUST SLOW DOWN  
FOR THIS BEND...  
THE BRAKES! TEUFEL!  
...THE BRAKES  
HAVE FAILED!



HE IS RIGHT. I AM A FOOL.  
I LET HIM COME BECAUSE HE WAS  
GERMAN, BUT I SHOULD HAVE REMEM-  
BERED...THE NAZIS CARE FOR  
NO ONE EXCEPT THEMSELVES!

HE NEVER EVEN  
SLOWED DOWN—



I WAS WORRIED  
ABOUT THE BRAKES  
EARLIER, BUT I KEPT  
QUIET. I SUPPOSE WE  
SHOULD BE GRATEFUL  
IT COULD HAVE BEEN US!

COME ON,  
WE'D BETTER  
GET BACK TO  
GRUBER.

GRUBER... WHAT  
THE BLAZES?

MY APOLOGIES,  
MAJOR. WITHOUT  
TRANSPORT I AM AN  
INTOLERABLE BURDEN  
TO YOU. ONCE BEFORE  
I ASKED YOU TO LEAVE  
ME. THIS TIME I AM  
TELLING YOU!



DON'T  
BE STUPID,  
GRUBER.  
WE'RE NOT  
GOING TO  
**BLITZEN!**

I MEAN IT,  
BOTH OF YOU!  
TEG YOU, DON'T  
MAKE ME SHOOT  
ANY HIGHER!

**GO NOW,  
MY FRIENDS...  
AND AUF  
WEDERSEHEN!**







BY M. WHITE & S. WRIGHT

# WAGNER'S WALK

IN THE REMOTE VASTNESS OF CENTRAL ASIA, IN 1948, TWO GERMANS, MAJOR KURT WAGNER, AND HIS COMPANION, KARL, WERE APPROACHING THE CHINESE BORDER IN THE HANGKOWNEITEL ESCAPE BID FROM CAPTIVITY IN A RUSSIAN PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP IN DISTANT SIBERIA. FROM A HIGH VANTAGE POINT THEY SURVEYED THE REMAINS OF THE AMBULANCE TAKEN FROM THEM BY NAZI-SYMPATHISER, HERR HILDER.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD CHECK THE WRECKAGE OF THE AMBULANCE IN CASE VON HILDER SURVIVED THE CRASH, HERR MAJOR.

NO, KARL. NOBODY COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH THAT. HE'S BETTER GONE. HIS WORLD... THE NAZI WORLD... DIED IN 1945. WE CAN HAVE NO WITHOUT IT!

BUT, INCREDIBLY, AMIDST THE WRECKAGE...

HAA, WAGNER, I AM NOT FINISHED YET! IT IS SCANDAL YOU WHO BE TRAYED THE FUHRER YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANGED BY THE S.S. LONG AGO IN OMISSION WHICH I INTEND TO PUT RIGHT IN THE NEAR FUTURE!

LATER...

THE BORDER. KARL, WE CAN GET THROUGH THE WIRE WITH THE CUTTERS AND THEN INTO CHINA.

CHINA! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE WE EVER MADE IT SO FAR.

YEAH! COMING!

THAT'S... ANOTHER FEW MINUTES AND WE'D HAVE BEEN ACROSS!

ARRGH... I'M BEING KILLED AND RIBBONS!

A FEW SCRATCHES ARE BETTER THAN TWENTY MORE YEARS IN SIBERIA! KEEP AT IT... WE'RE NEARLY THROUGH!



WE MADE IT!  
IVAN CAN TAKE  
A RUNNING  
JUMP!

DON'T CROW!  
THIS IS AN EMPTY  
LAND. THEY MIGHT BE  
TEMPTED TO PURSUE US  
INTO CHINESE TERRITORY!



VON HILDER HAD FOLLOWED WAGNER AND KARL FROM A SAFE DISTANCE





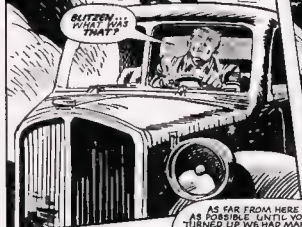


JUMP!



HA...  
SO WE MEET  
AGAIN

HAARDEN...  
GET AWAY  
FROM ME!



BLITZEN...  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?



OKAY, KARL... I'LL  
TAKE THE  
WHEEL!

CURSE  
YOU!

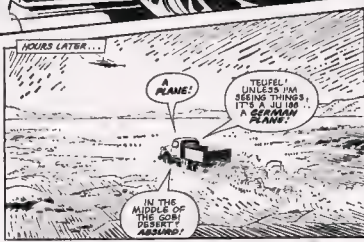
BE SILENT,  
AMEZ! YOU'VE  
CAUSED ENOUGH  
TROUBLE  
ALREADY!



WHERE  
ARE WE  
GOING?

AS FAR FROM HERE  
AS POSSIBLE. UNTIL YOU  
TURNED UP WE HAD MANAGED  
OUR ESCAPE WITHOUT SERIOUSLY  
INJURING ANYONE. NOW YOU'VE  
KILLED ON BOTH SIDES OF  
THE FRONTIER.

IF WE'RE  
CAUGHT NOW,  
WE'LL  
PROBABLY BE  
SHOT!

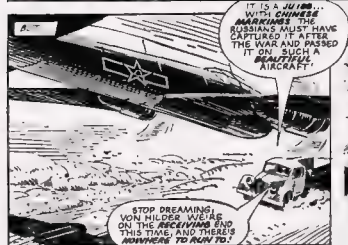


HOURS LATER...

A  
PLANE!

TEUFEL! UNLESS I'M  
SEEING THINGS,  
IT'S A JU-88  
A GERMAN  
PLANE!

IN THE  
MIDDLE OF  
THE GOBI  
DESERT!  
ASSURED!



IT IS A JU-88...  
MARKING THE  
RUSSIANS MUST HAVE  
CAPTURED IT AFTER  
THE WAR AND PASSED  
IT ON SUCH A  
BEAUTIFUL  
AIRCRAFT!

STOP DREAMING,  
VON HILDER! WE'RE  
ON THE RECEIVING END  
OF THIS TIME, AND THERE'S  
NOWHERE TO RUN TO!



BVWARAM

VRRAM

AAAAARGH

NEXT: BETRAYED!



BY R.E. WRIGHT & M. WHITE

# WAGNER'S WALK

THE Gobi DESERT, 1943. TWO GERMANS, MAJOR KURT WAGNER AND HIS TRUSTED FRIEND, KARL, HAVE ESCAPED FROM A RUSSIAN PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP IN DISTANT SIBERIA. THEIR GOAL—TO REACH INDIA AND FREEDOM!

TRAVELLING WITH A DERANGED GERMAN DOCTOR, VON HILDER, WHO STILL BELIEVES IN THE GLORY OF HITLER'S THIRD REICH, THEY HAVE BEEN SPOTTED BY A JUNKERS JU 88 BELONGING TO THE CHINESE AIR FORCE... AND BEEN BOMBED!

THE INTRUDERS HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED. INFORM THE PEOPLES ARMY OF THE LOCATION OF THE WRECK

THEY'RE GOING. THEY THOUGHT WE WERE DEAD!

IRONIC. WE THREE GERMANS BEING ATTACKED BY A WARPLANE OF THE THIRD REICH THREE YEARS AFTER THE WAR HAS ENDED, AND THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM EUROPE!

IT SHOWS HOW GREAT THE RECK WAS. THE STUPID CHINESE COULD NEVER BUILD A PLANE LIKE THAT! I BET THEY WERE GRATEFUL WHEN THE RUSSIANS GAVE IT TO THEM!

PAH. THE NAZI IS AT A LOSS FOR IDEAS!

NOT THAT IT MATTERS ANYMORE. LOOK!

WAGNER TURNED SAVAGELY ON VON HILDER...

ME, VON HILDER! IT SEEMS TO A NAZI LIKE YOU THAT THE REST OF THE WORLD WAS STUPID! IF SO, HOW COME THEY MANAGED TO BRING YOUR PRECIOUS REICH CRASHING DOWN AROUND YOU?

BECAUSE WEINOMACHT COMMANDS LIKE YOU BETRAYED THE FUHRER!

IT IS USELESS ARGUING WITH NAZI THUGS! THE FACT IS, WE'RE WITH-OUT TRANSPORT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WORLD'S REMOTEST DESERT AND THAT YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF A CHINESE BORDER GUARD! YOU'RE SO CLEVER... YOU SUGGEST A WAY OUT!

NEIN! YOU CANNOT LET THEM TAKE ME! THEY WILL EXECUTE ME FOR KILLING THE BORDER GUARD!

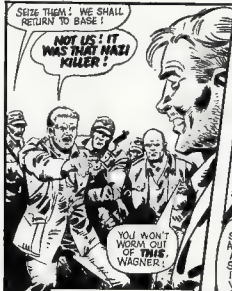
YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT THAT EARLIER

MOMENTS LATER, CHINESE TROOPS APPROACHED THE GERMANS...

WHICH OF YOU WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE BORDER GUARD?

THOSE TWO! THEY KILLED HIM!

WHAT, THE...



SEIZE THEM! WE SHALL RETURN TO BASE!

**NOT US! IT WAS THAT NAZI KILLER!**

YOU WON'T WORM OUT OF **THIS**, WAGNER!

WAGNER AND KARL WERE DRAGGED BEFORE A MAKE-SHIFT COURT...

THESE ARE THE BAR-BARIANS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF OUR BORDER GUARD, COMRADE—

IN THAT CASE THE **PEOPLES REVOLUTIONARY COURT** FINDS THEM **GUILTY!**

HOW ABOUT LETTING US DEFEND OURSELVES?

SOON...

THEY WILL SOON DISCOVER THEIR **MISTAKE!** MAJOR!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, KARL. EUROPEANS ARE ALL THE **SAME** TO THEM. A BORDER GUARD WAS KILLED. SO SOMEBODY MUST PAY, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER **WHO**. VON HILDER BANKED ON THAT. IT APPEALED TO H.S. WAY OF THINKING.

THE PUNISHMENT IS **DEATH BY FIRING SQUAD... TO BE CARRIED OUT IMMEDIATELY!**

WHAT KIND OF COURT IS THIS?

A **REVOLUTIONARY COURT**, MY FRIEND! LIKE A **NAZI COURT**, IT ISN'T TOO CONCERNED WITH **JUSTICE!**

AFTER A LONG, DUSTY RIDE THE CONVOY ARRIVED AT A CHINESE AIR BASE

SO **THIS** IS WHERE THE JU 108 CAME FROM!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, KARL. IT MAY BE THE **LAST GERMAN PLANE YOU EVER SEE!**



MINUTES LATER, THE PAIR FOUND THEMSELVES TIED TO STAKES FACING THE FIRING SQUAD—AND A GRINNING VON HILDER!

VON HILDER CAN HARDLY STOP HIMSELF LAUGHING!

I WAS A WEAK **FOOL** LETTING HIM COME WITH US, I THOUGHT BECAUSE HE WAS GERMAN WE HAD SOMETHING IN COMMON—I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN **MORE WRONG!**



PREPARE TO FIRE...

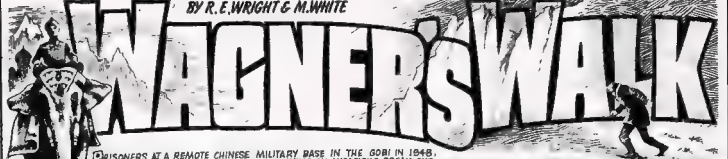
KARL, I'M SORRY. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TALKED YOU INTO THIS CRAZY ESCAPE!

I CAME BECAUSE I **WANTED TO MAJOR**. HAVE NO REGRETS—ON THAT COUNT!



BY R.E. WRIGHT & M. WHITE

PRISONERS AT A REMOTE CHINESE MILITARY BASE IN THE GOBI IN 1948.  
MAJOR WAGNER AND KARL ARE PLANNING AN AUDACIOUS BREAK-OUT.



KARL, PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP. NOW LISTEN... I AM GOING TO HAVE VIOLENT STOMACH CRAMPS, YOU UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND, MAJOR.



NEXT MOMENT...

UUUUUURGH... THE PAIN!

MAYBE THE PRISONER HAS FOOD POISONING! I WILL ATTEND TO HIM—



WHAT IS WRONG? DO YOU NEED A DOCTOR?

UUUUUURGH...

THE MAJOR DOESN'T NEED A DOCTOR...



A GUN... THAT MAKES ME FEEL A LOT BETTER!

BUT YOU MIGHT!



I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU, BUT I WILL IF I HAVE TO, SAVVY?

I THINK HE SAVVIES, MAJOR. KEEP HIM COVERED WHILE I DISARM HIM.



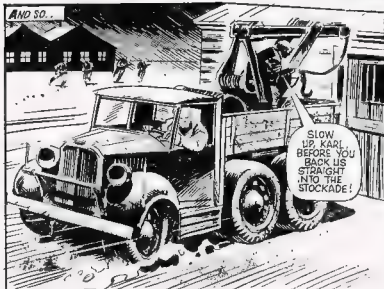
A THIRD GERMAN, VON HILDER, A FANATICAL NAZI, WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HELP THEM ESCAPE BY FLYING OUT IN A FORMER GERMAN PLANE. THE NAZI WAS LOCKED UP, AWAITING A FIRING SQUAD AT DAWN FOR KILLING CHINESE BORDER GUARDS.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE RESCUING A NAZI FROM A FIRING SQUAD... BUT IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE OF FREEDOM

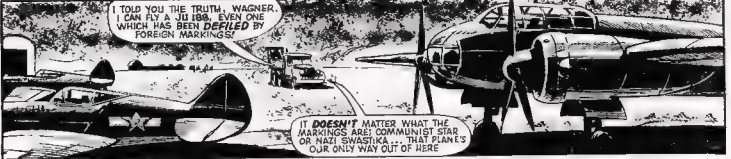
NO SENTRY, BUT NO KEY EITHER. WE'LL NEVER BREAK THAT DOOR DOWN!

WE MIGHT WITH A BIT OF HELP, THAT BREAK DOWN TRUCKS—WHAT WE WANT—









I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH, WAGNER.  
I CAN FLY A JU 88, EVEN ONE  
WHICH HAS BEEN **DEFILED** BY  
FOREIGN MARKINGS!

IT **DOESN'T** MATTER WHAT THE  
MARKINGS ARE; COMMUNIST STAR  
OR NAZI SWASTIKA. THAT PLANE'S  
OUR ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE



IT WILL TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO  
TO MAKE IT READY FOR FLIGHT.  
YOU'D BETTER KEEP THE YELLOW  
DEVILS AT BAY.

AND LET  
YOU FLY OFF  
WITHOUT US? **NO  
FEAR!**

GO WITH HIM,  
KARL, AND TAKE THE  
GUN. I'LL TRY AND DO  
SOMETHING TO PREVENT  
FIGHTERS COMING  
AFTER US.

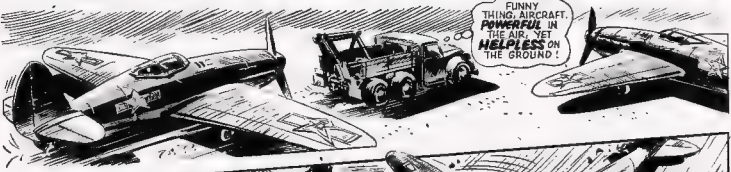


THESE FIGHTERS  
COULD BE  
AFTER US IN  
MINUTES...  
**IF THEY'RE  
ABLE TO  
FLY!**

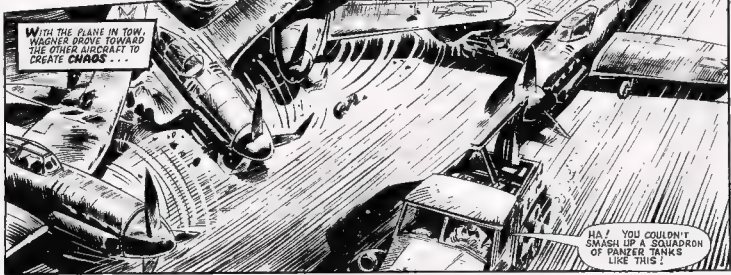


**STOP  
FIRING!  
YOU MIGHT  
DAMAGE  
THE  
FIGHTERS!**

NOT AS MUCH  
AS I INTEND  
DAMAGING  
THEM!  
FRIEND!

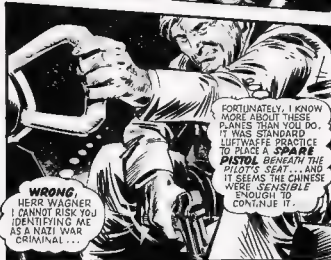
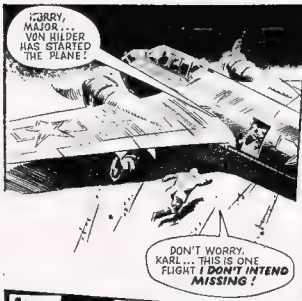


FUNNY  
THING: AIRCRAFT.  
POWERFUL IN  
THE AIR. **NOT  
HELPLESS ON  
THE GROUND!**



WITH THE PLANE IN TOW,  
WAGNER DROVE TOWARD  
THE OTHER AIRCRAFT TO  
CREATE **CHAOS**...

HA! YOU COULDN'T  
SMASH UP A SQUADRON  
OF PANZER TANKS  
LIKE THIS.



BY R.E. WRIGHT & M. WHITE

# WAGNER'S WALK



A SUMMER DAWN OVER THE HIMALAYAS, THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS. THE YEAR IS 1945, THREE YEARS AFTER THE END OF WORLD WAR 2. THE PLANE IS A JUNKERS JU188, A FORMER BOMBER OF THE LUFTWAFFE, CAPTURED INTACT BY THE VICTORIOUS RUSSIANS, PASSED ON TO THEIR ALLY, CHINA, AND HIJACKED BY THREE DESPERATE GERMANS TRYING TO REACH INDIA TO THE SOUTH.



BUT WHEN ONE OF THE GERMANS IS A FANATICAL NAZI, BLAMING THE OTHER TWO FOR LOSING THE WAR, THE SITUATION IS ANYTHING BUT PEACEFUL.

I'LL GET YOU, WAGNER!  
I'LL PUNISH YOU FOR LETTING  
THE FUHRER DOWN!

TEUFFEL VON HILDER'S GONE  
OVER THE TOP! HE'S BLAMING  
ME PERSONALLY FOR  
GERMANY'S DEFEAT!



HE'S HIT KARL! IT'S  
ONLY A MATTER OF TIME  
BEFORE... ACH, WHAT'S  
THIS? A FLAKE GUN?

ENOUGH OF THIS  
MADNESS! THROW  
DOWN YOUR GUN!

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME. THE  
RIFLE'S PROPPED UP OVER  
THERE! YOU'LL NEVER  
GET TO IT. COME OUT AND  
BE SHOT LIKE A MAN!

VERY  
WELL, I'LL  
COME  
OUT...



...TO DO THE  
SHOOTING INSTEAD!



GOING INTO A STALL...  
GOT... GOT TO STOP IT... IF  
I DON'T PASS OUT FROM  
LACK OF OXYGEN FIRST!



LOSE HEIGHT,  
CURSE YOU...  
NEED  
OXYGEN!

THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE  
STILL ALIVE, KARL. BETTER  
GET A BLANKET ROUND  
YOURSELF. THERE'S A  
BIT OF A DRAUGHT  
IN HERE.

HEER... HEER MAJOR,  
I HAVE KNOWN YOU A  
LONG TIME... AND YOU  
NEVER TOLD ME YOU  
COULD FLY.

AN HOUR  
LATER...

FLYING'S FAST. ALL YOU HAVE TO  
DO IS HOLD THE STICK LEVEL. IT'S  
THE LANDING I'M NOT LOOKING  
FORWARD TO. WRAP UP AND  
PRAY, MY FRIEND. AT LEAST WE'LL  
MAKE INDIA... ALIVE OR DEAD!

WE SEEM TO BE OVER THE  
MOUNTAINS, BUT THERE'S  
CLOUD COVER FOR AS FAR AS  
I CAN SEE. SURELY THERE  
MUST BE A BREAK SOON.

MON...  
MONSOON!



MINUTES  
LATER...

GOTT IN HIMMEL...  
THE TAJ MAHAL. AND  
I ALMOST FLEW  
STRAIGHT INTO IT!





ON THE APPOINTED DAY...



I'VE BEEN HERE HOURS, AND ALL I'VE SEEN ARE THE BRITISH OCCUPYING TROOPS AND THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR FEEDING THE PIGEONS. IT WAS A FORLORN HOPE. GRUBER PROBABLY DIED THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM HERE A YEAR AGO. I'M THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

I FULFILLED MY PROMISE. NOW I MUST GO AND PICK UP MY LIFE WHERE IT ENDED ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.



WHAT'S THIS, MAJOR? GIVING UP SO EASILY?

WUNDERBAR... GRUBER? I REALLY THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD. THE LAST I SAW OF YOU WAS TAKING POSITION TO HOLD UP THE RUSSIANS PURSUING US.



THEY THREW GRENADES, BUT SOME ROCKS PROTECTED ME. THEY TOOK ME PRISONER AGAIN, BUT I WAS SO ILL FROM RADIATION SICKNESS THAT I WAS USELESS FOR WORK. AFTER A FEW MONTHS THEY LET ME COME HOME, AND HERE I AM. WHERE IS KARL?

AFTER WAGNER HAD TOLD THE STORY...

POOR KARL... BUT I THINK HE MUST HAVE DIED HAPPY. PERHAPS IT WAS BETTER HE DID NOT SEE HIS BELOVED COLOGNE AGAIN UNDER THE OCCUPATION OF THE BRITISH.



IF SOMEBODY HAS TO OCCUPY US, BETTER IT IS THE BRITISH THAN ANYONE ELSE.

BESIDES, I HEAR THE WESTERN POWERS ARE GETTING TOGETHER TO CREATE A FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF WEST GERMANY. IT MAY BE SMALLER THAN HITLER'S THOUSAND-YEAR REICH, BUT IT WON'T HAVE A GESTAPO OR AN S.S. IT WILL BE A LAND FINALLY FREED FROM THE SHACKLES OF THE PRUSSIAN MILITARY MACHINE. AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING, GRUBER... I'M GLAD, I'M REALLY GLAD!



THE END!

# Warrior



I AM CALLED RAIN CLOUD. MANY ARE THE STORIES I CAN TELL OF MY PEOPLE BUT NONE COMPARE WITH THE TALE OF **ALMIGHTY VOICE**. THE **PRIDE AND COURAGE** OF OUR TRIBES IS **LEGEND**, BUT WHEN THE WHITE MAN CAME TO OUR LANDS IN THE **GREAT NORTH WEST**, THE DAYS OF OUR **PROUD WARRIORS** WERE **OVER**. NO LONGER COULD WE ROAM THE MOUNTAINS, LAKES AND RIVERS IN FREEDOM.

THE PALE FACE TOLD US TO CLEAN THE PAINT FROM OUR SKIN, CUT OUR HAIR AND TO WEAR HIS STRANGE GARMENTS. WE **MUST** ACCEPT HIS GOD AND WORK THE LAND LIKE OUR WOMEN FOLK. WE WERE NOT ALLOWED TO HUNT OUR **BUFFALO**, WE MUST EAT THE FLESH OF THE **COW** HE WOULD PROVIDE.

"BUT IN 1897, ONE WARRIOR, **ALMIGHTY VOICE**— SON OF SOUNDOING SKY, WAS DESTINED TO FIGHT THE WHITES AND CARVE HIS NAME FOREVER IN THE HISTORY OF THE **RED INDIAN**."



THIS LAND'S **OURS** NOW, REDSKIN... THIS HERE TREATY SAYS SO! TAKE YER SQUAW AN' THE KID AN' GIT GOIN'!

"BUT THE BEAST BELONGED TO THE GOVERNMENT HERDS..."



THE PINTO BUFFALO IS **OURS**. THE WHITE MAN SAYS SO!

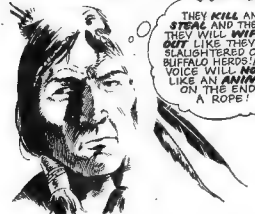
\*BIGE SAYS: 'PINTO BUFFALO' IS THE RED INDIAN NAME FOR THE COW!

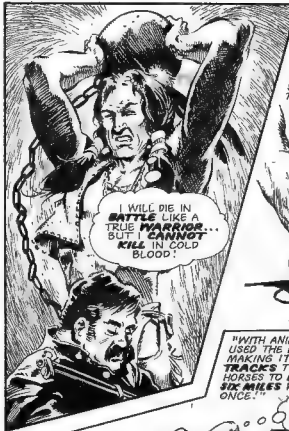


ITS FLESH IS **SOFT AND SICKLY**, BUT MY PEOPLE MUST **EAT IT OR STARVE!**

UGH!

CAUGHT YUH! YUH THIEVIN' REDSKIN...





I WILL DIE IN  
BATTLE LIKE A  
TRUE **WARRIOR**...  
BUT **CANNOT**  
KILL IN COLD  
BLOOD!

"ALTHOUGH  
HIS **INSTINCTS**  
TOLD HIM TO  
KILL THE **GUARD**  
AS HE SLEPT,  
IT WAS NOT THE  
**INDIAN'S WAY**.  
INSTEAD HE  
SILENTLY TOOK  
THE KEYS AND  
**FREED** HIS BODY  
FROM THE CHAINS..."

"...THEN RAN WITH THE SPEED OF A PONY  
TOWARDS THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER!"

THE RED COATS WILL  
SOON **DISCOVER** I HAVE  
**ESCAPED**! I MUST GET  
OVER THE RIVER TO  
MY **VILLAGE**  
BEFORE DAY-  
BREAK!

"WITH ANIMAL CUNNING HE  
USED THE **HIGH, ROCKY** TRAIL,  
MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR HIS  
TRACKS TO BE SEEN AND FOR  
HORSES TO FOLLOW. HE RAN FOR  
**SIX MILES** WITHOUT RESTING  
ONCE..."

NOT FAR NOW TO  
THE RIVER. IT'S  
ALMOST **SUNRISE**!

HE'S GOT TO  
BE **CAUGHT**, OR EVERY  
**RENEGADE** IN THE  
TERRITORY WILL BE ON  
THE **WARPATH**!



"BACK AT DUCK  
LAKE THE **GUARD**  
AWOKE AND  
RAISED THE  
ALARM!"

CORPORAL!  
THE **INDIAN**,  
ALMIGHTY VOICE,  
HE'S GONE...

YOU LET  
HIM **ESCAPE**?  
YOU **DIDOT**!  
THERE'LL BE  
HELL TO PAY  
FOR THIS!

SADDLE  
MY HORSE!

TURN LOOSE  
THE **DOGS**!



NEXT  
WEEK: **THE HUNT BEGINS!**

BY B. BURRELL & J. RICHARDSON

Tornado True Tales



# Warrior

"ARRESTED BY THE NORTH WEST MOUNTIES AND ACCUSED OF STEALING GOVERNMENT BEEF, OUR LAST COURAGEOUS WARRIOR, ALMIGHTY VOICE, FLED THE STOCKADE AT DUCK LAKE AND RAN FOR THE SAFETY OF HIS VILLAGE. IN CLOSE PURSUIT WAS CORPORAL DICKSON DETERMINED TO CATCH HIM BEFORE HE REACHED THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER..."

"I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD ALMIGHTY VOICE HE WOULD HANG FOR STEALIN' THAT BEEF! IF HE MAKES IT TO THE RIVER..."



"BUT THE YOUNG WARRIOR WAS ALREADY AT THE WATERS EDGE."



"NOBODY WILL FIND HIS BODY IN THIS WILD COUNTRY. MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL. THAT YOUNG BUCK WAS A BORN TROUBLE MAKER!"

"AND, WITHOUT PAUSING FOR BREATH, PLUNGED INTO THE SWIFT-FLOWING WATERS AND SWAM LIKE A BEAVER TO THE OTHER SIDE."

"TOO LATE! THERE HE GOES... BUT HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THE CURRENT'S TOO STRONG!"





"BUT FEW HAD THE STRENGTH OR DETERMINATION OF ALMIGHTY VOICE, AND MINUTES LATER THE FIRST PART OF HIS JOURNEY WAS OVER."

UHH... I SWEAR THE RED COAT AND HIS DOGS WILL NOT CATCH ME!



"WITH HIS HEART BURSTING, HE DROVE HIMSELF ON, RUNNING ANOTHER FOURTEEN MILES TO HIS PARENTS' LODGE."



"THERE, HE WAS GREETED BY HIS MOTHER, SPOTTED CALF..."



THE RED COATS ARE AFTER ME. THEY SAY I STOLE BEEF AND I MUST HANG. MY FATHER, SOUNDING SKY, AND I WILL FIGHT THEM!



THE WHITES HAVE ALREADY TAKEN YOUR FATHER. THEY FEAR HE WILL CAUSE THE OTHER WARRIORS TO RISE AGAINST THEM!

THEN I SHALL TAKE MY WIFE AND GO. WE WILL HEAD NORTH INTO THE HIGH COUNTRY. THE WHITE EYES WILL NOT FIND US THERE. I WILL RETURN WHEN IT IS SAFE.



"BUT THE MOUNTED POLICE SOON LEARNED THE WARRIOR WAS STILL ALIVE. SERGEANT COLEBOOK AND A HALF-BREED SCOUT WERE SENT OUT TO HUNT HIM DOWN AND BRING HIM IN AT ANY COST!"

I THINK HE WILL TAKE TO THE NORTHERN TRAIL WHERE HE CAN FIND GAME AND LIVE OUT THE WINTER.

HE WON'T ESCAPE US THIS TIME! GET THE HORSES AND SOME SUPPLIES.



I HAVE HEARD HE HAS HIS SQUAW WITH HIM. SHE WILL SLOW HIM DOWN.



"SOME DAYS LATER, THEY CAUGHT UP WITH ALMIGHTY VOICE AND HIS WIFE IN THE HILLS."

STOP RED COAT OR I WILL FIRE!

EVEN WITH THE WOMAN HE WILL STILL PUT UP A FIGHT, BUT WE MUST TRY TO TAKE THEM ALIVE...



HE MEANS IT, SERGEANT!



HE HAS THE  
DROP ON US!  
LET'S TURN  
BACK NOW!

I INTEND TO DO MY DUTY  
AND ARREST THIS RED-  
SKIN. YOU WILL BACK ME  
UP—THAT'S MY ORDER!

ALMIGHTY VOICE,  
I ARREST YOU IN THE  
NAME OF—  
ARRGH!

I WARNED YOU! YOU  
WILL NOT TAKE ME  
BACK TO DIE AT THE  
END OF A  
ROPE!



THE WARRIOR KILLED HIS ENEMY WITH A  
SINGLE SHOT, THROUGH THE NECK, AND A  
SECOND WELL PLACED BULLET SHATTERED  
THE SCOUT'S ELBOW...



I DO NOT  
INTEND TO  
KILL YOU,  
HALF-  
BREED...

UNNNHHH!

THE CRIPPLED SCOUT MADE  
OFF TOWARDS DUCK LAKE  
WITH THE WARRIOR'S WORDS  
POUNDING THROUGH HIS HEAD...



...BUT I WILL IF EVER  
I SEE YOU AGAIN... YOU  
HAVE BEEN WARNED!



ALMIGHTY VOICE WAS NOW THE  
MOST WANTED RENEGADE  
INDIAN IN THE NORTH WEST.  
FOR TWO YEARS IT SEEMED  
HE HAD VANISHED FROM THE  
LAND, BUT SECRETLY HE  
OFTEN VISITED HIS CAMP TO  
SEE HIS MOTHER.



\*ONE DAY HE WAS GREETED BY HIS  
FATHER. THE RED COATS HAD  
RELEASED HIM TO LEAVE THE  
YOUNG WARRIOR HOME.

FATHER, IT IS  
SO GOOD TO  
SEE YOU.

YOU ARE IN GRAVE DANGER, MY  
SON... THE MOUNTED POLICE  
SEEK TO TRAP YOU HERE!

THEN IT SHALL BE SO,  
FOR ALMIGHTY VOICE  
WILL NOT RUN AND HIDE  
ANY LONGER.



NEXT WEEK—THE  
FINAL BATTLE.

# Warrior

"NOW, WITH TWO OTHER BRAVES CALLED GOING-UP-TO-SKY AND TOPEAN, HE DECIDES TO STOP HIDING AND TO MAKE A FINAL STAND AGAINST THE WHITE EYES. SOON A TROOPER AND A HALF-BRED SCOUT WERE CLOSE ON THEIR TRAIL..."

"ALMIGHTY VOICE, THE LAST BRAVE WARRIOR OF OUR NORTH WEST TRIBES, WAS HUNTED RELENTLESSLY BY THE RED COATS AFTER KILLING A SERGEANT, WHO TRIED TO BRING HIM IN FOR STEALING CATTLE."

"...THEY WILL BRING BACK MORE RED COATS WITH MORE GUNS. FETCH TOPEAN... WE MUST BE READY!"

BUT GOING-UP-TO-SKY DID NOT WAIT UNTIL THE TARGETS WERE CLOSE ENOUGH. HIS SHOT HIT THE SCOUT..."

UGH!

"HE AND THE TROOPER MANAGED TO GET AWAY..."

"SOON A CAPTAIN WITH TWELVE MEN SET OUT FOR A FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH THE THREE WARRIORS, EACH SIDE KNOWING THE OTHER MEANT TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH!"



"ALMIGHTY VOICE KEPT HIS PLEDGE. HE DID NOT ATTEMPT TO HIDE, AND HE AND HIS BROTHER WARRIORS WERE SPOTTED—WAITING ON A SMALL HILL."



"THE RED COATS DREW THEIR WEAPONS AND ATTACKED."

CHARGE!



THE WARRIOR HELD HIS GROUND, WAITING FOR THE BRIGHT RED UNIFORMS TO GET CLOSER..."



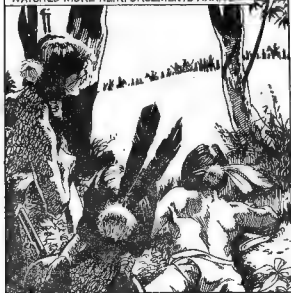
THEN, WITH CAREFULLY AIMED SHOTS, THEY MADE EACH CARTRIDGE COUNT, BRINGING DOWN FOUR MEN WITH THEIR FIRST VOLLEYS..."



ARRGH!



...BEFORE RETREATING INTO A CLUMP OF BRUSH, WHICH WOULD BE KNOWN FROM THEN ON AS 'ALMIGHTY VOICE BLUFF' FROM HERE THEY WATCHED MORE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE."



"AND SECONDS LATER TOPEAN WAS KILLED WITH A HEAD SHOT FROM A RED COAT SHARP-SHOOTER."



THE TROOPERS CHARGED AGAIN AND THE WARRIORS VOWED TO MAKE THEM PAY DEARLY FOR TOPEAN'S DEATH.



THE BATTLE RAGED FOR DAYS, WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER THE BRAVES FOUGHT ON. ALMIGHTY VOICE WAS HIT BY PALE FACE BULLETS SEVEN TIMES.



HIS MOTHER, SPOTTED CALF, CAME TO SHOUT AND CHANT TO ENCOURAGE HER SON... THE RED COATS STOPPED HER FROM JOINING HIM IN HIS FINAL BATTLE.



IF CAVALRY COULD NOT FINISH THE INDIANS, THEN CANNON WOULD. A WHOLE ARMY WITH GIANT GUNS FROM THE FORT NOW FACED TWO WARRIORS WITH RIFLES.



FIRE!

WHEN THE TROOPERS FINALLY MOVED INTO THE BRUSH ONLY GOING-UP-TO-SKY REMAINED ALIVE.

HERE'S ONE OF 'EM. HE'S STILL ALIVE... JUST!



WELL HE AIN'T NOW — THE MURDERIN' REDSKIN...



THIS ACT SHAMED THE OTHER RED COATS.

UHHH!



GIMME THAT... YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN AN ANIMAL.

NEAR THE BODY OF ALMIGHTY VOICE, CARVED ON A TREE, WAS FOUND SOME STRANGE INDIAN SYMBOLS.



"ONLY OUR TRIBE COULD HAVE UNDERSTOOD THE MEANING. THE SYMBOLS READ 'HERE DIED THREE BRAVES'. MY PEOPLE ARE PROUD THEY ARE PART OF THE RED MAN'S HISTORY."



THE END



# WHEELS of FORTUNE!

IT WAS DRIZZLING ON THE DAY OF THE RACE OVER THE SONNIER CIRCUIT IN FRANCE. TENSION WAS MOUNTING AS STARTING TIME DREW NEARER.

## DISC BRAKES

BOB LEE AND FRANK SCOTT WERE PACING THEIR PIT WHILE THE MECHANICS WERE DOING LAST MINUTE CHECKS ON THEIR LOLA...

THIS RAIN IS GOING TO MAKE IT HARD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOB. BUT IF WE TAKE IT STEADY, WE'LL HOLD THE TRACK!

WILL THOSE TYRES BE ANY GOOD IN THIS WEATHER?

NO! WE'VE BEEN GIVEN THE GO-AHEAD TO CHANGE TO WET WEATHER TYRES. THE MECHANICS ARE WORKING ON IT RIGHT NOW!

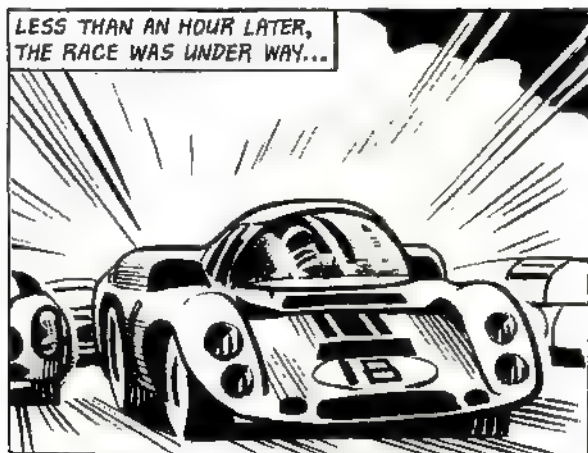
TWO AMERICANS, WEBB MILLER AND GENE FOLEY, WERE ALSO PREPARING FOR THE RACE...

THAT'S ODD, GENE. THE FAN BELT SHOULD BE OKAY, IT'S BRAND NEW!

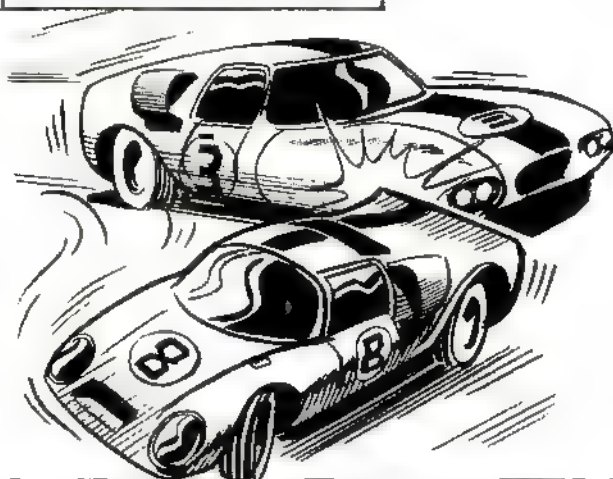
IT LOOKS LIKE IT HAS BEEN CUT THROUGH!

WEBB AND GENE CHECKED WITH OTHER TEAMS...

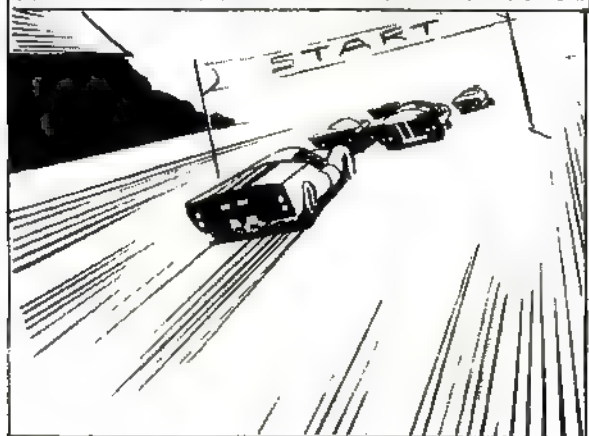
OUI, MONSIEUR. SEE-IT IS CUT THROUGH!



AT THE FIRST BEND, THE ITALIAN CAR BLOCKED THE NORWEGIAN CAR...



WITH ONE LAP COMPLETED, THE FRENCH WERE IN THE LEAD FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY AN AMERICAN AND THEN THE BRITISH TEAM IN THIRD AND FOURTH PLACE...

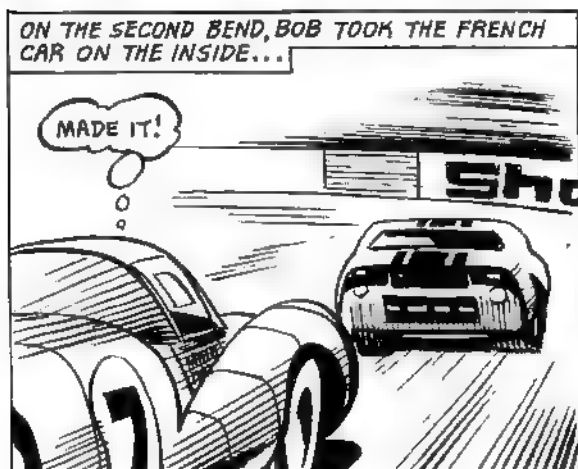


ON THE SECOND LAP, THE SWEDISH CAR PULLED UP FOR A PIT STOP...

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, KARL?

I DON'T KNOW! SOMETHING HIT THE CAR OUT THERE!







IT LOOKS LIKE  
SOMEONE HAS  
TAKEN A POT  
SHOT AT YOU!

BY THE SIZE OF THE  
HOLE THE SNIPER  
MUST HAVE USED A  
POWERFUL  
RIFLE!



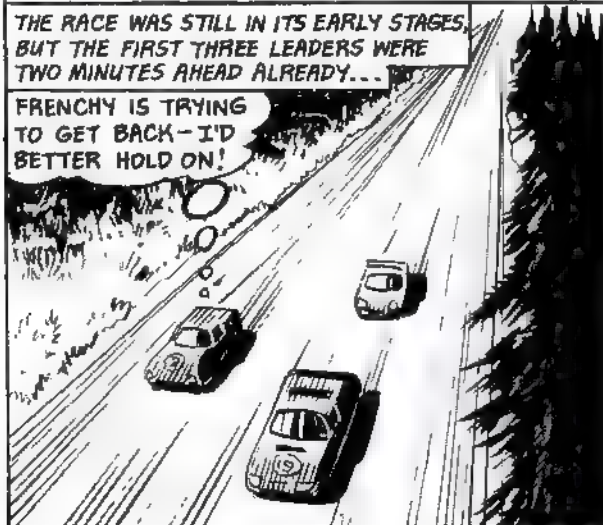
HAS ANYBODY  
ELSE BEEN  
SHOT AT?

NOT THAT I'VE  
HEARD ABOUT!



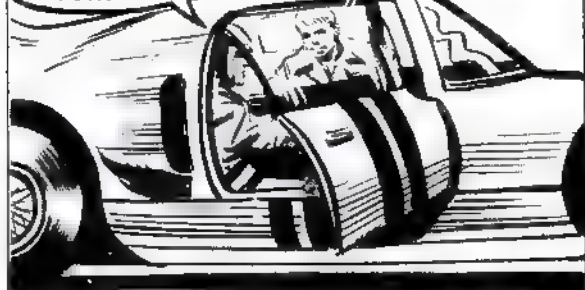
THE RACE WAS STILL IN ITS EARLY STAGES,  
BUT THE FIRST THREE LEADERS WERE  
TWO MINUTES AHEAD ALREADY...

FRENCHY IS TRYING  
TO GET BACK - I'D  
BETTER HOLD ON!

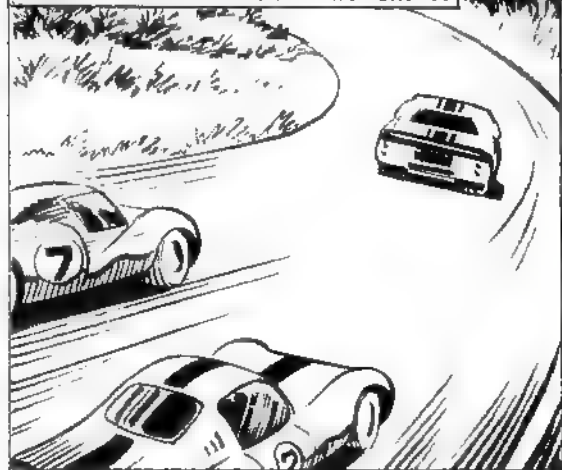


THERE'S NO DAMAGE  
TO THE ENGINE SO  
I'LL TRY AND CATCH  
UP ON MY TIME.  
KEEP YOUR EARS  
OPEN!

RIGHT, GENE. BUT TAKE  
IT STEADY - THERE'S  
ANOTHER SEVENTY-EIGHT  
LAPS TO GO!



AS THEY CAME TO THE FAR BEND, THE FRENCH CAR  
MADE AN EFFORT TO TAKE THE LEAD...



BUT THE DRIVER  
TOOK IT WIDE...

PHIEW! HE'S  
DRIFTING...





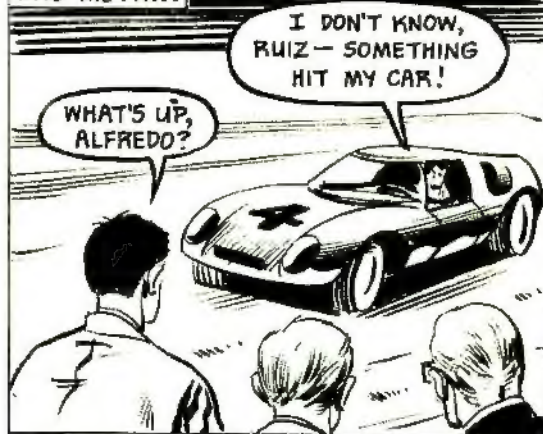
WORD SOON GOT AROUND ABOUT THE SNIPER AND EVERY TEAM WAS CHECKED...

## ault Team





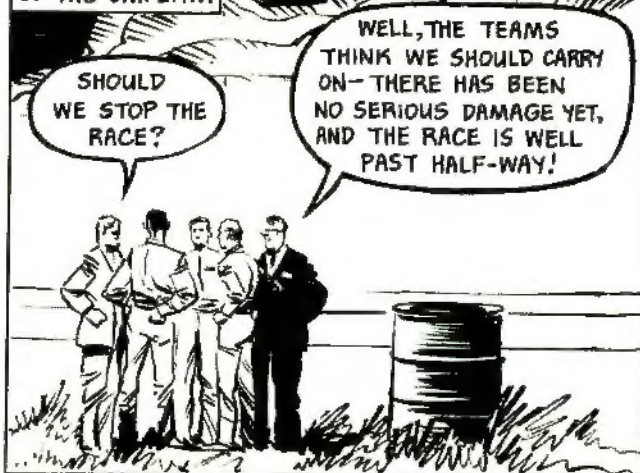
JUST AT THAT MOMENT A SPANISH CAR PULLED INTO THE PIT...



WHAT'S UP, ALFREDO?

I DON'T KNOW, RUIZ— SOMETHING HIT MY CAR!

IT SEEMED ALL TEAMS HAD SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE SNIPER...



SHOULD WE STOP THE RACE?

WELL, THE TEAMS THINK WE SHOULD CARRY ON— THERE HAS BEEN NO SERIOUS DAMAGE YET, AND THE RACE IS WELL PAST HALF-WAY!

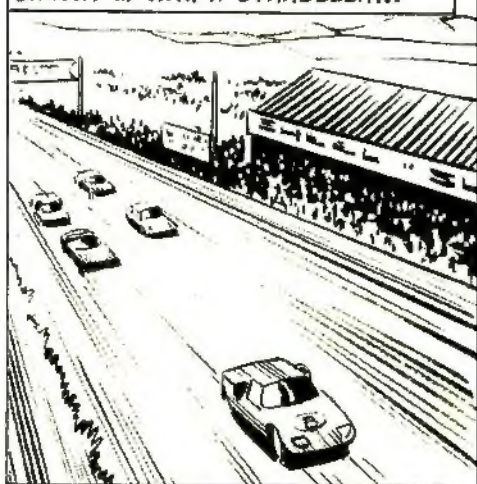
POLICE WENT OUT TO PATROL THE CIRCUIT AND CHECK UP...



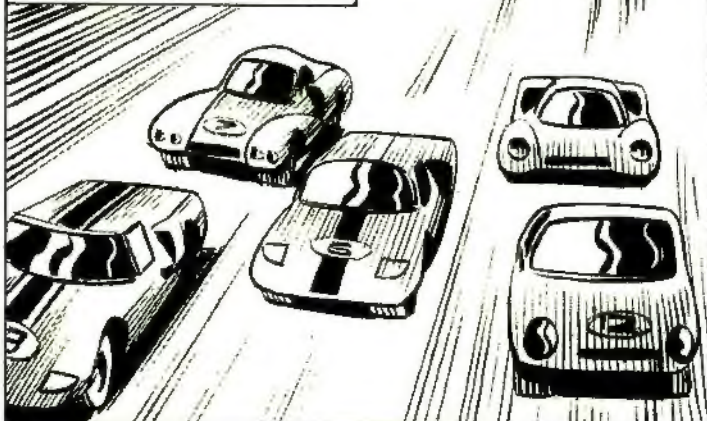
BY NOW, THE ITALIAN CAR HAD CAUGHT UP WITH THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN CARS, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY THE GERMANS...



AS THEY TORE UP THE STRAIGHT, THEY CAUGHT UP WITH A STRAGGLER...



WEBB MILLER TOOK THE INSIDE TRACK FOLLOWED BY BOB LEE BUT THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN CARS CHOSE THE OUTSIDE OF THE SLOW CAR...





BUT THERE WASN'T ENOUGH ROOM ON THE OUTSIDE...



AND IN THE NEXT SPLIT SECOND, THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN CARS COLLIDED...



MEANWHILE, GENE FOLEY TRIED TO MAKE UP TIME ALONG WITH FRANK SCOTT...



FRANK TOOK THE LEAD FROM GENE BUT AS HE SWERVED INTO THE NEXT BEND, HE BRAKED ABRUPTLY!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, FRANK?

I THOUGHT I SAW A GLINT ON A RIFLE—I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK. YOU GET BACK IN THE RACE!



I'M COMING WITH YOU—WE'LL LET WEBB AND BOB BATTLE THE RACE OUT—WE'RE WELL BEHIND NOW!



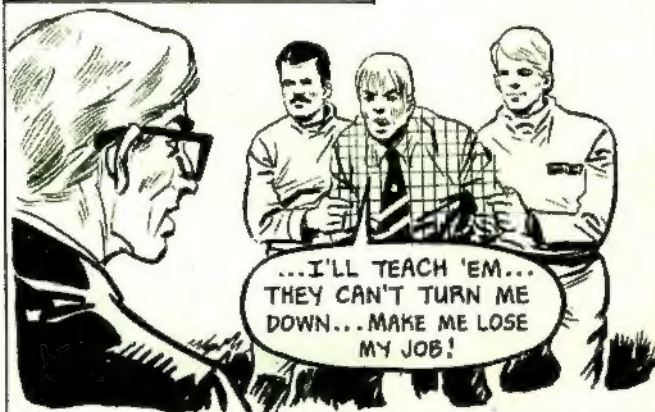


AS THE TWO MEN  
REACHED THE TOP  
OF THE HILL...

LOOK! THE SNIPER!  
THERE'S THE  
MAD MAN!

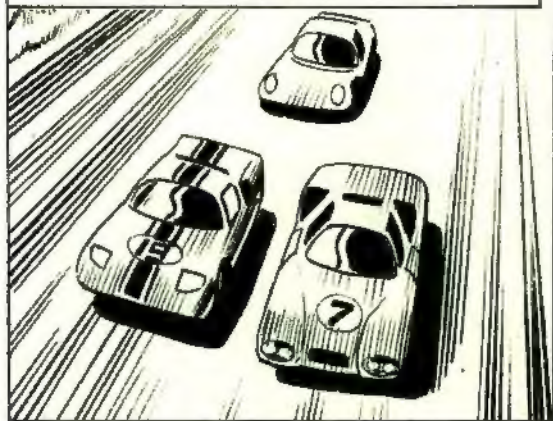


GENE AND FRANK HAULED THE  
CULPRIT BACK TO THE OFFICIALS!



...I'LL TEACH 'EM...  
THEY CAN'T TURN ME  
DOWN... MAKE ME LOSE  
MY JOB!

THE RACE WAS NEARING ITS END. BOB AND WEBB  
WERE BATTLING IT OUT ON THE FINAL LAP,  
CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY A SWEDISH CAR...



FRANK MOVED SWIFTLY...



I REMEMBER HIM. HE USED TO BE A MECHANIC  
BUT WAS SACKED AFTER FITTING OLD PARTS TO  
ENGINES AND SELLING THE NEW PARTS. HE WAS  
BARRLED FROM EVERY RACE  
TRACK!



IT WAS BOB WHO CROSSED THE LINE A FRACTION OF A  
SECOND IN FRONT OF WEBB...

WELL, I HOPE WE DON'T  
GET A RACE LIKE  
THAT AGAIN!

I'LL  
SECOND  
THAT!

